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PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

V.

MRS. GILBERT kept her word, and presented the young men to each of the boarders; but for all that, the talk did not become general. After dinner she went off for a nap, and the young men both followed Mrs. Farrell to the piazza, where they seemed to forget that there was any one else. She was very amiable to both, but a little meek and subdued in her manner; if she encouraged one more than the other, it was Gilbert. She was disposed to talk of serious things, and said that one could not realize the New England Sabbath in town as one could in the country; that here in these hills the stillness, the repose, seemed to have something almost holy about it. Two young girls in gay flannel walking-skirts and branching shade-hats passed Mrs. Farrell where she sat with her court, and she who passed nearest dropped a demure glance out of the corner of her eye, and a demurely arch "good-by" from the corner of her mouth.

"What for?" asked Mrs. Farrell, breaking abruptly from her pensive mood.

"Those brakes," said the girl over her shoulder, having now got by.

"Oh come! Won't you go too?" cried Mrs. Farrell; "it's an old engagement. Wait, please!" she called to the girls,

and ran in to get her hat, while they loitered down the path.

Gilbert walked forward to join them, and Easton stayed for Mrs. Farrell, who delayed a little, and then came out in walking-gear which had the advantage over the dresses of the young girls that foliage or plumage has over dress always: it seemed part of her.

"If you'll be so kind—yes," she said, giving Easton her light shawl, while she fitted her hat-cord under the knot of her hair. "It's a little coolish sometimes in the deep woods, and it's best to bring one. Don't you think," she asked, dazzling him with the radiant, immortal youth of her glance and smile, "that the worst thing about growing older is that you have to be so careful about your miserable, perishable body? I hope I've not made you do anything against your principles, Mr. Easton, in getting you to go with me after brakes on Sunday? We don't often do such things, ourselves."

"No," said Easton; "unfortunately, I have no principles on that point. I suppose it's a thing to be regretted."

"Oh, yes indeed," said Mrs. Farrell, earnestly. "I think one ought always to be one thing or the other. I find nothing so wretched as this sort of betwixt-and-betweenity that most people live in nowadays; and I envy

Rachel Woodward her fixed habits of religious observance. I wish she could have gone with us this afternoon; but the Woodwards never do. You must get acquainted with her, Mr. Easton. She's a splendid girl; she has a great deal of talent and a great deal of character; more than all of us lady boarders put together, — except Mrs. Gilbert, of course."

It vaguely troubled Easton, he did not know why, to have her talk of Rachel Woodward: at that moment it vexed him that there should be any other woman in the world than herself. But he contrived to say that Mrs. Gilbert had mentioned Miss Woodward's talent for drawing.

"Is n't she nice, — Mrs. Gilbert?" asked Mrs. Farrell, looking into Easton's face, and no doubt seeing there a consciousness of his having heard from Mrs. Gilbert something not to her advantage. "She's the only one of our boarders that one cares to talk with: she's such a humorous old thing that I like to hear her even when I know she's looking me through and through. She's a very keen observer, and such a wonderful judge of character! Don't you think so?"

"I hardly know; I'm scarcely acquainted with her or the people she talks about."

"To be sure. But then, I think you can often see whether a person understands people, even if you don't know any of them."

"Oh yes, — yes," answered Easton.

They had crossed the road from the farm-house, and, traversing some sloping meadows, were at the border of the wood in which the tall brakes grew, with delicate shapes of fern slowly waving and swaying in the breeze. He was offering her his hand to help her over the wall into the wood, and she was throwing half her elastic weight upon his happy arm. Gilbert and the young girls were far ahead among the brakes, which their movement tossed about them with a continual, gracious rise and fall of the stately plumes, the bright colors of the girls' dresses deepening their tint

as they glimmered through the undulant greenery.

"How lovely!" cried Mrs. Farrell. She chose to sit still a moment on the wall. "And isn't your friend superb in his white flannel and his planterish-looking hat? When I was a little girl I was traveling with my father on the Mississippi, and one night a New Orleans boat landed alongside of us. The most that I can remember is those iron baskets of burning pine-knots they stick into the shore, and the slim, dark young Southerners, in white linen from head to foot, as they came on and off the boat in the red light. I felt then that I never could marry anybody but a young Southerner in white linen. Your friend reminds me of them. But he is n't Southern?"

"No; he was South before the war, a while, and he tried a cotton plantation after the war; but he's a New Yorker."

"How picturesque he is!" sighed Mrs. Farrell. "Was he a soldier?"

"Yes. He's Major Gilbert, if you like."

"Was that where you met him, in the army?"

"Yes."

"And were you a major, too?"

"I went in as a private," said Easton.

"But you did n't come out a private?"

"Our regiment suffered a great deal, and the promotions were pretty rapid."

"And so you came out a captain?"

"Not exactly."

"A major — a colonel?"

"I could n't very well help it."

"Oh, I dare say you're not to blame!" cried Mrs. Farrell. "You and Mr. — Major Gilbert, were you in the same regiment?"

"Yes. I owed my first commission to his interest. He was my captain, before I got my company."

"Well, how was it, then, that you came out a colonel and he only came out a major?" asked Mrs. Farrell, innocently.

Easton turned about and looked after the others, whose voices, in talk and laughter, came over the bracken with a

light, hollow sound that voices have in the woods.

"Oh, don't snub me," implored Mrs. Farrell; "I didn't mean to ask anything wrong. You soldiers are always so queer about the war; one would think you were ashamed of it."

"It was full of unjust chances," answered Easton, almost fiercely. "All that I did Gilbert would have done better, and if he had done it he would have got the promotion that I got. I ought to have refused it; it's my lasting shame and sorrow that I did n't." A look of strange dismay and of self-contempt came into Easton's face with the last words, which sounded like the expression of an old remorse.

"Oh, excuse me!" said Mrs. Farrell with a quick sympathy of tone. "I've made you talk of something—I did n't think—your men's friendships are so much more tenderly brought up than women's, that a woman can scarcely understand," she added, a little mockingly; but she made obvious haste to get away from the subject that annoyed him.

"Here are tall enough brakes," she said, "if it's tallness we're after; but I think we'd better get ferns. I want to show you a place down here in the hollow where I found some maiden-hair the other day. Don't you think that's the prettiest of the ferns? Did you ever find it in any part of the South where you were stationed? I should fancy it might be in the Everglades—or some other damp place."

"I don't know what it is," said Easton, absently.

"Not know maiden-hair? Then I've the chance to show you something novel, as well as very pretty. Come!" She sprang lightly from the wall, and swept through the bowing brakes and down the slope of the hollow to a spot where clustering maples, flinging their shadows one upon another, made a cool gloom beneath their boughs, and the delicate maiden-hair balanced its crest upon its slender purple stems and trembled in the silent air. "Here, here!" called Mrs. Farrell. "Did you ever see anything lovelier? But does n't it seem a pity to

pull it? Well, it must die for women, as humming-birds and pheasants do: we can't look pretty without them, poor things! I'm going to sit down here, Mr. Easton, and you're going to gather maiden-hair for me and show your taste; you haven't experience in it, but you are to have instinct."

She sat down on the broad flat top of a rock, and though her seat was in a spot where the slighter texture of the shade let the sunlight flicker through upon her, she gave a slight tremor, and shrugged her shoulders. "You must let me have my shawl, Mr. Easton—my poor health, you know; there's rheumatism and typhoid fever in every breath of this delicious air."

He went to lay the shawl upon her shoulders reverently, but she dragged it down and adjusted it about her waist in a very much prettier effect. "There, now, give me your hat. One of the penalties that a gentleman pays for the pleasure of going braking with a lady is to have his hat trimmed with ferns and to be made to look silly. You may have your revenge in trimming my hat." She began to undo the elastic from her hair; but there were hair-pins upon which it was entangled, and she dropped her arms from the attempt, and with a quick "Ah!" she tried to unloose her glove. It was fastened by one of those little clasps which are so hard to undo, and after many attempts she was obliged to look up at Easton in despair.

"May I try to help you?" he dared to ask.

"Why, if you will be so very kind," she answered, and she held out her beautiful wrist, from which her hand drooped like a flower from its stem. It was a task of some moments, and the young man wrought at it in silence; when it was done, she did not instantly withdraw her hand, but "Oh, is it really finished?" she asked, and then took it from him and pulled off the glove. She put it up to her hair again, and began to feel about with those women-fingers that seem to have all the five senses in their tips; but now they were wise in vain. "I'm afraid, Mr. Easton," she

appealed with a well-embarrassed little laugh, "that I must tax your kindness once more. Would you be so *very* good as to look what can be the matter?" and she turned the wonder of her neck toward him and bent down her head. "Is it caught, anywhere?"

"It's caught," he answered gravely, "on a hair-pin."

"Oh dear!" sighed Mrs. Farrell.

"May I" — asked Easton, after a pause.

"Why — yes — please," she answered faintly.

He knelt down on the rock beside her and with trembling hands touched the warm, fragrant, silken mass, and lightly disengaged the string. When he handed her the hat she thanked him for it very sweetly, and with an air of simple gratitude laid it in her lap, and drew out its long, hanging ribbons through her fingers. She did this looking with a downcast, absent gaze at her hat. When she lifted her eyes again they were full of a gentle sadness. "I hope you won't think I spoke too lightly of the war and of soldiers, just now."

"I can't think you spoke amiss," he answered fervently.

"I am sure I *meant* nothing amiss," said Mrs. Farrell humbly. "But everything one does or says in this world," she continued, "is so liable to misconception, that if one values — if one cares for the opinion of others, one feels like doing almost *anything* to prevent it."

Her eyes fell again, and she twisted the ribbons of her hat into long curls. "I'm glad that at least *you* understood me, and I *do* thank you — yes, more than you can know. How still and beautiful it is here! Do you know, I sometimes think that the boundary, the invisible wall between the two worlds is nowhere so thin as in the deep woods like this?" Mrs. Farrell looked up at Easton with the eyes of a nun. "It seems as if one could draw nearer to better influences here than anywhere else. Not, of course, but what one can be good anywhere if one wants to be, but it is n't everywhere that one does

want to be good. Don't laugh at my moralizing, please," she besought him. "There, take your hat. I won't make a victim of you. I know you'd hate to wear ferns."

Easton protested that though he had never worn ferns he did not believe he should hate to wear them.

"No matter," said Mrs. Farrell, "the mood is past, now; but you'd better pull a few of them, because one must n't come for ferns without getting them."

She put together in pretty clusters the ferns with which he heaped her lap, holding them up from time to time and viewing them critically to get the effect, and talked as she worked, while he reclined on a sloping rock near by. "Is n't that rather nice?" she asked, displaying the finest group, and letting the tips of the ferns drip through her fingers as she softly caressed their spray. "I suppose you'll laugh if I tell you what my great passion in life would be, if I could indulge a great passion: millinery! Bonnets, caps, hats, ribbons, feathers!" Nothing so enraptures a man as to hear the woman of his untold love belittle herself; it intoxicates him that this adorable preciousness can hold itself cheap — as Mrs. Farrell possibly knew. "You know," she went on, "I think I have some little artistic talent — not really enough for painting, but quite enough for clothes. I might set up a studio, and everybody would smile on my efforts, but if I set up a shop, nobody would associate with me. You would n't, yourself! Don't pretend to be so much better than other people," cried Mrs. Farrell, with nothing of the convent left in her look.

"I don't know about being better," said Easton. "But I've lived too little in the world to be quite of it, I suppose. I'm afraid I am not shocked at the notion of anybody's being a milliner that likes."

"Oh yes, I know. Cheap ideas of equality. But you would n't marry a milliner, if she was ever such a genius in her art."

"If I were in love with her, and she

were in love with me and would have me, I would marry her. But why do you make marrying the test of a man's respect for a woman?"

"Is n't it?"

Easton pondered a while. "Well, yes, it does seem to be," he said, a little sadly. "But it narrows the destiny of half the world."

"Are you woman's rights?" asked Mrs. Farrell, trailing a plume of fern through the air.

"Oh, I'm woman's anything," said Easton; "anything that women really want; but rights are a subject that they don't seem very certain of, themselves."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Farrell, "that's the trouble with women; from day to day, and from dress to dress, they don't really know what they want. There's Rachel Woodward; she has this decided talent, but she don't seem to want decidedly to use it, as a man would. I'm not even sure that if all the world were propitious I should open a milliner shop. But I *think* I should. If I ever do, Mr. Easton, and you marry one of my 'prentices, I want you to promise that you'll let her buy her bonnets of me. That is n't asking a great deal, is it?" She was scrutinizing a crest of maiden-hair, and making it tilt on its stem, as if in doubt just where to put it in the cluster, and she began softly and as if unconsciously to whistle in a low, delicious note. Then she suddenly stopped, made a little prim mouth, threw up her eyebrows, and said, "Why, excuse me, excuse me! What awful behavior in company!"

Easton gave himself to the joy of being played upon by her charming insolence, with a glad laugh, full of a sort of happy wonder; but she seemed not to notice, while she went on gravely adding spray to spray.

"What are you making all those for?" he asked, when he was willing to change the delight of her silence for the delight of her speech.

"I don't know — for Mrs. Gilbert, I think. She's so much of an invalid that she can't come after things that she does n't want, as the rest of us can, and

so we're always carrying them to her. I often wonder how she gets rid of them. You never see them next day. Is n't it strange?" asked Mrs. Farrell, with a serious face; and abruptly: "What makes you come to the country if you don't know anything about it?"

"Well, I take an ignorant pleasure in it. On this occasion I came because I thought Gilbert would like it."

"Ah, Damon and Pythias! Do New York gentlemen commonly desert their business at the beck of their men friends in that way? We have six Boston husbands belonging to the wives of Woodward farm, and *they* can't leave their business one work-day in the week."

"But I'm not a business man. I'm no more useless here than in New York."

Mrs. Farrell looked interested, and Easton went on. "I went into the army too young to have a profession, and came out of it too old — or something — to study one. So I live upon a little money left me by a better man."

"And you don't actually do anything?"

"I can't quite say that. I try not to keep other people from working; that's something; and I have *my* little pursuits."

"But you have no business-occupation?"

"No."

"Really! And your friend, Pythias, — is *he* a gentleman of elegant leisure, too?"

"He's a lawyer, if you mean Gilbert."

"Yes, I mean Gilbert," said Mrs. Farrell, abstractedly. "He did n't go in too young, then?"

"He's a little older than I."

"I said an older soldier, not a better," quoted Mrs. Farrell. "Is he — why, excuse me! I seem to be actually *pumping* you."

"I hope you'll believe that I'm not in the habit of exploiting myself and my affairs," said Easton.

But Mrs. Farrell did not seem to heed what he said. She looked him steadily in the face with her bewildering eyes, and asked, "Why does n't *he* live on

some better man's money, too?" and laughed to see his shame painted in his face.

"I have been so silly as to talk of my own business, and you've punished me as I deserved; but I don't think I'll enter into my friend's concerns, even for the honor of making you laugh," he answered, hotly.

"Then you don't like being laughed at?" she gravely questioned. Easton rose to his feet. "What! Are you actually going away from me? I beg you to forgive me,—I do indeed! I really meant nothing. You have n't said a word that I don't respect you for. I thought you would n't mind it. Tell me how I shall treat you. It's only for a week; I should be so sorry to be enemies with you while you stay. What shall I do to make peace? What shall I say?"

She rose quickly, and stretched her hand appealingly toward him. A mastering impulse of tenderness filled his heart at her words of regret. Before he knew, he had pressed her hand in a quick kiss against his lips, and then stood holding it fast, awe-struck at what he had done.

"Oh! What are you doing?" cried Mrs. Farrell, starting away from him in a panic. "Don't; you must n't! Mr. Easton! Oh dear, there'll be somebody coming in a moment!" She wrung her hand loose, and, casting one look of fear, wonder, and reproach upon him, turned and walked sadly away. He followed her as silently, and without a word they mounted the slope of the hollow, and passed through the brakes and over the walls, which she mounted now without his help. When they came to the last, which divided the wood from the open meadow, she turned her agrieved face upon him again, and said meekly, "I shall have to beg you to go back and get me those ferns we left there in the hollow. It won't do to go home without anything. I'll wait here;" and she sat down upon the low broken wall, and averted her face from him again. He went back as he was bidden, and with a little search found the place, the

sight of which somehow sent a shiver through him as if it were haunted, and gathering up the clusters of ferns returned with them to her. He tried to say something, but could not. She took some of them, and began to talk in a curiously animated way, looking at them and comparing them; and then, not far off, he saw Gilbert and the young girls approaching. Mrs. Farrell sprang down from the wall, and hurried to meet them. They were covered with brakes and ferns, and a gay laughing and talking broke forth among the women. Mrs. Farrell attached Gilbert to her for the walk home; and it fell to Easton to accompany the two young girls. When he left them they said he was very nice-looking, but he was very hard to get along with, much harder than Mr. Gilbert, who always kept saying something to make you laugh. They did not know whether Mr. Easton was really stupid or not; he did not look stupid, and it was quite delightful to have a man so bashful.

In the mean time he had parted in a blank, opaque sort of way from Mrs. Farrell, with whom he left Gilbert, and was walking moodily homeward over that road where he had met her in the morning. He found the hotel intolerable, and after a cup of its Japan tea, and a glance at its hot biscuit, its cold slices of corned beef, its little blocks and wedges of cheese, its small satellite dishes of prunes and preserves, and its twenty-five Sunday evening toilettes, he went out again, and walked far and long in a direction that he knew nothing of except that it was away from where he had spent the day. His heart was still thickly beating in his ears when he got back and found Gilbert alone on the piazza.

"Hello!" said Gilbert. "Developing into a pedestrian? Why did you go away so soon? I think the lovely Farrell missed you. She was quite pensive and *distracted* at first; though I must own she cheered up and collected herself after a while. She looked extremely attractive in her melancholy."

Easton sat down in the next chair without answering, and drawing a match

along the bottom of the seat lighted his cigar. After a few whiffs, he took it from his lips and held it till it went out.

Gilbert went on with a quick laugh. "She's a most amusing creature!"

"I don't understand what you mean by that," said Easton, turning his face half-way toward his friend, in a fashion he had.

"Well, it's hard to say. I suppose because she's so deep and so transparent. She does everything for an effect, and she is n't at peace with herself for a moment."

"I suppose we all do that," commented Easton.

"Yes, but not with her motive."

"What is her motive?"

"That's not so easy to explain. It's a pity you haven't the data for comprehending her, Easton, and enjoying her character; you don't know other women, and you can't see how sublimely perfect Mrs. Farrell is in her way. She's one of the most beautiful women I ever saw; one of the brightest, the most amiable. But I should be sorry to marry her; I shouldn't want my wife so amiable—to everybody. She is n't meant for the domesticities. There's no harm in her; she simply wants excitement, luxury, applause, all in one, all the time. By Jove, the man that gets her will wish she was *his* widow, and so will she, as soon as she has him. She's an inspired flirt; and I don't mean that she's like young girls who can't help their innocent coqueties with a man or two; but her flirtatiousness is vast enough for the whole world, and enduring enough for all time. As long as she lives she'll be wanting to try her power upon some one; and there can't be any game so high or so low that she won't fly at it. What a life that would be for her husband!"

Easton sat still while Gilbert spoke, and he remained silent when he ceased. But the words had given him a supreme satisfaction; they had lifted a load from his heart; they had made the way clear and straight. He was infinitely far from resenting what left her, as concerned Gilbert at least, so solely to his love

and worship. With his passion their reason or unreason had not a feather's weight.

"Shall you stay any longer than the end of the fortnight?" he asked at last.

"No," said Gilbert, who was used to Easton's way of suddenly turning from the matter of their talk, and coming as suddenly back to it some other time; "I don't think I could stand it longer."

Easton made a motion to replace his cigar in his lips, then looked at it with sudden disgust and flung it over the rail. His mind ran off in wild reverie upon the kiss, which he now feigned again and again upon her hand. His eccentric life and his peculiar temperament had kept him so unlike other young men that he had no trouble for the violated conventionality; it could only be a question of right or wrong with him; he believed that he had taken an unfair advantage of her attempt at reparation, but the fire that burned in his heart seemed to purge it of whatever wrong there was in his violence. He was reclining there near her on the rock under the hovering shade, with the bracken in light undulation all around above their heads, and the summer at its sweetest in the air and earth; then he despaired to think that the night must pass before he could see her again, that life itself might pass and no such moment come again. His reverie broke in a long, deep sigh.

Gilbert gave a sudden laugh. "Why, I believe, Easton, you are *hit*. You had forgotten I was here," he continued, as Easton looked round in a stupefied way. "Well, I'll leave you to your raptures."

"I'm going to bed, too," said Easton. "I'm tired to death;" and he rose from his chair with a leaden sense of fatigue in every fibre.

Their rooms opened into each other, and Easton was abed, when Gilbert rapped on the dividing door. "Come in," he called.

Gilbert came into the room, which the bright moon would have made uncomfortable for any but a lover. "Look here, old fellow," he said, bending over his friend, with one arm stretched along

the head-board, "you did n't think to-day, from anything my sister-in-law said, that I'd been making light of you, did you?"

"What did she say?"

"Oh, about Rogers, you know."

"Certainly not."

"Then it isn't necessary to say I had n't?"

"Oh no," said Easton, turning his head impatiently. "I never thought of it again." Gilbert's anxious loyalty annoyed him, for since they had bidden each other good night, the consciousness that he had, however against his will, suffered something to be extorted from him that might be construed as derogation of his friend had troubled him, but he had rather arrogantly dismissed the thought as unworthy of their friendship. Besides, without placing himself in a false light he could not speak of it, and it was vexatious to be reminded of it by Gilbert's scruples.

"Then it's all right?" asked Gilbert.

"Why, certainly!" said Easton, impatiently.

Gilbert slowly withdrew his arm from where it lay, and stood a moment in hesitation; then he said "Good night," and went into his own room.

Easton felt the vague disappointment in his manner, but was helpless to make the reparation to which his heart urged him. He could not expose Mrs. Farrell's part in what had been said to his friend's interpretation; the wrong done was one of those things which must be lived down.

VI.

It was much later than his wonted hour when Easton woke next morning, and found a scrap of paper stuck between the mirror and its frame, on which Gilbert had written, "Off for the trout-brooks. See you at dinner." This gave him a moment's pause, and then he went on dressing. He had a lover's single purpose of seeing her he loved, and a lover's insensibility to questions

of ways and means; and after breakfast he walked away toward the farm, thinking what he should say and do when he met Mrs. Farrell.

At Woodward farm there was no organization for the reception of callers upon the guests. There was no bell, and there would have been no one to answer it if there was a bell. But in a house where there was so much leisure and so much curiosity, this was ordinarily a small deprivation. Some of the ladies were always looking out, and if they saw any of their friends coming they ran forth to meet them with a great deal of pleasant twitter, having shouted a voluble welcome to them from the time they came in sight. If it was some one whom the lookers-out recognized as the friend of another lady, they went to alarm her in ample season, and by the time the visitor ascended the piazza-steps the lady was at the door. Besides, some one or other was always sitting about out-doors, and if unknown visitors approached, it was a grateful little excitement to ask them, when they had vainly inspected the door-frame for a bell, if one could call her whom they wished to see.

But when Mr. Easton was descried approaching, people were quite undecided what to do, and he was on the piazza before he had himself perceived that he had something to do besides walking up to Mrs. Farrell and telling her that he loved her. It appeared to him impossible that she should not be there to receive him; he had been so rapt in his meditation upon her that he had not believed but he must meet her as soon as he reached the door; and now she was not there! Several heads were decently taken in from the upper windows, and the broad piazza was empty but for the two young ladies whom he had walked home with yesterday; they sat half in the sunlight at the corner, and one was looking down upon the work in her hand and the other looking down upon the book she was reading aloud, and he fancied himself unperceived by them. A mighty disappointment fell upon him; he had

stormed the fortress, to find it empty and equipped with Quaker guns. As he stood there helpless, the young girl who was reading discreetly chanced to look round, and to her evident great surprise discovered him. She gave him a friendly little nod, and as he came towards her she rose with a pretty air and offered her hand, and the other did the same. They talked excitedly for a minute or two, and then the conversation began to flag, and Easton uneasily shifted his attitude. No doubt they would have liked to keep him with them for a little while, but perhaps they did not know how, or thought they ought to give him a chance to get away if he wanted; or perhaps she who spoke was quite sincere in asking, with a bright smile, "Did you want to see Mrs." — his heart began to beat in his ears — "Gilbert?"

"Yes," said Easton stupidly.

"I will go and tell her," said the young girl, laying her book down open, and lightly turning away.

"Thanks — I'm very sorry to trouble you," said Easton; and neither he nor she with whom he was left contrived to speak one word more while the other was gone. When she came back, she said with some trepidation, "Mrs. Gilbert is very, very sorry. She has one of her bad headaches, and she can't see any one. She's so sorry to miss your call."

"Oh, no matter — no matter," answered Easton; "I'm sorry she's not well; please give her my — please say I was sorry. Good morning!" he added abruptly, and cast a wistful, despairing look at the front of the house, and could not go. "Is — is Mrs. Farrell at home?" he asked, desperately.

The young girl cruelly smiled, and her companion cruelly cast down her eyes, and then they both blushed.

"No," said the first, "she is n't at home. She said she was going with Miss Rachel to help pick pease."

"Oh!" was all that Easton could say; and as he turned away the girls said it was a perfect shame, and they were rude girls, too flat for anything.

Easton forgot them both, and walked

back toward his hotel. On the way down the slope from the house he looked in the direction of the vegetable garden, and faltered. Mrs. Farrell's voice floated over to him in a gay laugh from the ranks of the pea-vines, and an insane longing to behold her filled him to the throat. But he could not go and tell her he loved her, there among the pea-pods; even he felt that. He twisted his mustache into the corner of his mouth, beat the ground with his stick, and hurried away, hurt, tormented, but not at all daunted or moved from his mind to have speech with her as soon as ever he could.

When she had finished her part of the work, which was to gather pease with fitful intensity and then to talk for long intervals to Rachel's taciturn perseverance, she emptied her small harvest into the basket that one of the Woodward boys carried, and walked picturesquely back to the house under her broad hat, which dropped its shade just across her lips like a grace-veil, and left her dark eyes to glow, star-like, from its depths. In this becoming effect she sat down on the kitchen threshold with the wide doors open round her, and took some of the pease into her lap and shelled them with a lazy ease, moving her arms from the elbows resting on her knees, and managing chiefly with her flexile wrists, and went on talking with Rachel of a picnic excursion to the mountain, which she wished to plan. "We shall not want any one along but the youngest Miss Jewett and Jenny Alden and Ben, and we can have a splendid time. It's just the right season, now. Come, Mrs. Woodward," she called into the kitchen, "are you going to let me go?"

"You mostly do what you like, Mrs. Farrell," answered Mrs. Woodward's voice, "and the only way I get any obedience out of you is to forbid you to do what you don't like. Yes, go. All I ask is that you don't take me."

"Now, then, Miss Prim," said Mrs. Farrell to Rachel, "you see you're commanded to go. What had we better wear?"

"Oh, wear all your worst things," said Mrs. Woodward.

"Yes, but I'm one of those poor people who can't afford to have any but best things. I'm going to get you to lend me some of your worst, Mrs. Woodward, and I'm going to borrow Ben's hat. Will you lend it to me, Ben?" she tenderly asked of the grave young fellow who stood near, and who had to shift himself from one foot to the other and turn his face away before he could assent. She laughed at his trepidation, as if she knew the reason of it. But by the time he could confront Mrs. Farrell again, she apparently did not care for his answer. Her eyes were fixed upon the figure of Gilbert, as he came up the road toward the house. He came in sight suddenly, as if he had climbed the wall from one of the birch-bordered meadows. He was better worth looking at than Ben Woodward, being very brave in his high boots and his straw hat, with his bundled rod and his trout-basket, a strong, sinewy shape, and a face very handsome in its fashion. As he drew nearer, he turned aside and slanted his course towards the door where Mrs. Farrell sat. Before he came up to her place Rachel had silently vanished within, and Mrs. Farrell sat there alone.

"Good morning," he called out, taking off his hat.

"Good morning," returned Mrs. Farrell, without changing her posture. "Don't you want to stop and help shell pease?"

Either their acquaintance had prospered rapidly after Easton had left them together the afternoon before, or else this was Mrs. Farrell's indifference to social preliminaries.

"No, thanks," said Gilbert tranquilly, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. "My domestic gifts are small. But I was thinking, as I came along, that I would give you people my trout."

"Really? How very handsome of you!"

"Yes, there's nothing mean about me. They sometimes object to cooking

them at the hotel, and I don't quite like to throw them away."

"Why, this is true charity! If I'm to accept them in the name of the farm, I must see them first."

Gilbert took off his basket and laid it at her feet; she opened it and cried out, "What beauties! Like flowers! But" — she gave ever so little a pretty grimace — "not exactly the same perfume!"

"No," said he, "they can't very well help that. But they improve with frying."

"That's true," said Mrs. Farrell. "Well, we'll take them. And you must get Mrs. Gilbert to ask you to supper. I can't do it."

"No," answered Gilbert, "my generosity shall be unblemished. I never eat the trout I've taken, any more. Easton's religion has had that much effect upon me."

"Easton's religion?"

"Yes; he thinks it's atrocious to kill anything for the pleasure of it."

"How very droll! And you're able to behave so nobly with your fish because you could n't get them cooked, and would n't eat them if you could!" Gilbert had been standing beside the pile of maple firewood, which flanked the kitchen door and sent up a pleasant odor in the sun; Mrs. Farrell said, "Sit down," and he sat down on a broad block used for splitting kindling. "I wonder what Mr. Easton would have had to say to some of the apostles on the subject of fishing."

"That's what I asked him once; but he says they did n't fish for fun."

"He distinguishes! Well, but what about the clergymen who make it their diversion, and then boast about their prowess in books?"

"Ask Easton for his opinion. I can assure you it's worth hearing — if you like contempt red-hot."

"I don't believe I do! I'd rather ask you. Is that his whole creed, anti-trouting?"

"No; hardly. He has a kindness for most of the human race as well as the lower animals. The only creature he

really hates is the horse," said Gilbert, with a laugh as of recollected mirth; and in fact Easton had been known in his army days for his antipathy to his chargers. He always got full service out of them by sheer force of will; but he never liked them, and never professed to understand them; the horse, he contended, was unfitted for a gentleman's society by the blackguard company he habitually kept. "But I don't think he'd do even a horse a wanton injury," concluded Gilbert.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Farrell. "And the rest of his opinions?"

"Why, there are very few things that Easton hasn't an opinion upon. It's rather odd, don't you think, to find a man in our age and country really caring enough for matters in general to make up his mind about them?"

"Very," said Mrs. Farrell, twisting her slim shape round to take a handful of pease out of the basket behind her, and putting them into her lap. "Go on."

"That was all I had to say," returned Gilbert, with a mocking light in his eyes.

"Oh, how can you be so cruel? — when I had just got ready to listen! Do go on!"

"Why, I was thinking" — began Gilbert.

"Yes, yes!" eagerly prompted Mrs. Farrell, "thinking (really thinking! Of course you can't have been doing it long!) — thinking" —

"That it was a very inconvenient practice to inquire into the right and wrong of many things," proceeded Gilbert in solid indifference to her light impertinences; whereupon she seemed to suffer some evanescent confusion. "It gives you no sort of moral leeway. Suppose you want to do something — anything — out of the ordinary line of things that you do or don't do; well, if you have n't considered too impertinently of right and wrong in general, you do it without once thinking whether you ought or ought n't, and there you are on the safe side, any way."

"Oh, what a beautiful philosophy!" moaned Mrs. Farrell, clasping her hands

together without moving her elbows from their careless pose. She rested her cheek a moment on her folded hands; then she asked with a voice full of mock emotion, "Do you think it would do for Woman, Mr. Gilbert? It seems just made for her!"

"I had n't thought about Woman," said Gilbert; "that's a matter still to be considered. You must give me time."

"Oh yes, we will be patient — patient!" and Mrs. Farrell began to shell the pease with an air of tragical endurance. "Take any length of time you wish. But in the mean while, can't you state the Eastonian principle more fully?"

"Only by saying that it's the opposite of the system you admire and covet. Easton is n't a man to formulate his ideas very freely. You're astounded every now and then by some extraordinary piece of apparently quite uncalled-for uprightness, and then you find that he had long contemplated some such exigency, and had his conscience in perfect training."

"How very droll!" said Mrs. Farrell. Then she said, looking at him through her eyelashes, "It's quite touching to see such attached friends."

Gilbert stirred uneasily on his block, and answered, "It's a great honor to form part of a spectacle affecting to you, Mrs. Farrell — if you mean Easton and me."

"Yes, I do. Don't scoff at my weak impressibility. You must see that it's a thing calculated to rouse a woman's curiosity. You seem so very different!"

"Men and women are very different, in some respects," calmly responded Gilbert, "but there have been quite strong attachments between them."

"True," rejoined Mrs. Farrell with burlesque thoughtfulness. "But in this case, they're both men."

"Nothing escapes you, Mrs. Farrell," said Gilbert, bowing his head.

"You praise me more than I deserve. I did n't take all your meaning. One of you is so mightily, so heroically manly, that the other necessarily womanizes

in comparison. Is n't that it? But which is which?"

"Modesty forbids me to claim either transcendent distinction."

"Oh, I know! Mr. Easton is your ideal man. But I should want *my* ideal man to *do* something in the world, to devote himself to some one great object. That's what I should do, if I were a man."

"Of course. How do you know Easton does n't?"

"I merely have his word for it."

Gilbert looked surprised and perplexed. At length he said, rather dryly, "I congratulate you on getting Easton to talk about himself. Not many people have succeeded."

"Oh, is he so reticent?" asked Mrs. Farrell. "I did n't find him so. He was quite free in mentioning his little pursuits, as he called it."

"His book!" cried Gilbert. "Did he talk to you about *that*, already?"

"Why, it seems that you don't know your friend very well, after all!" mocked Mrs. Farrell with a laugh of triumph. "Why should n't he talk to me about his book? He knew I would be interested in the subject; any woman would."

"Upon my word, I don't see what should particularly interest you in a history of heroism."

Mrs. Farrell celebrated her fresh advantage with another laugh. "Why not?" she asked, taking some of the pease up in her hand and letting them drop through her fingers. "We're all heroes till we've been tried, and I have n't been tried. He's going to put me into it. Do tell me his plan in writing it," she entreated.

"Look here, Mrs. Farrell," said Gilbert, bending forward and looking keenly at her, "do you mean to tell me that Easton has actually been talking to you about his book, which I now perceive I mentioned first?"

"Look here, Mr. Gilbert," said she, with an audaciously charming caricature of his attitude and manner, "do you mean to tell me that you doubt my word?"

"Well," said Gilbert, with a laugh, "I own myself beaten. Did you ever hear of Miss Lillian — I forget her name — the St. Louis lawyeress? Why don't you study our profession? At a cross-examination no witness could resist you, if I may judge from my own experience in helplessly blabbing what you never would have known otherwise. Come, Mrs. Farrell, you have triumphed so magnificently that you can afford to be frank; own, now, that all you know of Easton's book is what I've told."

He rose and stood looking down admiringly upon her uplifted face.

"No," she answered, "I shall not do *that*, Colonel — I beg your pardon; I mean *Major* — Gilbert. Mr. Easton's the colonel," she added parenthetically. "What *was* the reason," she continued with well-studied innocence, "that he came out a colonel and you came out only a major, when you had so much the advantage of him at first?"

Gilbert's face had hardened in the lines of a smile, and it kept the shape of a smile while all mirth died out of it, and he stared into the eyes of Mrs. Farrell, from which a sudden panic looked. "Oh, dear me!" she said, naturally. "Don't — don't mind. I did n't mean to do anything. What have I done? Oh, I wish — don't answer, please!" she implored.

But Gilbert gravely responded, "Because he was a better soldier. I am sorry if I alarm you by the statement of the fact. Did you experience any fright when Mr. Easton told you?"

"Oh, he never told me that he was braver than you. I don't think he meant to talk of the matter at all."

"I can believe that," replied Gilbert; "neither do I."

Mrs. Farrell made no comment, but, taking a fresh handful of the pease, shelled them, with such downcast eyes that it was impossible to say whether she was looking at Gilbert through her lashes or not. Nor could one tell with just what feeling the corners of her mouth trembled, but his sternness seemed to have frightened and silenced her. Gilbert breathed quickly as he regarded her, but

after waiting awhile, irresolute, he gave a short, sardonic laugh, and rose. "Good morning," he said.

"Good morning," returned Mrs. Farrell, woundedly, and meekly added, "Thank you for the fish," to which he bowed his reply, and then walked round the house.

He knocked at Mrs. Gilbert's door, and received from her own lips the same answer which had already turned Easton away, and so went quickly down the road in the direction of the hotel. In the mean time Easton had not been able to turn his steps far from the farm; whichever way he went they tended indirectly thither, and at last he started boldly back. At the moment he mounted the front piazza steps, Mrs. Farrell, having finished or relinquished her domestic task, came round the gallery from the side of the house and met him.

"Good morning, Mr. Easton," she said pensively. "Did you want to see Mrs. Gilbert? I believe she has a very bad headache to-day."

"No, I did n't want to see Mrs. Gilbert. I came to see you."

"Oh! Then will you sit down here?" she asked, and took her place where the two young girls, who were now away in the fields, had been sitting.

"I came here some time ago," said Easton, "and not finding you, I tried to find that place where we got the ferns, yesterday."

Mrs. Farrell's broad hat-brim thrust uncomfortably against the house where she sat on the settle beside the wall, and she took her hat off; a mass of her dark hair tumbled in a rich disorder on her back. She laid her hat in her lap and waited.

"I went there," pursued Easton, "because I had a stupid hope that the place might inspire me with some faint shadow of reason, of excuse, for" —

"Yes," said Mrs. Farrell, interpreting his hesitation with candid reproachfulness; "it was not fair, and considering all things, Mr. Easton, I don't think it was quite kind."

"Kind? Kind!" cried Easton with an inexpressible pang. Then after a

moment's thought he added, "No, it was not kind; it was base, tyrannical, brutal! It was worthy of a savage!"

Mrs. Farrell turned her face slightly away, and if she had been acting wounded innocence she could hardly have known it.

"There was no excuse for such a thing but the one thing in the world which it is least like. That is its excuse to me; it seems an insolent affront to suppose that it can atone for it to you."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Farrell demurely, "that women's actions are often misconstrued. Indeed, I ought to know it from bitter experience in my own case. I ought to remember that men seem even *eager* to misinterpret any confidence put in them; but yesterday — I — I could n't!"

There was a sort of passionate reproach, a tacit confession that she had singularly trusted him to her hurt, in the close of this speech, which went to Easton's heart. "No, there is nothing for me to say in extenuation. Even if I tell you" —

"Sh!" cried Mrs. Farrell, putting her hand down at her side and electrically touching that wrist of his next to her; "I thought somebody was coming. Yes, I know. Even if you tell me that you meant no harm, — and I don't believe you did, — still, don't you know — Oh!" she broke off, "why is it that there is n't some common ground for men and women to meet on, and be helpful to each other? Must they always be either lovers or enemies? Yes, enemies; it's really a state of almost warfare; there can't be any kindness, any freedom, any sincerity. And yet there are times in every woman's life when she does long so for the intelligence as well as the sympathy of some good man; and she can't have it unless she's married or engaged. She often wants to see how some action of her own looks through a man's eyes, and the wisest woman can't tell her! Every new disappointment that she meets with is harder to bear. I did n't mind your kissing my hand; that's nothing; it might even be something that a woman would be

proud of; but by the way you did it you shocked and frightened me; I saw that you had misunderstood me, and I—I was afraid you did n't—respect me."

Mrs. Farrell's grieving mood was so admirably represented in the outline of her cheek, the downward curve of the corner of her mouth, the low sweep of her long eyelash, and at the same time it was so discreetly *felt*, so far from overcharged or exaggerated, that even an indifferent spectator must have been affected with reverent sympathy. Easton's heart was wrung with unspeakable tenderness and regret and shame. He could not break the silence that followed her words for some moments. At last he said, "I see how it must have appeared to you; but it was not so. I have as little hope as I deserve to have when I say"—

"There! Don't speak of it any more," Mrs. Farrell interrupted, with signs of returning cheerfulness, but with beams not too speedily tricked. "Let's not think of it. I know there must have been something to blame in me. I have a way," she continued regretfully, "which I'm sure no one feels the disadvantage of more than I do,—a sort of perverse impulse; I don't know what else to call it,—that leads me to try people's patience, and see how far I can go with them; and I'm afraid I must have abused your good-nature yesterday in speaking as I did of your friend."

"You said nothing against him that I remember."

"I ought to be very grateful, then. I thought I was wrong in asking you about your military rank and his, when I saw that you were avoiding the subject. I couldn't help it, and yet I meant no harm."

"I know you meant none. I won't deny that I was trying to avoid the subject. It was placing me in the ugly light of seeming to boast at the expense of my friend."

"Yes, yes; I knew that; and I suppose it was just that which made me keep on; I liked to see your modesty put to the blush. It was wrong; but you don't think I had any very bad motive in it?"

"No, none!" said Easton, quickly.

"I am so glad. I know Mr. Gilbert is n't so generous!" Easton looked at her inquiringly, and "Oh Mr. Easton," she broke out, "what have I been doing? It must really look very black to you. Mr. Gilbert has just been here, and I have been talking to *him* about it—I don't know *why* I did; and he went away very angry. It seems just as if I had been trying to make a quarrel between you!" She hid her face in her hands, while Easton remained gravely silent. "Why don't you speak to me?" she implored him, without taking away her hands. "It will kill me if you don't. Say something, anything; blame me, scold me! You know you think I've behaved very wickedly. You do!"

"No, I don't think so," replied Easton seriously. He looked at her hopeless face, from which she had now withdrawn her hands, and he seemed to be losing his fast hold upon things, upon truth and right and wrong. Two days ago he had not seen this face or known that it was in the world; now it was so heavenly dear to him that it seemed to describe all knowledge and being. It was not a question whether she had a right to violate the secrecy to which Gilbert's silence and his own had consigned the fact she had so recklessly played with; rightly or wrongly she had done this, and he had now to ask himself whether he could forgive her error to her penitence. Yet he did not ask himself that; she had done it; and he loved her; and there was an end. How could he believe ill of her? What oblique motive could he attribute to her that his heart's tenderness would suffer?

"Ah," she broke out again, "you can never forgive me—and I can never forgive myself. Why did you come here to make me so unhappy!"

"Don't—don't say that!" the young man implored. "There is no harm done. I was to blame for ever talking with you about the matter. How could I expect you to treat it with seriousness or secrecy? You could n't know that it had ever been a sore affair with us. Don't be troubled. Gilbert's friendship

is n't built upon such a slight basis that it can't bear" — A stifling recollection of the delicacy, passing the love of women, with which they had always treated each other smote upon him: what could Gilbert think of *his* delicacy now? "I can make it all right with him," he continued, as soon as he could get breath.

"With *him*?" murmured Mrs. Farrell. "Then *you* forgive me?"

"I had nothing to forgive," said Easton, with all his love in his face; so that she looked away and blushed. "Don't think of it any more; it's nothing."

"How generous you are! Oh, women could n't be like that! How shall I thank you? I'll never forgive myself in the world — that's how," she said, a faint smile dawning on her contrite face.

"That would be a poor way. I want you to be friends with those I — like."

"Do you mean Mr. Gilbert?"

"No, I don't mean Gilbert."

Mrs. Farrell cast down her eyes. Then she bravely lifted them. "I will do whatever you say," she breathed, and a radiant light came from her face, as she rose and stood fronting him. "After what I've done you have a right to *command* me. But now you must let me go. I have some things to do. You've made me so happy!"

"And you me!" he said, and he took her hand, which he dropped after a moment, and walked away, giddy with his insensate joy. All his soul was flattered by the far-hinting sweetness with which she had used him, and he was contented in every pulse. When he despaired he had felt that he must tell her he loved her, and let any effect follow that would, but now he was patient with the hope which he hoped she had given him; for his confidence did not go beyond this. He loved too much to believe himself loved or to perceive that he was encouraged. To the supreme modesty of his passion her kindness was but leave to live; and he was abjectly grateful for it. He lifted his thoughts to her with worshiping reverence; it was heaven to dwell in the beauty of her looks, her attitudes, her movements; the sense of

her self-reproachful meekness possessed him with the tenderest rapture. How could he expose this to the harsh misconception of his friend? How could he explain her blamelessness as he felt it? He knew the sort of sarcastic quiet that Gilbert would keep when he should set about making him understand that he, Easton, was alone guilty in any wrong done him; that he, Easton, had given her the clew which she had afterwards followed up, from an ignorant caprice, in her talk with Gilbert; that she had bitterly upbraided herself for her error, and had dreaded its effects with a terror that he had hardly known how to appease. When he thought of Gilbert's incredulity, his heart beat fiercely; and he felt that he could not suffer it. Yet the thing could not go without some effort on his part to assure his friend that he had not been disloyal, and how to give him this assurance he did not see. No, he could not speak of it; and yet, he must. A veritable groan burst from his lips as he mounted a little hillock in the road and took off his hat to wipe away the drops of sweat from his forehead. Whither had all his bliss vanished? A thrush sat in the elm-tree over him and sang long and sweet, and his heart ached in time with the pulses of that happy music. A little way off, under the shadow of this tree, Gilbert lay upon the grass, with his face up to the sky; and it was to Easton, when directly he caught sight of him, as if he had laid him there dead. He fearfully made a little noise, and Gilbert opened his eyes, and, looking at him, sat up. "I was waiting for you," he said, gravely and not unkindly. "I supposed you had gone over to the farm, for I did not find you at the hotel. Easton," he continued, "I saw Mrs. Farrell a little while ago. Perhaps you've just come from seeing her?"

"Yes," answered Easton.

"Perhaps you don't know what we talked of?"

"Yes, I do."

"I suppose it was her use of what you told her that annoyed me; but I can't understand how you came to men-

tion the matter to her at all; much less to go into particulars, as you seem to have done."

Easton colored, but did not speak.

"Have you anything to say to me, Easton? I can't bear to have the slightest thing between us."

"Not — not now."

They were both silent; and Easton doggedly cast down his eyes.

"Very well, Easton," said Gilbert, rising and going towards him, "if you intend to say something by and by, and can justify yourself to yourself in making me wait, it's all right; I can wait."

He held out his hand, and Easton yearned to grasp it as it was offered, but his cold clasp relaxed upon it, and the severed friends trudged silently on through the dust toward the hotel.

VII.

That evening Gilbert found his sister-in-law well of her headache, and disposed to celebrate the charm of a headache that always went off with the going down of the sun. He responded at random, and then she began to talk to him of Easton, and he listened with a restlessness which she could not help noticing. "You don't seem to care to sing the praises of your idol, this evening," she said.

"One can't always be singing the praises of one's idols," he answered, "if you like to call them so. One wants a little variety. You know how the Neapolitans give themselves up to comfortable cursing in the case of saints who don't indicate the winning lottery numbers."

"I don't exactly see the application, William, but I'm always ready to curse anybody; and we will devote Mr. Easton to a little malediction. Have you had a tiff?"

"I thought you were going to curse, and you commence questioning."

"That's true; my curiosity is uppermost. Do tell me about it. I suppose Mrs. Farrell is somehow at the bottom

of it. I would n't have such a friendship as yours and Easton's on any account. It has cost too much. I wonder you have n't assassinated each other long ago."

"I'm glad your headache's gone," said Gilbert.

"Yes, that's gone, — thanks to the sunset or the headache pill. But I'm getting what no pill has yet been patented for; I mean a heartache, and for you, my poor boy. Oh, you open book! Don't you suppose I can read where that woman has written *Finis* in her high-shouldered English hand against the chapter of your friendship with Easton?"

"You are taking it seriously, Susan."

"Well, well. See if I'm not right. I thought you told me your friend was afraid of ladies. Mrs. Farrell seems to have persuaded him that they're not so dangerous. He's been here all afternoon. Oh, one can know such a thing as that even with the headache in a darkened room. No, not the whole afternoon; they were gone a long while on a walk. He follows her all about with his eyes when she won't let him follow on foot; he's making a perfect trophy of himself. That's the report."

"Very likely," said Gilbert. "Easton never does things by halves."

"He'd better, then, — some things."

"Why, I don't know. Why should n't he marry her if he wants?"

"I don't believe *she* wants. He can't take her fancy long, though very likely now she thinks he can. That was very pretty of you to give her your trout, this morning," said Mrs. Gilbert, with a sharp look at her brother-in-law. "She had them for supper, and ate a great many — for your sake, I suppose. It's you that she wants, William!"

"Does she?" asked Gilbert with a bitterish accent. "She has an odd way of going about to get me."

"What has she done?" demanded Mrs. Gilbert, making an instant rush for the breach. Gilbert covered it with a quizzical smile. "Oh!" she continued, plainly enjoying her own discomfiture, "when will men learn that

the boomerang is the natural weapon of woman? We're all cross-eyed when it comes to love-glances; you can't tell where we're looking. You think she's aiming at Easton! Poor fellow!"

"If I stay here talking," said Gilbert, rising, "I shall bring on your headache again. Good night."

"Oh, William," Mrs. Gilbert appealed, "something sad has happened between you and Easton; and I'm very, very sorry. I liked him, too; and I'm grieved to have your old friendship touched. But I know *you* are not to blame, — and don't you be! I shall hate him if he breaks with you. Good night, my dear. Don't tell me anything you don't want to."

"I won't," said Gilbert, kissing his hand to her at the door.

She could not help laughing, but when he was gone she turned to the glass with an anxious air, and after a while began to let down the loose, hastily ordered folds of her hair. She stood there a long time, thoughtfully brushing it out, taking hold of it near her head with the left hand, and bending sidewise as she smoothed it down. In the light of the kerosene lamps which she had set on either side of the mirror, her reflected face looked up from the lucid depths with an invalid's wanness, which the whimsicality of her mouth and eyes made the more pathetic. Suddenly she glanced round at the door with an unchanging face, and said, "Come in," in answer to a light rap; and Rachel Woodward entered with a shy, cold hesitation.

"Oh! — Why, Miss Rachel! Do come in!" repeated Mrs. Gilbert, contriving in the last words to subdue the surprise of her first tones. "You won't mind my brushing my hair? There's so very little of it! Sit down."

She went on to give the last touches, with friendly looks at the girl in the glass, and with various little arts of inattention trying to make it easy for her visitor to disembarass herself. Then she sat down in her rocking-chair facing Rachel, who had received her kindness not unkindly, but now came promptly to her business.

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"I ought n't to disturb you to-night, Mrs. Gilbert," she said, "and I should have come Saturday night, but I knew you had company; and last night was Sabbath. I wanted to thank you for buying that picture of mine. I never thought of any one's buying it; and I'm afraid you gave more than you ought. I could n't bear you should do that. I've been talking about it with mother, and she thinks I ought to offer you part of the money back."

Mrs. Gilbert listened without interruption of any sort, and the girl, doubtless knowing better how to deal with this impassiveness than with that second-growth impulse which in city New Englanders has sprung up on surfaces shorn so bare by Puritanism, went on tranquilly.

"We think it is like this: it is n't probable, even if this picture is worth all of what you paid, that I can do any more as good, and if you've bought it to encourage me, I might disappoint you in the end. Besides, we should not be willing to be beholden to anybody."

Having said her say, Rachel waited for Mrs. Gilbert's response, who answered quietly, "I know that you and your mother are perfectly sincere, and I am glad you came to say this to me. How much should you think I ought to take back?"

Rachel thought a moment and said, soberly, "The paper cost twenty-five cents; then I used some of a preparation of Mrs. Farrell's to keep the charcoal from rubbing, but that did n't come to anything. If my picture took the first premium at the county fair, — we did think some of sending it there at first, — it would be three dollars, but we should have had to pay seventy-five cents for entering it. If you really *want* the picture, Mrs. Gilbert, and are not buying it for any other reason, you can have it for two and a quarter."

"Very well," said Mrs. Gilbert gravely, "have you brought me the change? Then please hand it to me, as I'm an old lady, and very much settled in my rocking-chair." The girl obeyed, and approached her with some bank-notes

in her hand. The elder woman leaned forward and caught her by either wrist, and held her, while she exclaimed, "Rachel, you're the manliest girl, and your mother's the manliest woman, I know of—and I can't say anything better! But don't think you can take advantage of my sex, for all that. You shall not give me back a mill—if there is such a thing outside of the arithmetic. Two dollars and a quarter! Upon my word I don't know whether to laugh or cry at you! I did n't know there was so much uncorruption left in the world. What do you suppose Mrs. Stevenson will be asking by and by for her cat-tails, when she's learned to paint them for door-panels? Why—no, I won't blot your innocence with a knowledge of that swindling. Your Blossom is worth all I paid for her. Don't be afraid that I bought her to encourage you. No, my dear, that is n't my line. I'm the great American discourager. I suppose Mrs. Farrell has been babbling to you about the admiration your picture excited. She's a foolish woman. It was admired, and I think you might be a painter. But oh, dear me! why should any one encourage you on that account? Talent is a trouble and a vexation even to men, who are strong enough to fight against it; but for women it's nothing but misery. The only hope for you that I can see is that you've got something of a man's honesty and modesty to help you through. Draw up your chair, and sit down by me, Rachel. I want to talk to you, I want to catechise you. Oh, you need n't be afraid of me! I'm not going to do you any favor; and you shall keep me at a proper distance in everything you say!"

She smiled quizzically at the girl's constraint, and added, "But I'm older than you, and I've seen more of the world, and maybe I'll be able to tell you some things it would be useful for you to know. You shall pay me what you think is right, if I do. Why don't you want to be beholden to any one? Why should n't I give you more for your picture than it's worth, if I like?"

"I don't know," answered Rachel,

shyly puzzled. "It's a kind of feeling. The laborer is worthy of his hire; but he is n't if he takes any more."

"Good! first-rate! And you should n't think it pleasant to have things given to you?"

"Oh, no!" cried the girl quickly, with a kind of shiver; "we had enough of that when father was preaching, and we used to have to take everything we ate or wore as a sort of gracious gift. We children did n't feel it as my mother did, of course. When we came here"—but at this word she stopped and set her lips firmly.

"Go on," said Mrs. Gilbert. "When you came here, your mother said you should starve and go in rags, before you took a shred or a morsel from anybody."

"How did you know?" inquired Rachel, lifting her eyes in a calm, grave surprise.

"I knew it because I respect your mother. When I order a great ideal picture of America from you, you shall paint me your mother's portrait. Only in these days they'll say it is n't in the least like America. No matter: it's like what she has been and has n't forgotten how to be again."

"Yes," said Rachel, simply, "we all tell mother there's not many like her nowadays, and folks won't understand her way with them, and will lay it to pride."

"Oh, let them lay it to what they like!" cried Mrs. Gilbert, with enthusiasm. "If she can keep the black burden of gratitude off your souls, it's no matter. It hardens the heart worse than prosperity."

Rachel looked sober at the expression of these cynical ideas, and edged ever so little away from Mrs. Gilbert, who burst into a laugh. "Don't mind my harum-scarum paradoxes, Rachel! I've had a great many kind things said and done to me, and there are several of my benefactors whom I don't hate at all. But how is it," she asked, being perhaps unable to deny herself the pleasure of looking further into this sincere nature, even if she used an unfair pressure in her questions, "how is it that you

have let Mrs. Farrell give you lessons in drawing for nothing?"

Rachel colored and was silent some moments before she answered with dignity, "We can take it off her board, when we find out what it ought to be. I don't know as they could rightly be called lessons. I never copied anything of hers."

"I can very well imagine it," said Mrs. Gilbert dryly. "Do you admire her pictures?"

Rachel paused again before answering. "No, I can't say I do. But she has told me a great many useful things, and she has corrected what I was doing. I wish you had n't asked me that, Mrs. Gilbert; I don't think"—

"It was quite generous? No, it was n't; but I could n't help it. I've never seen any of Mrs. Farrell's work, and if she's been of use to you, I never want to. Don't be troubled. You have n't been disloyal to your friend. Dear me, you should hear how I talk about my friends! Don't go yet, my dear," coaxed Mrs. Gilbert, "it'll be a real charity to stay with me a little while, to-night. I'm fretted. Do you like to draw? Did you enjoy doing Blossom's portrait?"

"I hardly know about enjoying it. I did n't think of my own feelings. But—yes, I was glad when I seemed to be getting it right."

"I don't quite know what to think of you," said Mrs. Gilbert gravely, and the calm-faced young girl returned her absent look with one that claimed a mutual uncertainty. Mrs. Gilbert resumed suddenly with "Rachel! has anybody ever been so silly as to talk to you about genius?"

Rachel smiled a little, and said evasively that she did not mind such talk.

"That's right!" said Mrs. Gilbert. "Don't get that into your head; it's worse poison than gratitude. I'm always twaddling about it; it's my besetting sin; but I hope I see the folly and wickedness of it. If you are going to be an artist, think of pictures as hard work; don't get to supposing that all your little efforts are inspira-

tions. God has got something else to do. Don't be alarmed at my way of putting things; it does n't *sound* like religion, but it *is*. If he's given you a decided talent in this way,—and it's altogether too soon yet for you to be certain,—it's probably because he finds you able to 'endure hardness,' as Paul says, to work and to be consoled and occupied by working. After all, my dear, it's like every other thing here below; it's only a kind of toy; and you must n't let it be your whole life; don't be selfishly devoted to it. Sometimes it seems to me that the Lord must smile to see how seriously and rapaciously we take things. I can look back and see how balls and parties were once my toys, and my engagement was only a precious plaything! When I got married, what a toy that was! A new husband—just think of it! What an amusement for a young girl! And my first house, how I played with it, and petted it, and made it pretty, and adored it! When my health gave way, it all changed, but I had my toys still. I have had doctors of every age and sex for dolls. I've played with every school of medicine; just now I've a headache pill that I idolize; not that it keeps me from having the headache. The main thing, as I said, is not to be selfish with your toys. I would share my pills with my worst enemy."

Mrs. Gilbert seemed to enjoy the gravity with which the girl listened, and to be as well satisfied as if she had taken her lightness lightly. Rachel answered what had been said, so far as it related to herself, by saying that she had scarcely thought of painting as a profession, and that she did not see how she could afford to study it. But she presumed that if it were meant she should, a way would be found for her to help herself.

"But have you no ambition to distinguish yourself?" asked Mrs. Gilbert, in some surprise at her coldness.

"I do not know as I have," answered the girl. "If I was sure I could make a living by painting, I should like it better than anything else; but unless I took portraits, I don't suppose I could make

it pay, and I don't think I could paint likenesses of people."

"Well, I'm glad you have been thinking it over so soberly, for your own sake, Rachel. I suppose you did n't get these ideas from Mrs. Farrell?" asked Mrs. Gilbert.

"Oh no! she's very hopeful, and thinks I should succeed at once."

"Humph!" commented Mrs. Gilbert.

"When is your school out?"

"It ended on Friday."

"Oh, indeed! And are you going to help your mother, now?"

"Yes. She's not so well as common, this summer, and we can't get hired help — any that's worth having."

"Shall you wait on table?" asked Mrs. Gilbert, with a keen look.

"No — not just at first," said Rachel, with a little hesitation. Mrs. Gilbert lifted her eyebrows, and the girl blushed and added, "I wanted to, but mother thought it was n't best till the boarders had forgotten about — about the — the picture."

"Your mother is right. They'll forget it sooner than you think," answered Mrs. Gilbert, looking to see if this arrow hit. But it seemed to fall blunted

from Rachel's armor; she rose and said she must bid Mrs. Gilbert good night. Mrs. Gilbert followed her to the door. "Don't think, my dear," she said, "that I meant to wound your feelings by saying that they'd soon forget your picture. Perhaps it's true. But I wanted merely to see if you'd any false pride about you. I know how to strike it, for I'm full of it myself. Good night, Rachel; I wish you'd come again. Do let me be of use to you, if I can; and tell your mother that I could n't consent to give less than I did for Blossom. I bought it at the lowest price conscience would let me. You don't blame me for having my way about it, do you?" Rachel dropped her eyes as Mrs. Gilbert took her passive hand.

She turned, as Rachel closed the door, to her bureau, near which the girl had paused; some loose bills lay on it: a five, a two, three quarters. Mrs. Gilbert's talk had ended as it began, and she had paid two dollars and a quarter for Rachel's picture, after all, as Rachel had steadfastly meant from the first. She gave a sharp "Ah!" and flung the money on the bureau again in disgust. "The girl's granite!"

W. D. Howells.

A PAINTED FAN.

Roses and butterflies snared on a fan,
All that is left of a summer gone by;
Of swift, bright wings that flashed in the sun,
And loveliest blossoms that bloomed to die!

By what subtlest spell did you lure them here,
Fixing a beauty that will not change;
Roses whose petals never will fall,
Bright, swift wings that never will range?

Had you owned but the skill to snare as well
The swift-winged hours that came and went,
To prison the words that in music died,
And fix with a spell the heart's content,

Then had you been of magicians the chief;
And loved and lovers should bless your art,
If you could but have painted the soul of the thing,
Not the rose alone, but the rose's heart.

Flown are those days with their winged delights,
As the odor is gone from the summer rose;
Yet still, whenever I wave my fan,
The soft, south wind of memory blows.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

LINCOLN'S PLANS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

A BIT OF SECRET HISTORY.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN came to Richmond on its surrender to the forces under General Grant in April, 1865. He came in the wake of the invading, victorious Federal army. He occupied for a short time the late presidential mansion of Jefferson Davis.

There was no longer any resistance. No useless signs of despair or defiance were exhibited. There was silence and calmness, but no unmanly regrets or repinings, no words of reproach or crimination. No people ever behaved with more firmness and dignity. The issue of the war — so disastrous to the Southern cause, to the hopes and wishes of the Southern people — had been foreseen and recognized for days, if not weeks, before it came; yet in the presence of the actual event, "The boldest held his breath for a time." The late Confederate president and his cabinet had departed in the rear of General Lee's retreat. The governor of the commonwealth, the legislature and the officials, both State and Confederate, with many eminent and substantial citizens, had followed in the somewhat general exodus. Of course many remained in the Virginia metropolis because they could not get away, and many more from a generous and manly care for and sympathy with the weak, the timid, and the unhappy, who feared violence or ill-

treatment from a rude soldiery, flushed with the triumph of victory and conquest, and scarcely capable of restraint.

Among the latter was the calm, patient, self-possessed, and venerated John A. Campbell, of Alabama, formerly one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and but recently Assistant Secretary of War of the Southern Confederacy. Regardless of his own personal safety, but full of sympathy with the citizens of Richmond and the people of Virginia, and rightly interpreting the duties and responsibilities of the hour, he went forward courageously and sought an interview with Mr. Lincoln. This was readily accorded.

Judge Campbell said, in substance: "The war is over. The Southern people have lost their cause, without any hope, I suppose, of redemption. This is neither the time nor the occasion to consider the right or wrong of the conflict, or the merits of the questions involved in it. You are here in triumph, and are certainly the victorious master of the situation. No resistance will be attempted further by those who remain in this city. It would be fruitless if it were designed or intended, but it is not even desired by any of the people of Richmond. I have felt myself at liberty, indeed impelled, in the interest of peace and humanity, to seek this inter-

view and acquaint you with the spirit and temper of the people here, and to venture to remind you of what I am sure you will not forget, that with really great and good men the hour of victory and triumph is also the hour of moderation and magnanimity. Though not a Virginian myself, I know the people of Virginia to be brave and honorable, and they will scrupulously respect any pledge or promise they may make. They accept the result of the war without sullen resentment on the one hand or unmanly despair on the other, and will abide in good faith by any fair and equitable terms of pacification and adjustment that may be offered them." He added that he had sought this interview in order to learn the president's views as to his course, and that of the government, towards the people of the States lately at war with the Federal government, and particularly in respect to the people of Virginia, now that the war on her territory had ceased.

President Lincoln (who had listened with interest and earnestness) replied that he was so much impressed by the words of Judge Campbell, that, in order to consider his reply maturely, he would relinquish his intention of returning by steamer that evening to City Point on James River, and give the subject a full night's reflection.

Accordingly, another and final interview took place the next morning on board the steamer Malvern, moored in the river below Richmond. The particulars of this meeting were preserved in a paper written by Judge Campbell very soon after the event, to which by his leave the writer has had access. As the subject is one of such curious interest and importance, and possesses a rare historical value in view of the quickly succeeding tragedy of President Lincoln's death, and the events both political and social which followed, it seems every way proper that Judge Campbell's narrative, hitherto unpublished, should appear.

He says: "I had recommended that he should sanction a meeting of the prominent, influential, leading men in

Virginia at Richmond, and have their counsel and coöperation in reconstructing its political and social system so as to meet the new and extraordinary conditions of society. But the calling together of the political body, 'the rebel legislature,' was the suggestion of Mr. Lincoln's own mind. He mentioned it for the first time in our second interview as a matter he was considering, and that was desirable in many points of view, which he specified, adding that if he came to a satisfactory conclusion he would make it known to General Weitzel on his return to City Point, by letter. The general principles I had expressed included such a proposition, and I was grateful that the president had been led to its consideration; but I did not intimate such a course in any remarks of mine before he suggested it.

"At the interview on the Malvern, President Lincoln produced a memorandum in writing, which he read over, and commented on the various clauses as he read them. When he had concluded, he gave me the paper. It is not dated, signed, or addressed. The memorandum is, —

" 'As to peace, I have said before, and now repeat, three things are indispensable: —

" '1. The restoration of the national authority throughout all the States.

" '2. No receding by the executive of the United States on the slavery question from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message and in preceding documents.

" '3. No cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war and the disbanding of all force hostile to the government.

" 'That all propositions coming from those now in hostility to the government, not inconsistent with the foregoing, will be respectfully considered and passed upon in a spirit of sincere liberality.

" 'I now add that it seems useless for me to be more specific with those who will not say they are ready for the indispensable terms even on conditions to be named by themselves. If there be any who are ready for the indispensable

terms on any conditions whatever, let them say so and state their conditions, so that the conditions can be distinctly known and considered. It is further added that, the remission of confiscation being within the executive power, if the war be now further persisted in by those opposing the government, the making of confiscated property at the least to bear the additional cost will be insisted upon, but the confiscations (except in case of third-party intervening interests) will be remitted to the people of any State which shall now promptly and in good faith withdraw its troops and other support from further resistance to the government. What is now said as to remission of confiscation has no reference to supposed property in slaves.'

"The president, after reading and commenting upon the various passages of this memorandum, noticed that he had said nothing on the subject of fines and penalties as applicable to individuals. He said, in reference to this, that he supposed that he ought not to force a pardon upon any person who did not want it; that, for instance, 'If Mr. Davis, whom we familiarly call Jeff. Davis, will not take a pardon, we ought not to press one upon him.' But this he would say, that 'almost anybody could have anything of that kind by asking for it.'

"My intercourse with President Lincoln, both here and at Hampton Roads, impressed me favorably and kindly towards him. I believe that he felt a genuine sympathy for the bereavement, destitution, impoverishment, waste, and overturn that the war had occasioned at the South, and that he fully and exactly discriminated the wide difference, both in reason and policy, between the mode of proceeding in reference to the disorderly or criminal acts of individuals which disturb the security of a state, and the course to be taken in regard to those civil dissensions and commotions which arise from the agitation of great questions involving the social and political constitution of a great empire, composed of distinct and in some respects independent communities.

"My direct interview with President

Lincoln terminated with my visit to him on the Malvern. I never spoke to him or wrote to him afterwards.

"The following day General Weitzel sent for me, to read the letter of President Lincoln to him on the subject of calling together the Virginia legislature. Mr. Lincoln in the course of his conversation had expressed his object in desiring them to meet and to vote. It was desirable that that very legislature should recognize the national authority. It was 'the situation of a tenant between two contesting landlords, who was called upon to attorn to the one who had shown the better title.' This was his remark."

Here were no humiliating terms of submission imposed on a brave people: no amnesty qualifications exacted; no banishment or confiscation laws; no test-oaths, to incite to perjury or foster the resentments of war. On the contrary, relief and protection should be denied to *none*, while the common rights of fraternity and citizenship should be freely accorded to *all*.

In propounding these conditions the president showed a just appreciation of the Southern people. Had the policy thus declared been carried out faithfully, what untold misery and sufferings would have been prevented! The humane and generous heart of President Lincoln repelled with horror the cruelty and weakness which would involve in punishments and penalties a whole people. Such wrongs and injuries, such injustice and impolicy, were reserved for those less moderate and magnanimous, who, on his violent and deplorable death, succeeded to the reins of government.

The president returned to Washington filled with joy that the war was ended, and satisfied with himself at having secured, as he supposed, just and generous treatment to the vanquished, who had suffered so severely in the late strife. His cruel death, so lamentable in itself and so disastrous in its effects, which occurred only a few days after these generous overtures of peace and kindness, inflicted new sorrows on the already crushed and smitten South.

We willingly draw the veil over the unwelcome picture, and remit its harsh features to the verdict of impartial history, or to that oblivion of wrong and folly which, happily for mankind, time and our better nature will ultimately bring.

Already there is a gratifying change of feeling springing up between the respective sections: a change of Northern sentiment as to the real condition and disposition of the Southern people,

and a change in Southern sentiment as to the men of the North. Thus a new era of feeling and sympathy, the ties and associations of a common ancestry and a kindred destiny, will arise and be fostered until the wounds of the past shall be cicatrized and forgotten, and the removal of suspicions and prejudices can make the two sections again one and enable the people of each to see not the worst but the best phases of their respective disposition and character.

Allan B. Magruder.

THE DEAD CONNOISSEUR'S FRIENDS.

GATHERED from many lands,
A company still and strange,
In the shadow of velvet and oak,
Not one to another spoke.
With faces that did not change,
Weird with the night, and dim,
They were looking their last at him.

If ever men were wise,
If ever women were fair,
If ever glory was dust
In a world of moth and rust,
Why, these and this were there.
Guests of the great, — ah me,
How cold is your courtesy!

Does the loveliest lady of all
Drop Titian's light from her hair
Down into his darkened eyes —
His, who in his coffin lies?
Does that crouching Venus care
That he must forget the charm
Of her broken, beautiful arm?

Yet these are the dead man's friends,
Woody in his passionate youth
And won when his head was gray.
Look at them close, I pray.
Ah, these he has loved in sooth;
Yet among them all, I fear,
They cannot give him a tear.

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

GOING SOUTH.

I.

"WE are seven," — Ma Dame, Heraclitus, Our Sister, Merle, St. Thomas, Molly, and I. Molly is a lady of color. The rest of us, in varying degrees and with different or indifferent success, are generally conceded to be white. At least, we are so at the epoch whence this chronicle emanates, the epoch at which we sit in conclave cautious and profound, desperately face to face with the great New England problem of what to do with our winter.

We are the possessors, among us, of one case of acute sore throat and one neuralgia of the eyebrow. These are our invalids, properly speaking. To these might be added one case of chronic ill-temper and one of incipient idiocy. Modesty forbids me to indicate very particularly the claimant of the latter; but not to mention it were plainly to be standing in one's own light, for they estimate invalids at so much a head in traveling South. Beyond Savannah a toothache acquires a *pro rata* value unequaled, I believe, in any other portion of the globe; and to acquire, say in the latitude of the St. John's River, a cold upon the lungs, would shed a lustre upon a party of twice the size of ours.

Possessing such qualifications to win renown in another and a sunnier clime, it becomes plain that we cannot permit them to run to waste in the obscurity of our Northern homes. Mere gratification of the instinct which leads the human being to struggle for social prestige renders it clear that a New England winter is of all things to be dreaded for us.

"Florida?"

One of our number timidly offers this remark in an essentially general way, and as if appealing altogether to the general mind. To this day it is unknown which of us it was. I *have* heard it whispered above a breath that it was the Incipient Idiot; but let that pass.

"Florida," observes our Weeping Philosopher, "is a great way from home."

"So," urges St. Thomas, "is heaven. You will admit as much as that, Heraclitus, I'm sure."

"True," says Heraclitus sadly; and we relapse into a general religious melancholy.

"Philadelphia," remarks Heraclitus, brightening after a pause, "is nearer than either."

This suggestion meets with general approval until Merle reminds us that they had the small-pox severely in Philadelphia, some winters since; which strikes Philadelphia immediately off our list.

Now, at this point we begin to be collectively and severally convinced that we are fated to winter in the State of Florida. But the human mind comes so slowly to the expression of a genuine conviction, that we launch ourselves for a week or so adrift upon a sea of convulsive doubt. We plunge into waves of Pathfinders and Travelers' Tales. We inflict life-long injuries upon our optic nerves by poring over atlases. We resolve ourselves into a committee of Rosa Dartles, of which the Incipient Idiot is unanimously appointed chairman, and, "asking for information," we let our thirst for knowledge loose upon a defenseless public. We investigate the climatic influences of Cuba; we acquaint ourselves with the velocity of the wind in the Bahamas, the price of eggs in Mexico, the politics of Peru, and the quality of alpaca in Patagonia. Nobody says anything about Florida. We avoid Florida as if it were a shipwreck or a love-story. As if there were no other place than Florida to spend a winter in! As if, forsooth! we are to be entrapped at this early stage of our fresh Bohemianism into committing ourselves to anywhere!

To a mind somewhat imbued both by nature and by training with faith in the

credibility of testimony, the experiences incident to the preparation for a journey into an unfamiliar region are a severe shock. Between the statements of witnesses picked and chosen for their unassailable veracity there exists the most "conspicuous inexactness." People whom I trust as implicitly as I trust myself treat me to the most appalling antitheses. An orthodox church-member in good and regular standing assures me that the climate of Richmond is even and mild. A deacon in a neighboring parish swears that he perished in Richmond of sleet and caprice. An old and revered friend writes that I must go to the pine-belts of Georgia; in the pine-belts of Georgia there is no snow, and consumptives never cough. My next-door neighbor runs in before I have finished the letter to remind me, with tears in her eyes, that her brother died of consumption in the pine-belts of Georgia, and was buried in a four-inch snow-storm. She has scarcely left before the evening mail brings me nine letters: three recommending different hotels in the mountains of North Carolina, three advising camp-life in the city of Charleston, two suggesting a yacht in the Savannah harbor, and one a cottage in the Louisiana Muddle: each of these courses of conduct is urged upon us by its several intelligent and honorable advocates as the only one which we can pursue with the best feasible prospect of life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness.

When it comes to Florida the case is sadder yet. By the time that we have slowly narrowed our restless imaginations to the confines of that admirable State, — which in time we do, with something at once of the alacrity of a lover and the reluctance of a maiden, with souls at once hankering regretfully for every little village which has been recommended to us from Maine to Mexico and fired with enthusiastic faith in the attractions of the St. John's River, — by this time my confidence in the veracity of the educated Christian world is terribly shaken.

There is but one civilized spot in Florida, and that is Jacksonville.

There is but one civilized spot in Florida, and that is St. Augustine.

There is but one spot of any kind in Florida, and that is Enterprise.

Whatever else we do, we must avoid the river for dear life's sake.

Whatever else we do, we must settle on the river immediately.

Northerners cannot be out after sunset.

Northerners can be out all night if they like.

We need not carry rubbers, because when it rains in Florida the sandy soil soaks the water away.

We may leave our rubbers at home, because it never rains in Florida.

It is hotter on the river than it is by the coast.

It is just as hot on the coast as it is by the river.

The thermometer has been known to run to one hundred degrees in December.

The thermometer never rises above ninety degrees in July.

Ice sometimes forms in Florida about Christmas.

Ice never forms in Florida at any time.

There is nothing to eat in Florida.

There is as much to eat in Florida as there is at home.

You don't want anything to eat in Florida.

Carry your muslin dresses if you wish to avoid immediate dissolution.

At your peril go without your furs!

You will find it difficult to sleep, because of the barking of the dogs in which the South abounds.

Never heard a dog bark in Florida.

You may be annoyed by the sound of passing on the hard shell roads of St. Augustine.

They never shoe the horses in St. Augustine, because the roads are drifting sand.

It takes four days to go to Florida. It takes two days and three nights to go to Florida. It takes a week to go to Florida.

There is malaria in Florida in March.

There is malaria in Florida all the year round.

There is never any malaria in Florida at all.

I feel that my brain is reeling under this, and that if it goes on much longer that peculiar species of invalidism which I so successfully represent in our party will develop at such a rate as to render us, however gloriously, perhaps uncomfortably conspicuous in traveling.

I therefore suggest that the clearest way out of these depressing circumstances will be to start for St. Augustine next week.

"Yes," says St. Thomas, "I think St. Augustine is the place for us."

"I cannot satisfy myself about the roast beef of St. Augustine," muses Heraclitus mournfully, "and I have heard that the wild turkey is canned. Would it not be better to try the pine-belts of Geor—"

"Yes," says St. Thomas, with fresh conviction, "I think the air of Georgia would be very beneficial. I think myself we should like it quite as well."

And off we go again! Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Carolina mountains, the yacht, the muddle, malaria and no malaria, — we run the gamut through. For aught I know to the contrary we should be sitting there yet, playing at this geographical coquetry with the evasive, eluding, baffling bewitchment of that unknown country —

"To which we all would go, would go,
To which we fain would go,"

had not Merle suddenly and quietly observed that *she* should start for St. Augustine a fortnight from Monday night in the half-past nine express, and that the rest of us might do as we pleased.

This settles the matter. Nobody thinks of protesting. We are reduced to that condition in which if anybody had possessed the nerve to say, "*I shall start on Monday night to spend the winter yachting on the river Styx,*" we should pack our trunks and follow with no emotions more mixed than those of grateful enthusiasm.

I am free to confess, for my own part, that I am not what one may call an experienced traveler. It is true that twice a year I make a journey to the city of

Boston, say in the months of November and May, and I cannot deny that I once visited the State almshouse at Tewksbury; but I mention these circumstances with the greatest modesty, and, as I say, I do not call myself an experienced traveler.

Especially is there something in this journey South which I find metaphysically, I may say even morally, confusing. To lose a winter out of one's life! How may one dare? Deliberately to give nature the slip in this way, to steal a march upon her, to take her by surprise, to cheat her out of her rights, crosses one's sense of harmony so closely as almost to cross one's conscience. For, to a Northern conscience, as to a Northern constitution, winter seems as much of a necessity as faith in specie payments or mission Sunday-schools.

Consider the matter. All the nerves of soul and body are braced for bleakness, bareness, whiteness, muteness, — the great restraints and reserves and solitudes of a frozen world. The melancholy September languors prepared us gently for these things as they settled down the hills; the rich heart of October, beating fast and warm against our own, whispered to us how grand the end of summer hours might be if only they died bravely; the grave yet sweet decay that purpled on November fields and across the wavering, dim horizon that forests make, led us kindly into the repose of leaflessness and lifelessness and ice. The mind reaches forward with a content that is not unlike the enduring elements of a large passion, to grasp at the stern inspirations and severe delights which lurk folded in the dead and dying year.

But behold, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the face of the world has changed. Your bewildered gaze opens upon a country in which the year can never die. Your steeled nerves are let suddenly down into brightness, opulence, color, song, into the soft languages and companionships of eternal summer. The low winds whisper like lotos-eaters as you pass; and beneath your feet the shadows of drifting clouds nod to one

another, and use a speech and language that you know not of.

In short, you were prepared for sleet, snow, sleigh-bells, slush, your furriers' bill, a January influenza, your old gaiters, trouble with the furnace, and the Lyceum Bureau.

You find yourself (in your cambric dresses) wandering forever and forever by a summer sea, no sadder care at heart than to listen to perpetual mocking-birds, and no graver work in hand than to pick undying roses and get tanned and terrible in eternal sun.

Is it any wonder, I say, that the Northern conscience starts at such a state of things? Is it a matter of surprise that one should linger "yet a little longer," half lovingly, in the biting, bleak December days, and buy one's excursion ticket to Florida with a doubtful oppression at the heart that is half a fear and half a sense of guilt?

"I shall hear those mocking-birds before I make a case of conscience of it," observes Merle, with whom conscience is not a *forte*, "and as for cambric dresses" —

Significant is the vim with which Merle tucks my woolen gaiters into the crown of my straw hat, and depressing is the smile with which I am asked if there isn't room for my rubber boots on top of that Nainsook polonaise; and dreadful is the calmness with which I am advised to roll up the Japanese fans in the double-zephyr santonag.

"In the winter months," I insist, reading from the last letter of the last intimate friend who spent two winters in Florida, "the thermometer stands at about seventy degrees. The sea breezes moderate the golden languor of the sun. The sky is sweet and even as a happy temper. You live in the open air. You breathe in the blessedness of a new life. You inhale the fragrance of the yellow jasmine" —

"Yellow jasmine!" says Merle, squeezing Hamilton's Metaphysics in between Jean Ingelow and Elia, and bruising the anatomy of my sun-umbrella with Maudesley on Insanity, or some such cheerful little matter.

"I believe in yellow jasmine," says Ma Dame, who could n't help believing in a pleasant thing if she tried, "and the thermometer and the roses and the mocking-birds, and I'd rather go on believing till I'm taught better by experience. One may not go to Florida twice in a life-time."

True, very true; we feel this keenly, dreamily, and delightfully, as the last rapid days slip by. Something of Ma Dame's blessed faith shines through them, despite the Northern conscience. We, too, will believe in Florida! We, too, just for once in a life-time, will turn our faces, unquestioning and unresisting, to the golden grandeur of the Southern sun. Never mind the brisk little early snow-storm that the December sky pours down upon us in benediction! We will not think how hearty, how happy, how healthy it is, how the keen air enters into our blood like wine, and the clear gaze of the sky sets our feet to crushing the tiny snow-drifts with a step of steel. We will think only how cold it is, and bare, and what the coal bill was last winter, and how Washington Street will look in the January thaw. We will not wonder who will take our Sunday-school class, or if the Legislature of Massachusetts can pass the Woman Suffrage Bill without us, or if that soldier's widow will have the help about the pension, — we will only go to Florida; Florida, where there are no widows and no Sunday-schools, and where Woman Suffrage is a babe unborn; Florida, where the thermometer stands at seventy, and where the hearts of roses open forever by a summer sea. Florida, where —

"Where we shall be now in four days' time," St. Thomas breaks in upon my musing. "And I am assured at the office that the Pullman parlor cars do run through all the way to Jacksonville."

For the rapid days have all slipped, and we are off. And however it may be with the roses or the thermometer, it is a comfort to believe that the Pullman cars will run to Jacksonville.

New York proves to be a thriving village, in which we find ourselves accommodated for the continuance of our

journey by the Pullman parlor cars. I don't know why Our Sister smiles a sisterly, sardonic smile. I don't know why we should any of us feel any skepticism on the subject of those Pullman cars. There is no doubt that the Pullman cars run through to Jacksonville. The timetable says so, and the Florida Guide, and "the newspaper."

Philadelphia is doubtless an agreeable city, but we pass through it hastily, remembering the small-pox.

Washington is the capital of the District of Columbia, and Heraclitus points out to me, as we approach it, a graceful dome which he tells me is St. Peter's. From Philadelphia to Washington I may notice that we are again accommodated with the Pullman parlor cars.

I call down upon myself unwittingly the derision of the party, by observing, as we leave Washington, which we do at midnight, that now we have fairly set our faces towards the tropics. Do I consider St. Augustine, they would like to know, as situated in the tropics? I have the moral courage — and in view of the well-known fact that geography is not my forte it requires courage — to reply, though faintly, that I am open to conviction on the matter, but that I certainly supposed that Florida was — perhaps it would be more accurate to say semi-tropical; still, I must boldly confess to a general conviction that with sharks and alligators and moccasins, and so on, you may be said to be in the tropics. I have a misty impression that you are in the tropics when you get among things that bite. I am rewarded for this piece of candor, as the candid are always rewarded in this insincere world, by perceiving that I fall at once in the estimation of my friends (who all stood at the head of their geography classes at school) to a point where I am likely to be patronized insufferably, for the remainder of the journey.

Doubtless the experienced traveler, blasé in all such sweet emotions, would fail to appreciate the quality of mine upon entering "the tropics" at sunrise. Even the sleeping-car (and may I never rest in my coffin, if it is any narrower

than the berths in the sleeping-car which takes us southward out of Washington!) — even the sleeping-car fails to take the romance out of them.

In point of fact, we are approaching Petersburg. In point of fancy, we might be approaching heaven. I draw aside the dingy little window-curtain, poke away Edwards on the Will, — whom I carry for light reading, and who has kept the window open for me and served a more useful purpose, I venture to say, than ever he served before, — and, lying at ease in my coffin, watch with all the enthusiasm of verdancy the first sunrise in the South.

Did I ever see the sun rise before? He lifts upon the great levels of the desolate country into which we are whirling a countenance strange to me. Slowly through the mighty dark the straight horizon cuts like a knife of pearl. Reluctantly, as one awaking from a blessed dream, the massive foreground of the barrens changes color. What does morning mean, uninterpreted by the contours of summit and abyss? Where are the moods of my already half-forgotten hills? This is the beauty of rigor; this is the strength of simplicity; this is the passion of repose. Softly from the reticence of pearl tints bloom the blushes of the rose, deepens the vividness of fire. All the warm Southern heavens are at last alight. The infinite Southern solitudes are at length alive. I am not used to a horizon in which sky and land seem to be *alone* together. I have seen a new heavens and a new earth.

And now the sun has lifted up the light of his countenance so far as to enable me to see that I want my breakfast.

We are to breakfast at — I think it is Weldon; but I beg to inquire, in the name of the suffering public, why we do not get to Weldon till ten o'clock; or why, if we cannot get to Weldon before ten o'clock, we cannot have our breakfast at the other place, where we are shot out of our coffins into another train and pushed on, chilly, cross, and hungry, for three mortal, breakfastless hours? I suppose Weldon has taken out the con-

tract for feeding us, and that the three hours' fast is a stroke of business policy on the part of Weldon. If so, it is a shrewd one. Nobody would eat in Weldon who *had n't* waited three hours for breakfast.

It is the exquisiteness of novelty which creates for us our few memorable experiences, and it is at Weldon that we first appreciate the true delicacy of Southern cookery. By the time we become experienced travelers it is a tale that is told; but at Weldon it is a discovery.

Man cannot live on sunrises alone, — even on the Southern sunrise, — and I eat my breakfast. It is with much repression of the imaginative faculty, but I eat my breakfast. I don't know what I am eating. There is the most generous variety at Weldon. Strictly speaking, however, it is what you might call variety in unity. There is a certain lack of originality, I will go so far as to say a certain monotony, in the flavor of the different articles of food which are pressed upon us, to which I do not believe the New England mind, even the New England *dépôt-restaurant* mind, is capable of reducing itself. I am told that this dish is steak and that is ham. I take it upon faith that one thing is potato and another eggs; but I have little else than the word of the waiter to vouch for it; my sense of sight is confused, and the palate absolutely set at naught. Everything tastes like everything else, and everything tastes fried.

Heraclitus is bolder than the rest of us; he has been experimenting upon the different dishes, with an expression, chiefly about the muscles of the mouth, such as one must know Heraclitus to appreciate, and has hit upon something which he thinks will bear repetition so far as to defer, if not prevent, starvation. He is bolder than we, as I say, and, conceiving that he has found out what he is eating, recklessly calls for "some more of that fish!"

Now the rest of us came South for various purposes, but Heraclitus, it is understood, came to gather useful information; so we all sympathize keenly in his pleasure when the waiter hastens

to acquaint him with the fact that it is hominy.

Of course the Pullman parlor cars run through to Jacksonville. My faith in the Pullman parlor cars is not in the least affected by the circumstance that we are put at Weldon into a "plain" car, as old-fashioned as a leg-o'-mutton sleeve, and that we have not seen a parlor car since then.

"But I was assured at the office" — repeats St. Thomas.

And what if we travel in the cold comfort of this assurance from Washington to the St. John's River? Undoubtedly the parlor cars run through to Jacksonville.

Southward and southward still! Three mortal nights of sleeping-cars. Three immortal days of deepening, warming, wonderful weather. The sun shines and shines and shines. I have never seen such sunshine!

• Is it indeed sunshine? Or is it a fair, fused amber? Or is it a delicate, unflickering flame? Or is it a fine, rare, transparent wine? Cleopatra might have melted all her pearls in such a light. Yet Cleopatra was not fit to breathe it. It might be an aureola for the Lady Una. It might be a garment for Godiva. It might be a thousand things that I cannot capture in my thought. I chase my flying fancies up and down as we ride deeper and deeper into it. For it seems to deepen as we journey with it, like the comfort of a tried friendship, or a finely-harmonized love. What is it Ruskin says about painting the midday sky? "No human hand can paint *blue fire*!" My Ruskin is near a thousand miles away, but that is something like it. No human hand could capture the color of this Southern sunshine. It is living fire. It penetrates the pores of soul and body. We are bathed in brilliance. We breathe light.

Slowly through the golden weather the great Southern wilds slide by our unaccustomed eyes. What miles upon miles of waste! What realms of ruin! I feel rather than perceive or recall that we are in a land where the feet of war have trodden. The country has a bruised

look, like one recovering from a deep wound. The signs of life are few and sad. Through acres of desolate everglades we steam lazily up to more desolate little stations, where the sense of solitude becomes a refinement of pain from the appearance of ineffectual effort to break it. A house, a barn, six negroes, and a road winding into the wilderness make a town. I take an idle pleasure in the warm monotony as we jog along. Never since the invention of steam, I am convinced, did a railroad train jog like ours. The lassitude of the Southern temperature seems to have crept into the very cog-wheels, and the smoke-stack itself breathes wearily. I am sure all the locomotives south of Washington have been ordered to Florida by the company's physician, for chronic debility and acute asthma.

Idly, I say, as we roll along, I adjust myself to the idle scenery. Once in a while I remember that I ought to be collecting useful information. I start with a jerk, and stare about me, wondering how they do it. I try to speculate upon the nature of the vegetation which sprawls over the glaring sand; but I am not learned in "greens." I wonder what are the educational advantages of the prettiest negro babies, and if that was a member of the South Carolina legislature in the swallow-tail coat and second-hand beaver, whom all the old women in men's hats hobbled up to see when he got off the train; but I get little light upon the dark subject, and I had much rather wonder where all those desolate, darkening roads go to — where do they? I wonder still! — that crawl away low under the live-oaks and scrub, as if they crawled upon their hands and knees in search of something lost; roads upon which nobody ever seems to go anywhere, and at the end of which there seems to be nothing to go to; mystical, mournful roads, as the dusk drops upon them, — winding away, Heaven knows where! unpeopled, untrodden, unloved, seeking the great shadow of the eternal forest, behind which the sun is sinking red and sad as a hope that sheer solitude has quenched beyond recall.

And then I know, besides, that Heracitus will collect useful information for the party; so why should I trouble myself? Indeed, did he not tell me something about the imposition of Southern railroads, and how they pushed us sixty miles out of our way and refused to carry us back till he insisted upon it? But I do not remember exactly how it was, for I was reading Shirley, and thinking how the sun shone; and while we waited we sent out into the fields and had a cow milked for our luncheon, and the woman who sold us the milk said she thanked Heaven, for her child was sick this long while and she had no money to buy the medicine. Was not *that* worth while? And what does it matter if you *are* imposed upon, provided you do not know it?

My geographical education is improved perceptibly as we journey. Wilmington, for instance, I know as the place where they would not allow Molly to come to the supper-table at the *dépôt*-restaurant because, though comely, "she was black." Charleston is the only spot upon the map between New York and St. Augustine where I can get a cup of English breakfast tea. Savannah is the city where the old lady screamed because the horses ran away with the omnibus; and Yemassee is the place between, where they gave us — something — fried for dinner. It was n't beef; it was n't pork. I ventured the suggestion that it was duck, but was laughed to scorn; and, as I say, it was fried. It was fearfully and wonderfully fried. We ate, but trembled. For a dinner at once novel and nutritious, I recommend the traveler to Yemassee. In this weary world a new sensation is worth something; and we paid our dollar apiece for the Yemassee refreshments without undue reluctance. I should say in this connection that I have, since coming to Florida, about made up my mind what that dinner was. Indeed, at times I am morally certain that it was fiddlers. It is enough that the Florida resident knows what fiddlers are; to the general mind it is unimportant to go into details.

Southward and southward still! Fair

with a wonderful fairness rises one morning, behind the purple mists of swamp and forest, the uninterpreted smile of the Florida sun.

We sit out upon the platform of the car and bask in the brightness like native lizards. It is warm, very warm. My winter cloak and I parted company at Savannah, and I triumph in the little *drap d'été* wrap which everybody laughed at me for putting into that omnivorous shawl-bundle. It is warm, warm. I envy the lady in the linen duster, and am sure we shall go home in February.

Jacksonville looks like Lowell on a July day. The St. John's River looks like — what *does* the St. John's look like? All day we steam shiftlessly over its muddy face. It is sluggish, coffee-colored, hot, lonely. One day on the St. John's River is better than a thousand. Perhaps we do not appreciate the St. John's River. We are hungry, sleepless, cross, tired, and black as Molly with three days' cinders. Heraclitus and St. Thomas consult the captain for useful information, and Ma Dame is peacefully appreciative of the scenery. Let them! I am past comprehending useful information, and the scenery is Solitude personified. Like a huge boa-constrictor the miserable river winds through the beautiful wilderness. I make up my mind about Florida at once. "Florida," I announce confidently, "is fair, false, and lonely. I don't want any of it."

I revive a little at Tocoi, in hopes of the horse-car which is to take us through the forest to St. Augustine. But the horse-car has given place to a self-confident and cheerful little locomotive, and, excepting that we sit in a baggage car, and that they keep a negro on the tender to jump down and drive the cows off the track, there's not a spice of romance left, to save the famous ride through the wilderness from river to sea.

But we sit in the baggage car, and through the great, open doors on either side the dying day looks in. It is the first sunset in Florida. Passionately through the eternal fastnesses of the everglades penetrate the vivid colors of

the hour. I see the opaque grays of the hoary moss, and they are transfigured almost to transparency before they dim. I see the wild oranges, and they shine like golden lamps, and flicker and go out. The deepening dark lays its hands upon my head like a high-priest's, and I know no more that I am cross and tired and dusty and homesick, when faintly, from the Ancient City, there steals into my face the first breath of the sea.

There is this advantage in seeing a thing in the dark at the outset: you cannot see the worst of it, and you are left at liberty to believe in the best of it.

We make the most of this liberty as our voluble little locomotive — *the* locomotive, of which St. Augustine, I believe, is prouder than of all the dead Huguenots or live Yankees who people her historic streets — drops us with a shriek of immense personal relief, not to say of distinct personal injury, at "the dépôt."

At least they tell us it is the dépôt. Dimly we perceive the mellow colors of a few pine boards, upon which the light of a splendid bonfire flashes wildly, and we take the dépôt on faith, while we make the rush of escaped lunatics for the possession of half of a geometrical point upon the cushions of the city omnibus.

What, I wonder, is the bonfire for? It is so pretty that it does n't even seem to me unusual, till we have put a weird mass of moving figures between ourselves and it and find ourselves suddenly plunging into the blackness of outer darkness and the pit of despair. At least, that is the way it strikes the traveler. The more prosaic mind of the St. Augustinian calls it a mud-puddle, and says the new road will soon be built.

What's in a name, then? Call it a mud-puddle. Make the best of it. Don't allow yourself the shadow of a "first impression" that the loveliest spot in lovely Florida could be inhospitable if she tried. Struggle for the beautiful faith of that cheerful passenger — of whose class, thank Heaven, you always find one specimen in the worst mishap

which time and tide can inflict upon traveling humanity — who placidly observes, as we reel to and fro, up to the hubs “in unfathomable mines” of Florida soil, that “we are going by water.”

Take it not unkindly that dignity is a lost art, and breathing a forgotten luxury, and a fixed position a calm despair, as the vehicle staggers drunkenly but hopefully on through the howling wilderness; and do not mind it too much if the unaccommodated passenger whose wife said if he went in the express cart she should go too, and who hangs wildly by tooth and nail upon the omnibus steps, should, however polite by nature and by culture, poke you horribly in the neck with his helpless elbow at every jerk and every jar. Mind it? You’ll never mind any of it; it is forgiven, forgotten, it is nothing, it is nowhere, when shrill and suddenly, as the lights of the little city break upon your somewhat critical and not over-ardent gaze, there rings out the bewitching toot of the driver’s old-fashioned horn.

I wonder would that horn be to the experienced traveler as charming as it is to me? Perhaps because I *am* inexperienced, perhaps because I am tired, perhaps because I am hungry, perhaps because I am sleepy, perhaps because I am determined to fall in love with St. Augustine if a no longer youthful nor susceptible nature will admit of it, that horn is the sweetest music in the world to me just now. The sweetest music in the world to me always *is* something that it ought not to be. I can think of nothing to compare with the driver’s horn but certain of those indefinable and indelible impressions which one receives from hand-organs played on sunny corners in sunny cities, on days when the heart is light. Perhaps there is a touch of the barbaric in joy; and who knows if melancholy be not the result as well as the companion of culture? Proportionally as one approaches a moment of distinctly-recognized happiness, how simple and scanty grow the perceptions! A moment of joy is a moment of primitive emotions. There may be many a glow of the heart which Beethoven and

the orchestra would refine away into unutterable sadness, which an accordion struck to a negro melody from an attic window will fuse and fix, perfect and immortal. At all events, if one *has* poor taste, there is no better way out of it, that I know, than to invent an æsthetic principle to excuse it.

The most inexperienced traveler is aware that the Ancient City is like nothing else in the United States, and confusedly, as we swing into the little half-lighted town, we perceive already that this is true. Is it the reeling of the omnibus that makes the houses look as if they were crossing hands over the densely dark streets to dance the Virginia reel? Is it the unreliable fancy of the supperless that makes us think our omnibus occupies the width of the street? What a tormenting sense of queer architecture that one cannot see! What a perfectly imperturbable consciousness that we would n’t see the gates of the New Jerusalem till to-morrow morning! And how charming to be wakened in the Sabbath sunshine of to-morrow morning by the sound of matins in the little church close under the hotel windows, where the colored Christians worship by themselves, as — we begin already vaguely to perceive — it is quite proper that colored Christians should. But I do not go to matins. I slip out alone in the warm colors of the early hour, to look the town in its foreign face. And what went I out for to see? A little city (oh, is it not a little one?) grave and calm and gray. High above my head rise old coquina walls, casting heavy shadows across the narrow ways. I do not know what coquina is, to be sure, but never mind! I will find out in course of time. Why hurry to be wise? Already I perceive that one never hurries in St. Augustine.

I am not mathematical, but I can understand, even so soon, that fifteen feet make a Broadway in the Ancient City, and I thread little mazes of lanes and byways which twelve or eight paces would span. These are as charming as the opening chapter of a long novel, from whose initiatory sentences one perceives

that the plot is reserved and nicely-laid. What will it all be when I know it—love it? Shall I some time understand what life is like behind those staid little verandas which all but touch across the thread-like street? Shall I, too, wander in and out with good Catholics, half fancying myself to be one of them, through the hoary door of the little cathedral, which the experienced traveler tells me is “almost European”? And here, like the figures in a mediæval poem, break upon my musing the placid sisters from the convent which I cannot see, but which I instantly believe to be well worth seeing; and the more immediate outlines of the monks from the gray monastery which I can see, and which I think is not worth seeing at all. And there are wonderful little curiosity shops—but they are closed; and there are the tantalizing contours of Fort Marion, magnificent and mute—but that is barred: for St. Augustine is a godly city, and keeps the Sabbath holy.

We too will keep the calm day sacred as well as homeless travelers may; but we are not sorry when the busy Monday morning's sunshine welcomes us to secular action. Fate is kind, St. Augustine is hospitable, “the season” has

not yet begun, and in two hours we are at home, we think, forever.

We unpack our pictures. Till I know whether my Da Vinci is broken, or my Francesca scratched, my best bonnet may bide its time. We dance jigs of delight over the open fireplaces and old brass andirons, in the very face of the thermometer, which points to seventy-five degrees; we wonder if we could toss rosebuds to our unknown “native” neighbors in the little red painted coquina house whose veranda peers closely but incuriously through our open windows; we wander up to the palmetto store and invest confidently in the shadiest of shade hats; we condescend, after Da Vinci is hung, to resurrect a white dress for dinner; we scorn, as the baldest superstition, the statement of the scientific member of our party that this is the 15th of December; we see with a mystified sense, as if we were children playing at going somewhere, that there are orange-trees in the garden, and that the sky cuts itself against the sharp, fine outlines of banana leaves; we see from all the windows that the world is fair; we fall in love with our hostess; we wonder if it is getting time for dinner—and life in St. Augustine begins.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

JACQUES JASMIN.

I.

It is a little singular that the band of enthusiasts who style themselves exclusively the Provençals, and are formally devoted to the adventure of restoring the Langued'oc to its place in literature, should appear almost unconscious of the fact that they were preceded by about twenty-five years in the self-same fascinating path which they have chosen, by one of the most careful artists as well as truest poets of this century. Jacques Jasmin, the barber of Agen, in

Gascony, published his first volume of dialect poems in 1835, when Frédéric Mistral was a child of four, hardly old enough to prey upon the mulberries and olives of his father's *mas*, before he had come even under the mild restraints of Master Roumanille's school. This earliest volume of Jasmin's—called, with a mixture of gayety and simplicity quite peculiar to himself, *Papillotos* or *Curl Papers*—was followed at intervals of several years by two others. These, like their predecessor, contained hosts of those little personal and occasional

lyrics, Tributes, Dedications, Thanks for testimonials, Hymns for festivals, which M. Sainte-Beuve rather impatiently characterizes as "improvisations obligées" and "compliments en madrigaux," and of which Jasmin himself says, with something as near an apology as his complete *naïveté* will allow him, "One can only pay a poetical debt by means of *impromptus*; and *impromptus* may be very good money of the heart, but they are almost always bad money of the head." But among these comparatively trivial though always musical and pleasing pieces, there were a half-dozen poems of another and higher order: romantic tales in verse of two or three or more *paouzos* (pauses or cantos), noble in conception, abounding in action, and wrought out with very patient care; instinct with the author's own gentle vivacity, and at the same time impressive by the dignity of simple, natural passion.

The rustic dialect from which Jasmin never departed he lifted to the level of these more serious themes as easily, as triumphantly, as Mr. Lowell adapted his extraordinary Yankee speech to the tones of keenest pathos in No. X. of the second series of *The Biglow Papers*; and more cannot be said. All the magnates in criticism of Jasmin's generation came forward, soon or late, and surrounded him with their applause. Cities and royal personages had medals struck in his honor. His works were collected in a cheap popular edition of one volume in 1860, a few months only after the Parisian world was first electrified by the publication of *Mirëio*. Eight years before this, at a public meeting of the French Academy, August 20, 1852, an extraordinary prize of five thousand francs had been awarded to the Gascon poet, and M. Villemain, in a stately address, had declared it to be the purpose of that august body also to have a medal struck in his honor: "La médaille du poète moral et populaire." Earlier yet, Charles Nodier had subdued his amazement at the incongruity between Jasmin's calling and his genius, and had begged him, with an

air of impulsive patronage at once amiable and amusing, not to intermit the manufacture of periwigs, "for this," says the lively Gaul, ever intent on his epigram, "is an honest trade, while verse-making is but a frivolous distraction." M. Léonce de Lavergne dwelt with an enthusiasm rather generous in a true Provençal on the onomatopoeic beauties of the Gascon *patois*. M. de Pontmartin classed Jasmin with Theocritus, Horace, and La Fontaine, and paid him the singular tribute of saying that he had made good as attractive as other Frenchmen had made evil. Finally, M. Sainte-Beuve (*salut à son âme*) warmly yet carefully appreciated him. "Away on your snow-white paper wings," cries Jasmin merrily to his verses, when he dedicates to the king of critics a new edition of his first volume, "for now you know that an angel protects you! He has even dressed you up in fine French robes and put you in the *Deux Mondes*!"

It is to the *Causeries* that the reader must go for a complete analysis of Jacques Jasmin's literary qualities, and a guide to the more recondite beauties of his speech. Here, preceding some experiments in translation, an attempt is made merely to show some of the points in which his works resemble, and some in which they differ from, those of that younger school of singers in Southern France, a few of whose productions have already been reviewed in these pages.

And first, notwithstanding that local "jealousy between Gascon and Provençal" which M. de Lavergne frankly allows in his admirable notice of Jasmin's masterpiece, *Françonette*, there seems to be nothing deliberately disingenuous in the silence of the Provençals about Jasmin; no reason to suppose that their inspiration is in any way borrowed from him. These men of Southern France were born, one and all of them, in the native land of modern poetry, and have breathed none but its native air. The echoes of all its varied measures, nay, of the very rhymes which are its distinguishing characteristic, perpetually haunt their every-day talk. They tread

its ruins under foot. Its seeds lie dormant in all their soil. One such seed germinated at Agen in the first quarter of our century; a handful more about Avignon, twenty-five years later. The rich wild flowers which they have borne are of the same family, indeed, and have certain fundamental resemblances, but they are quite distinct in color, shape, and even fragrance. Here is no miracle; still less, good ground for a charge of plagiarism.

Jasmin is Gascon; not, in the present restricted application of the term, Provençal; and his dialect, though closely allied to that of the Bouches-du-Rhône, must, it seems to me, be pronounced slightly inferior to the latter in the melody of its terminations, and hence in its rhythmic capabilities. But the two sustain the same relation to the classic Romance, that lovely but short-lived eldest daughter of the Latin. The Gascon poet is at once more conventional in his imagery and less enterprising in the matter of metre than his young neighbors. He uses freely the most obvious and trite comparisons. Lips are cherry-red, teeth snow-white, etc., whereas the metaphors of his juniors are often too quaint to be spontaneous, and we know that they know the beaten paths by their sedulous avoidance of them. Jasmin clings also to the measures most approved in legal French poetry, especially to Alexandrines and iambic tetrameters, and to their irregular association in a sort of ballad metre, which in English has been best handled by Robert Browning in Hervé Riel, and indeed most happily chosen for that essentially French poem. Mistral seized these same irregular iambs and speedily molded them into the ornate verse which became so astonishing a vehicle of varied expression in Miréio and Calendau, and upon which his followers, in their turn, executed all sorts of variations. But Mistral and his *felibres* seem never for a moment free from a sense of their high commission to repudiate or reform all that is distinctively French, and set up in its stead that which is distinctively Provençal. They

may justly claim, most of them, to have made deliberate choice of a humble and rustic form of expression, when a more literate one was equally at their command, while Jasmin, in all probability, could never have written in learned French, and did but sing because he must. Both Jasmin and the Provençals have the self-confidence of real power, but they are self-confident with a difference. When some one told Jasmin that he had revived the traditions of the Troubadours, "Troubadours!" he cried, — one can imagine with what a lusty peal of laughter, — "why, I am a great deal better poet than any of the Troubadours! Not one of them could have composed a long poem of sustained interest like my *Françonette*!" which is perfectly true, but a man to say it of himself must have a conspicuous absence of small vanity and a considerable sense of humor. While the Provençals, though they have doubtless a fine audacity and fervid faith with regard to the future, speak always with due humility of Homer, and are almost preternatural in their gravity.

Sainte-Beuve quotes with keen enjoyment the demure yet decided terms in which Jasmin refused, in 1849, the challenge of one Peyrottes, who had summoned him to contend with himself in one of those poetical tournaments revived from the Middle Ages, in which Mistral and his colleagues afterwards engaged with enthusiasm and won many laurels. "I dare not," wrote Jasmin, quaintly, "enter the lists with you. The coursier who drags his chariot with difficulty, albeit he arrives at the goal, cannot contend against the fiery locomotive of the railway. The art which produces verses one by one cannot compete with *manufacture*. My muse declares herself vanquished in advance, and I hereby authorize you to record the declaration." And then, as if sensible and repentant of a lurking arrogance in his refusal, he adds in a postscript, "I love glory, but the success of another never troubles my sleep." And though Jasmin's declamations and readings of his own poems are said to have

been in the highest degree dramatic and affecting, the spirit of that reply was undoubtedly sincere, and his methods of composition were such as he describes, assiduous, quiet, slow. "I have learned," he once said, "that in moments of heat and emotion we are all eloquent and laconic, alike in speech and action, unconscious poets, in fact; and I have also learned that it is possible for a muse to become all this wittingly, and by dint of patient toil."

Sainte-Beuve, whose judgments constantly recur, sums up all his eloquent praise of the Gascon poet by saying that he is invariably *sober*. No doubt the Provençals proper, even Mistral, their greatest poet, — rarely in Miréio, but oftener in Calendau, — are apt to be temporarily the worse for the wine of what they are pleased to consider their ethnic inspiration. But their interesting careers were hardly begun at a time when Jasmin's was rounding to its close, and when he was already declared better to have fulfilled his promises than any other poet of his generation. If they can but imitate his simple and conscientious devotion to art, and grow as he grew even to old age, they will shed an equal lustre on that historic land of song which aliens will always regard as their common country.

In no poem of Jasmin's are the most characteristic qualities of his mind — his candor, his pathos, and his humor — more abundantly shown than in that which he has entitled *My Souvenirs*, and from which some extracts will now be made. He begins the unique story of his life, as he is very apt to begin a story, confidentially and colloquially:—

Now will I keep my promise, and will tell
How I was born, and what my youth befell.

The poor decrepit century passed away
Had barely two more years on earth to stay,
When, in a dingy and a dim retreat,
An old rat-palace in a narrow street,
Behind a door, Shrove Tuesday morn,
Just as the day flung its black night-cap by,
Of mother lame, and humpbacked sire, was born
A boy,—and it was I.

¹ The charivari, so common in the south of France, is a terrific uproar produced by kettles, frying-pans, and horns, accompanied by shouts and cries, and the singing of rather low songs, which is

When princes come to life, the cannon thunder
With joy; but when I woke,
Being but a tailor's son, it was no wonder
Not even a cracker spoke.
Only a certain charivarian ¹ band
Before our neighbor's door had ta'en its stand,
Whereby my little virgin ears were torn
With dreadful din of kettle and of horn,
Which only served to echo wide the drone
Of forty couplets of my father's own.

His father, it seems, was a village poet, a spinner of doggerel for these charivari, and this was the humble seed which, being mysteriously fructified, produced genius in the son. He goes on to assure us that, in his coarse and mended swaddling-clothes and sleeping on a little bed stuffed with larks' feathers, he grew, if somewhat lean and angular, as fast as any king's son, until he was seven years old; and then —

Suddenly life became a pastime gay.
We can but paint what we have felt, they say:
Why, then must feeling have begun for me
At seven years old; for then myself I see
With paper cap on head, and horn in hand,
Following my father in the village band.
Was I not happy while the horns were blowing?
Or, better still, when we by chance were going,
A score or more, as we were wont to, whiles,
To gather fagots on the river isles?
Bare heads, bare feet, our luncheon carrying,
Just as the noontide bells began to ring,
We would set forth. Ah, that was glee!
Singing *The lamb thou gavest me!*
I'm merry at the very memory!

He goes on to describe with extreme zest, and a wonderful richness of local coloring, the impromptu *fêtes* in which he thus bore a part; the raids upon cherry and plum-orchards, — "I should need a hundred trumpets," he says, "to celebrate all my victories," — and then the dances around bonfires, and other fantastic ceremonies of St. John's Eve. Then he tells, in words of exquisite softness, how the first light shadow fell upon his baby spirit:—

Nathless I was a dreamy little thing.
One simple word would strike me mute full often,
And I would hark, as to a viol-string,
And knew not why I felt my heart so soften,
And that was *school*, — a pleasant word enow,
But when my mother, at her spinning-wheel,
Would pause and look on me with pitying brow,
And breathe it to my grandsire, I would feel
A sudden sorrow, as I eyed the twain,
A mystery, a long whole moment's pain.

set up at night under the windows of the newly married, especially if they are in advanced years or have been married before

And something else there was that made me sad :
 I liked to fill a little pouch I had
 At the great fairs with whatso I could glean,
 And then to bid my mother look within ;
 And if my purse but showed her I had won
 A few poor coins, a sou for service done,
 Sighing, " Ah, my poor little one," she said,
 " This comes in time," and then my spirit bled.
 Yet laughter soon came back, and I
 Was giddier than before, a very butterfly.

So after fair-time came vintage, with
 all its manifold joys, and then suddenly
 the winter, when, in the dearth of fire-
 wood, the child was fain to sun himself
 in sheltered nooks while the daylight
 lasted. But " how fair is the nightfall
 of the grim winter day ! " At that hour,
 a score or more of women with their
 younger children used to assemble in a
 large room, lighted by a single antique
 lamp suspended from the ceiling. The
 women had distaffs and heavy spindles,
 on which they spun a kind of coarse
 pack-thread, which the children wound,
 sitting upon stools at their feet. And all
 the while one old dame or another would
 be telling ogreish stories of Blue Beard,
 Sorcerer, or *Loup-garou*, to fascinate the
 ears and trouble the dreams of her young
 auditory.

At last a winter came when I could keep
 No more my footstool, for there chanced a thing
 So strange, so sorrowful, so harrowing,
 That long, long afterwards it made me weep.

Sweet ignorance, why is thy kind disguise
 So early rent from happy little eyes ?

I mind one Monday — 't was my tenth birthday —
 The other boys had throned me king in play,
 When I was smitten by a sorry sight :
 Two cartmen bore some aged, helpless wight
 In an old willow chair along the way.
 I watched them as they near and nearer drew,
 And what saw I ? Dear God, could it be true ?
 'T was my own grandsire, and our household all
 Following. I saw but him. With sudden yearning
 I sprang and kissed him. He my kiss returning,
 For the first time some piteous tears let fall.
 " Where wilt thou go ? and why wilt thou forsake
 Us little ones who love thee ? " was my cry.
 " Dear, they are taking me," my grandsire spake,
 " Unto the almshouse, where the *Jasmins* die."
 Kissed me once more, closed his blue eyes, passed
 on.
 Far through the trees we followed them, be sure.
 In five more days, the word came he was gone.
 For me, sad wisdom woke that Monday dawn :
 Then knew I first that we were very poor.

And here the first section of Jasmin's
 memories, which he began to rehearse so
 gayly, closes as with a sob. When he
 resumes, he seems half abashed at the

homeliness of the tale which he has un-
 dertaken to tell. Shall he soften it ? he
 pauses to query. Shall he dress it up
 with false lights and colors ? for these
 are days when falsehood in silk and gold
 seems always acceptable, and the " na-
 ked, new-born truth " unwelcome. But
 he repudiates the thought : —

Myself, nor less nor more, I'll draw for you,
 And if not fair, the likeness shall be true.

That death of his grandfather, he
 goes on to say, sank like a plummet
 into his heart, and seemed for the first
 time to reveal to him the utter squalor
 of his surroundings. He describes in a
 minute fashion, at once droll and ex-
 ceedingly pathetic, the exposure of their
 tenement to the four winds of heaven,
 the ragged bed-curtains, the cracked
 pottery and worn wooden vessels off
 which they ate and drank, the smoky,
 frameless mirror, the rickety chairs.
 " My mother explained it all," he says.

Now saw I why our race, from sire to son
 For many lives, had never died at home ;
 But, time for crutches having come,
 The almshouse claimed its own.
 I saw why one brisk woman every morn
 Paused, pail in hand, my grandame's threshold by
 She brought her, not yet old, though thus forlorn,
 The bread of charity.

And ah, that wallet ! by two cords uphung,
 Wherein my hands for broken bread went straying,
 Grandsire had borne it round the farms among,
 A morsel from his ancient comrades praying.
 Poor grandsire ! When I kept him company,
 The softest bit was evermore for me !

All this was shame and sorrow exquisite.
 I played no more at leap-frog in the street,
 But sat and dreamed about the seasons gone.
 And, if chance things my sudden laughter won, —
 Flag, soldier, hoop, or kite, — it died away
 Like the pale sunbeam of a weeping day.

However, there was a happy change
 at hand ; and here, unhappily for his
 translator, the poet abandons his flowing
 pentameters, but one must, if possible,
 keep step with him : —

One morn my mother came, as one with gladness
 crazed,
 Crying, " Come, Jacques, to school ! " Stupid I
 stood and gazed.
 " To school ! What then ? Are we grown rich ? "
 I cried, amazed.
 " Nay, nay, poor little one ! Thou wilt not have to
 pay !
 Thy cousin¹ gives it thee, and I am blessed this
 day."

¹ Sister Boe, the old school-mistress of Agen, who
 acted the part of a generous relative, and gave the
 poet the rudiments of reading and writing.

Behold me, then, with fifty others set,
Mumbling my lesson in the alphabet.
I had a goodly memory; or so they used to say.
Thanks to this pious dame, therefore,
'Twixt smiles and tears it came to pass
That I could read in six months more;
In six months more, could say the mass;
In six months more, I might aspire
To *tantum ergo* and the choir;
In six months more, still paying nothing,
I passed the sacred college gate;
In six months more, with wrath and loathing,
They thrust me forth. Ah, luckless fate!

'T was thus: a tempting prize was offered by and by
Upon the term's last week, and my theme won
the same.

(A cassock 't was, and verily
As autumn heather old and dry.)
Nathless, when mother dear upon Shrove Monday
came,
My cheeks fired when we kissed; along my veins
the blood
Racing in little *blobs* did seem.
More darts were in the cassock, well I understood,
Than errors in my theme;
But glad at heart was I, and the gladder for her
glee.
What love was in her touch! What looks she gave
her son!
"Thank God, thou learnest well!" said she;
"For this is why, my little one,
Each Tuesday comes a loaf, and so rude the winter
blows,
It is welcome, as He knows."

Thereon I gave my word I would very learned be,
And when she turned away, content was in her eyes.
So I pondered on my frock, and my sire, who presently
Should come and take my measure. It happened
otherwise.
The marplot de'il himself had sworn
It should not be, so it would seem,
Nor holy gown by me be worn.

Wherefore my steps he guided to a quiet court and
dim,
Drove me across, and bade me stop
Under a ladder, slight and tall,
Where a pretty peasant maiden, roosted against
the wall,
Was dressing pouting pigeons, there atop.

Of as I saw a woman, in the times whereof I
write,
Slid a tremor through my veins, and across my
dreary day
There flashed a sudden vision on my sight
Of a life all *trivet*, so to say.
Thus when I saw Catrine (rosy she was and sweet)
I was fain to mount a bit, till I discerned
A pair of comely legs, a pair of snowy feet,
And all my silly heart within me burned.
One tell-tale sigh I gave, and my damsel veered,
— alas! —
Then huddled up with piteous cries;
The ladder snapped before my eyes.
She fell! — escape for me none was!
And there we twain lay sprawling upon the court-
yard floor,
I under, and she o'er!

The outcries of the maid soon brought
all the holy household to the spot. "Fillo
aymo a fa sabé lous pecats que fay fa,"
remarks Jasmin, in a quaint parenthesis,
which, by the way, illustrates very well
the conciseness of expression of which
his dialect is capable. It means, "A
girl always likes to have the sins known
which she has caused others to commit."
The result of her railing accusation is a
terrific reprimand for poor Jacques, and
a sentence of imprisonment for the re-
mainder of the carnival. In default of
a dungeon they locked him into a dis-
mal little chamber, where he remained
until the next day, very angry and very
hungry, until chance enabled him to fill
up the measure of his iniquities by break-
ing into a high cupboard, to which he
climbed with the help of table and chair,
and feasting upon sundry pots of the
delicious convent preserves, which he
found hidden there.

The result must be told in his own
words:—

But while so dulcet vengeance is wrought me by my
stars,
What step is this upon the stair? Who fumbles at
the bars?
Alackaday! Who opes the door?
The dread Superior himself! And he my pardon
bore!

Thou knowest the Florence Lion,—the famous
picture, where
The mother sees, in stark despair,
The onslaught of the monster wild
Who will devour her darling child,
And, fury in her look, nor heeding life the least,
With piercing cry, "My boy!" leaps on the savage
beast;
Who, wondering and withstood,
Seemeth to quench the burning of his cruel thirst
for blood,
And the baby is released.
Just so the reverend canon, with madness in his
eye,
Sprang on my wretched self, and "My sweetmeats!"
was his cry,
And the nobler lion's part, alas, was not for me!
For the jar was empty half, and the bottom plain
to see!

"Out of this house thou imp of hell!
Thou'rt past forgiveness now! Dream not of such
a thing!"
And the old canon, summoning
His forces, shook my ladder well
Then, with a quaking heart, I turned me to de-
scend,
Still by one handle holding tight
The fatal jar, which dropped outright
And shattered, and so came the end!

Ah yes! I knew that magic name,
Full oft at school had heard the same,
And fast the fevered pulses flew
In my low room the dark night through.
"O fatherland of poesy! O paradise of love!
Thou art a dream to me no more! Thy mighty
spell I prove.
And thee, sweet Cinderella, my guardian I make,
And to-morrow I turn player for thy sake!"

But slumber came at dawn, and next, the flaming
look
Of my master, who awoke me. How like a leaf I
shook!
"Where wast thou yesternight? Answer me, ne'er-
do-weel!
And wherefore home at midnight steal?"
"Oh, sir, how glorious was the play!"
"The play indeed! 'Tis very true what people say:
Thou art stark crazy, wretched boy,
To make so vile an uproar through all the livelong
night!
To sing, and spout, and rest of sober souls destroy.
Thou who hast worn a cassock, nor blushest for thy
plight!
Thou 'lt come to grief, I warn thee so!
Quit shop, mayhap, and turn thyself a player
low!"
"Ay, master dear, that would I be!"
"What, what? Hear I aright?" said he.
"Art blind? and dost not know the gate
That leadeth to the almshouse straight?"
At this terrific word the heart in me went down
As though a club had fallen thereon;
And Cinderella fled her throne in my light head.
The pang I straightway did forget,
And yet, meseems, yon awful threat
Made softer evermore my attic bed.

By the time he was eighteen, Jasmin
had sown his modest crop of wild oats
and opened a barber's shop of his own,
and the maiden who had inspired his
first verses had promised to marry him.
"Two angels took up their abode with
me then," he says. His wife was one,
and the other was his rustic muse, the
angel of homely, pastoral poetry, —

Who, fluttering softly from on high,
Raised on her wing and bore me far
Where fields of balmyest ether are.
There, in the shepherd lassie's speech
I sang a song, or shaped a rhyme;
There learned I stranger lore than I can teach.
Oh, mystic lessons! Happy time!
And fond farewells I said, when at the close of day
Silent she led my spirit back whence it was borne
away.

A few words are given to his wedding,
and then he adds, —

The rest methinks full well is known;
How doubly blest my life hath been
In plenty and in peace, how fifteen times have
flown
The seasons four since then.
Curl-papers now, and songs anon,
Into my little shop had drawn
Erelong a rill of silver fine;

So that in frenzy all divine
I rose at last, and brake that barber's chair of
mine!

No wonder that, after such an experi-
ence, he retorts with spirit and scorn,
when he reads in a journal the malicious
remark that "Pegasus is a beast who
carries poets to the almshouse." On the
contrary, he says, Pegasus conveyed him
to a notary's place, and it is owing to
that friendly steed alone that he figures
first of his family on the tax-gatherer's
list; albeit he admits that the last-named
honor has its disadvantages. He also
confesses frankly that his house is yet
unfinished, but assures us that his wife,
who at first rather deprecated his verse-
making, now sees a joist in every stan-
za and a tile in every rhyme, and hands
him his pens quite officiously. And the
homely reminiscences which have fluctu-
ated so fast between laughter and tears
close with a droll story of the wrath and
amazement in his father's household,
when they learned that he had been de-
scribed in the public print as a "son of
Apollo:" —

My sire leapt as if shot, and roared, "How's this,
Catrine?
Is my son not my son? Make answer what they
mean!"
"Thine is he, then," she said, and her cheeks with
wrath were red;
"My poor old Jean, be comforted!
I never loved a man but thee" —
"And who then may this rascal 'Pollo be?"
"Nay, that I know not! Girls, have ye heard of
yonder rake?"
"Not we!" My sisters tossed their caps while
scornfully they spake.
"Tis some old wretch, belike, should be cited to
attend
The court. Where lives he, brother?" I, willing
to defend
My good old master 'Pollo from the fury of their
spleen
Ere they could march him sadly off, two grim hus-
sars between,
Before the justice to appear,
Was fain to make the poet's meaning clear.
Long time they doubted, but when I
Had told them many a tale from the old mythology,
Reluctantly they let the case go by.

Thus, reader, have I told my tale in cantos three.
Small risk my muse hath run; a thrifty singer,
she.
For though Pegasus should rear and fling me, it is
clear,
However ruffled all my fancies fair,
And though my time I lose, my verses I may use,
For paper still will serve for curling hair!

I have been thus copious in illustrat-

ing *Jasmin's Souvenirs* because the poem gives the actual outlines of his extraordinary life, and reflects without reserve the humor, the sensibility, and the extreme simple-heartedness of the man. In order to understand the real scope of his genius, its depth and strength, his fertility in romantic and picturesque incident, his shrewdness in reading character and his dramatic skill in representing it, in what divine innocence of established canons the greater part of his work is done and in what implicit obedience to the few which he knows the re-

mainder, we must study his graver and what might be called his more ambitious pieces, if he did not always impress one as too spontaneous for ambition. Of one of these, *The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè*, we are fortunate in possessing Mr. Longfellow's complete and very close and beautiful version. There are at least two other poems of *Jasmin's*, *Françonette* and *Marthe La Folle*, which fully deserve to rank with *The Blind Girl* in dignity of theme and treatment, and some illustrations of one of these will be given in a future article.

Harriet W. Preston.

ÆOEDE.

HER mouth is like a dewy rose
That blows but will not open quite;
Like flame turned down, her long hair flows
In thin, curled currents softly bright.
Her breast and throat are marble-white.

Her lips will not have any kiss;
They draw away, they flash a smile;
Half bashfulness, half scorn it is,—
A silent ripple. All the while
She meditates some charming wile.

Her feet below her drapery shine
Like roses under clinging sprays,
When, late in summer, lolls the vine.
Like flag-leaves in long August days,
To moods perverse her body sways.

Her breath is keen and sweet as nard.
Her limbs move like a stream flowing
Among smooth stones. A lithe young pard
Is not more quick than she to spring
To guard or capture anything.

She is a snare, a subtle lure,
A lily on a whirlpool's rim.
She is as dangerously pure
As fire. . . . She revels in a dream
Wherein the daintiest fancies swim.

She feasts upon my pain, and turns
 Her pink ear up to catch my sighs
 And every word I speak. She yearns
 To see me die. . . . Her great gray eyes
 Are deep as seas, and over-wise.

Ah, over-wise, those strange, deep eyes,
 They master me, they take my breath;
 In them a nameless mystery lies. . . .
 They burn with life that joy bringeth,
 They gleam through shining mists of death.

Maurice Thompson.

ONE OF THE THIRTY PIECES.

I.

GRUYÈRE'S.

In the spring of the year 1870, the premium on gold had fallen so low that it began to be thought by sanguine people that specie payments would be resumed at once. Silver in considerable quantities actually came into circulation. Restaurants, cigar stands, and establishments dealing in the lighter articles of merchandise paid it out in change, by way of an extra inducement to customers.

On one of these days Henry Barwood, a treasury clerk, and Megilp, the rather well-known picture restorer, met by accident at the door of Gruyère's restaurant. Gruyère's place, although in the business quarter, is not supported to any great extent by the hurrying throng of bankers', brokers', merchants', and lawyers' clerks who overrun the vicinity every day at lunch-time. It is a rather leisurely resort, frequented by well-to-do importers, musicians, and artists; people who have traveled, and whose affairs admit of considerable deliberation and repose. Barwood in former times had been in the habit of going there occasionally to air his amateur French, burn a spoonful of brandy in his coffee, and enjoy an economical foretaste of Paris. Returned to New York after a considerable ab-

sence, to spend his vacation at home, he was inclined to renew this with other old associations.

Megilp, sprung from a race which has supplied the world with a large share of its versatility of talent and its adventurous proclivities, was familiarly known at Gruyère's as "Mac." He was removed above want by the possession of an income sufficient, with some ingenuity of management, to provide him with the bare necessities of life.

He found leisure to come every day to retail the gossip of the studios, and fortify himself for the desultory labors in which he was engaged. He liked the society of young men for several reasons. For one thing, they were more free with their purses than his older cronies. The association, he also thought, threw a sort of glamour of youth about his own person. Finally, they listened to the disquisitions and artistic rhapsodies in which he was fond of indulging, with an attention by no means accorded by his compeers.

Barwood was of a speculative turn of mind, and had also by nature a strong leaning towards whatever was curious and out of the common. These proclivities Megilp's conversation, pursuits, and studio full of trumpery were calculated to gratify. A moderate sort of friendship had in consequence sprung up between them.

They made mutual protestations of pleasure at this meeting. Barwood considered it an occasion worthy of a bottle of Dry Verzenay, which was not demurred to by Megilp.

The payment of specie was so entire a novelty that, when the inquiries and explanations natural after a long separation were concluded, it was among the first topics touched upon.

"Sure, it's the first hard money I've seen these ten years, so it is," said Megilp.

"That is my case also," said Barwood. "I took as little interest in the matter as any boy of fourteen might be expected to; but I remember very well how rapidly specie disappeared at the beginning of the war."

"And where has it been?" said Megilp. "There's many fine points of interest about it, do you see. Consider the receptacles in which it has been hoarded — the secret places in chimneys, under floors and under ground, the vaults, old stockings, cabinets, and caskets that have teemed and glittered with it. Then there's the characters, again, of all its various owners: the timid doubters about the government, the speculators, the curiosity hunters, the misers" —

"Yes," said Barwood, "the history of a single one of these pieces for the period would probably make a story full of interest." It did not detract from the value of Megilp's conversation, in Barwood's view, that the worthy artist said "foine" and "hoarded" instead of adopting the more conventional pronunciation.

"But what I'm after telling you is n't the singular part of it at all," resumed Megilp, taking some silver from his pocket and evidently settling down to the subject. "What is ten years to it? According to the mint reports a coin of the precious metals loses by wear and tear but one twenty-four hundredth of its bulk in a year. These pieces I hold in my hand, coined forty years ago, are scarcely defaced. In another forty they will be hardly more so. What, for instance, has been the career of this Mexican dollar? Perhaps it was struck from

bullion fresh from a Mexican mine. In that case I have nothing to say. But just as likely it was struck from old Spanish plate or from former coin, and then it takes us back to the earliest times, and its origin is lost in obscurity. The same metal is time after time re-melted, recast, re-stamped, and thus maintained in perpetual youth. This gold piece upon my watch-chain was perchance coined from the sands of the Pactolus, and once bore Chaldean characters. And to what uses has it come?

*'Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;'*

and so the pieces paid for the ransom of the Inca of Peru or Richard the Lion-hearted, the material of the spurs of Agincourt, the rings of Cleopatra and Zenobia, the golden targets of Solomon, fashioned from the treasures of Ophir, may purchase soap and candles and mutton-chops for John Smith. And yet why not? We ourselves have come down to commonplace usages; why should not the works of our hands? You with your conventional hat and English walking-coat, I with my spectacles and Irish brogue, have had ancestors that wore coats of mail in the first crusade, or twanged cross-bows with Robin Hood, sailed in the ships of Tarshish, and traded to Tyre and Sidon."

"You think, then," said Barwood, "that some part of the coinage of antiquity is still in circulation."

"To be sure I do, don't I tell you? I say the precious metals are indestructible. All the coins that have figured prominently in history are in some shape or other among us still. Twenty-four hundred years of active use are needed to wear out a coin completely. How long will it last with moderate use, and with intervals of lying buried for hundreds of years, as much of the coinage of antiquity now extant in its original condition has done? We have among us the rings, bolts, chains, bracelets, drinking-vessels, and vases that glitter in the narratives of all the chroniclers, and embody the pomp and luxury of all the ages.

"My silver dollar here, which I ring upon Gruyère's table, and with which,

had it not been for your amiable politeness, I should have paid for my frugal lunch, has haply been molded in Cellini's dagger-hilts or crucifixes, or formed part of a pirate's booty from a scuttled galleon on the Spanish Main. For aught I know, it was current money in Nineveh and Babylon. Perhaps it is one of the pieces paid by Abraham to the children of Heth for the double cave that looked towards Mamre."

"Or one of the pieces for which Judas betrayed the Master," suggested Barwood.

Megilp looked startled, and involuntarily pushed the money away from him.

"That is a singular fancy of yours."

"It came to me quite spontaneously this moment," said Barwood. "I don't know but it is, and yet it was a very natural sequence from what preceded."

Both were abstracted for some moments, and contemplated in silence the bubbles twisting up the stems of the delicate wine-glasses.

"Do you suppose," finally said Barwood, "that those coins, if extant, carry with them an enduring curse?"

"There's no good in them, you may depend," said the other. By this time both bottle and plates were empty. The train of thought they had been pursuing seemed to have found its climax in the turn given it by Barwood. Over their coffee and dessert they discussed more cheerful topics.

"Come around to my place before you leave town," said Megilp, as they shook hands at parting. "I have a one-legged bronze Hercules from Pompeii. I think ye'll enjoy it."

As he hobbled away he muttered to himself more than once, "It's the devil's own fancy, so it is."

II.

ETHEREAL CLAIMS.

THE business of the Bureau of Ethereal Claims at Washington was conducted by a moderate force of clerks, under the direction of General Bellwether. The

general had been a little of everything in his time. At the outbreak of the war he abandoned an unprofitable insurance agency to raise a company. He displayed considerable courage and strategic talent in his campaigning, came out a brevet brigadier, and had been making a good thing of it ever since in the government service. The office bristled with military titles. Everybody except Barwood and Judge Montane was either colonel, major, or captain. As to the judge, a middle-aged, uncommunicative man who was known to be supporting a large family, he confessed one day over a bottle, ordered in by the bureau during the general's absence, that his title was chiefly honorary.

"What court did you use to be judge of, Montane?" inquired young Mars Brown.

"I'll tell you, boys," replied the judge, yielding to the genial influences of the occasion; "I'm just no judge at all, do you see, except maybe as I'd be a good judge of whisky or the like."

It was doubtful whether the claims of some others of the number could have been much better established.

Mars Brown, son of the senator of that name, — a man whose influence few generals or bureaus of claims could afford to disregard, — was naturally the most privileged character in the office. He chatted familiarly with the general when that irregular chief was present, absented himself for several days at a time with perfect unconcern, came late in the morning, and went early, as he explained, to make up for it. He was a handsome fellow, thoroughly confident of himself, and companionable. He displayed, among other accomplishments, an acquaintance with the manners and customs of horses and dogs, and a facility in the management of boats, guns, and fishing tackle, that made him an indisputable authority on all matters of the sort. His stock of stories was immense, his wit always ready and very comical. He could convulse a dinner-party when everything else failed, by making ridiculous faces. Among ladies of all ages he was a sort of conquering hero. He was

consequently in general social demand as the life of the company.

Such was Mars Brown, whom Barwood, shortly after his return to Washington, began to regard with distrust and dislike, as a possible rival in the quarter where his affections were chiefly centred.

It might have been expected, from the general's excessive preoccupation with lobbyists and politicians, that the business of the bureau should languish, and so it did. The brunt of it was borne by a few clerks — of whom Barwood was not one — whose tenure of office depended upon efficient work rather than upon influential backing. Government work must be performed by somebody, and it happens that, in spite of the great principle of rotation, the heads of men of undeniable usefulness rest firm upon their shoulders while hundreds are toppling all about them.

The bureau was not without spasmodic attempts at discipline. The general spent an occasional forenoon in lying in wait for delinquents, whose shortcomings he made the text for some very forcible remarks. The business of the office, he would state warmly, should be attended to, or he would make unpleasant theological arrangements for himself if he did n't know the reason why. With Brown he never went much further than to request, as a personal favor, that he would try to be on hand a little oftener and rather earlier, to which Brown always acceded quite cordially.

Admirable punctuality of attendance and of office hours was almost always observed for a couple of days after these formalities, and then things resumed the even tenor of their way.

Whatever might be the effect of this state of affairs upon the other employés of the office and upon the general public, it was certainly disastrous to the private interests of Henry Barwood. Naturally of an impractical, somewhat morbid disposition, he needed the stimulus of a business life in which the necessity for action and its results when performed were constantly apparent. If engaged in his own ventures, taking risks and

devising plans, he might have abandoned his speculations and fancies, and become a man of affairs. As it was, he found too much opportunity for their indulgence.

Every day from nine to three he assorted, copied, and made abstracts of applications and reports, the objects of which were remote, their expediency questionable, and their ultimate fate problematical. Without interest in the work and without any particular pressure for its performance, he dreamed over it, and often awoke from his reveries to find his figures inaccurate and his sentences meaningless.

Morbid people are probably as incomprehensible to themselves as to others. The world is viewed by each through the medium of his own ill-adjusted temperament. Objects are seen in a strangely tinted light, which is more than suspected to be delusive, yet cannot be decolorized. Barwood's vision was affected by such a distorting influence. He discovered subtle meanings in ordinary things or circumstances, in the manner of a nod from an acquaintance or the tone of a remark, and brooded over them. He continually scrutinized and questioned his own motives and those of others.

The mind of every human being is a puzzle to every other. With what is it occupied when left to its own devices? There is, in Barwood's hand-writing,¹ proof that his brain was filled with a procession of changing activities and impressions which were for the most part melancholy, — aspirations for fame, distrust in his own powers, forecasting of probabilities, repining for past sins and follies, rage and epithets for imaginary meetings with enemies. In the midst of all there were moments of perfect peace made up of reminiscences of a high-porticoed house, the grass-grown wheel-tracks and the sandy beach of the village on the Connecticut coast where his early home had been. His fancies were rich and full, but slightly chaotic. So also his will was strong and imperious at times, but vacillating.

¹ From entries in a carefully kept diary.

It could not be said that he was not ambitious. He would have desired success in order to secure a kindly recognition and to obviate the jars and harshness of life. But no one prevailing impulse had ever enlisted his full powers. He saved money, with a general indefinite notion of some day becoming a capitalist, and also gave much time to studies of various sorts. He learned music among the rest, after coming of age, and composed music of his own, using as an inspiration a favorite poem, picture, or character. These compositions were marked by a quaintness like that — if a comparison may be made to something tangible — of a Chinese vase or a broken bronze figure. His family, the Barwoods, had been from the earliest times a race of shrewd and driving New England store-keepers, the very antipodes of sentiment and dilettantism. Such incongruities are among the compensations of nature.

The Holbrook farm was the one locality, and Nina Holbrook the one figure, in the generally sombre prospect which Barwood saw about him, that gleamed in sunshine. By the interposition of Mars Brown these also were presently shadowed.

III.

THE SEARCH.

It would have been strange, with Barwood's habits of retrospection and continual casting about for the rare and curious, if the subject matter of his conversation with the old painter at Gruyère's had not taken some hold upon his imagination. But to explain the rapidity with which the notion there suggested grew, and the absorbing interest with which it finally held him, would be difficult. The influence of the mind upon the body is known. By persistent direction of thought one can both create and cure a pain in any specific spot of his organism. The mind has a similar power over itself. By intense concentration upon one subject it may

suspend and finally destroy its faculty of interest in any and all others.

The idea that the price of the treason of Judas is still extant and current in these every-day, commonplace times is at first sight utterly incongruous and incredible, perhaps a little sacrilegious. Yet it is evidently plausible. "The precious metals are indeed indestructible, as Megilp has said," soliloquized Barwood. "They do not oxidize. The most violent excesses of the elements have no effect upon them. If not still extant, where then are the treasures of the ages?"

"Buried underground or in the ocean.

"What proportion of the whole has been thus disposed of?"

"In the absence of statistics a definite amount cannot be stated, but from the nature of the case it cannot be large. This form of wealth has been too highly esteemed, too jealously guarded, and too rigorously sought for when lost. In the wars and convulsions of society it has changed hands, but it could not be destroyed. Alexander and Tamerlane and Timour the Tartar and Mahomet might overrun the world, burning and destroying, and melting its more fragile riches like frost-work. But the money of the vanquished was useful to the victor for his own purposes. Rome took from Alexander, the barbarians from Rome, and modern civilization from the barbarians. The waves of time roll over and engulf all the monuments of men, all that gold and silver buy and sell, and, as it were, create; but these irrepressible tokens themselves float and glitter in the foam-crests upon those very billows. It cannot, then, be doubted that the instruments and accompaniments of most of the pomp and luxury, the war, treasons, and varied mercenary crimes of the world, are still acting their part in it.

"And why not with the rest the fatal money which Judas cast down before the chief priests in his remorse, going out to destroy himself?"

These were the reflections that recurred again and again to Barwood, and possessed him with a strange fascination. All coins acquired a new and in-

tense interest. He saw in each the exponent of centuries of human passions and activities. It is true that in a country like our own a large part of the coinage is fresh from the mine. Yet his occasional encounters with foreign, especially Mexican and Canadian pieces, and a consideration of the immense sums received at the great ports of entry, were, in his regard, sufficient to leaven the whole.

Is there anywhere in literature an account of the subsequent career of the thirty pieces?

The Capitol library, one of the most complete collections in the world, offers unlimited facilities for research. There Barwood was to be found some part of every day, for months.

The writer has seen a list of the works consulted by him in his singular investigation. It numbers some hundreds, and includes commentaries of all sorts upon the Gospels, lives of the apostles, collections of apocryphal Gospels and scriptural traditions, the works of the early fathers, chronicles of the Middle Ages, treatises upon Oriental life and customs, histories of symbolism and Christian art, a great number of works upon numismatics, and, finally, accounts of great crimes and calamities. For Barwood took a new view of history: he looked to find that the great treasons, briberies, betrayals of trust, murders from mercenary motives, and perhaps financial troubles, had been set in motion by this fatal money, made the instrument of divine vengeance.

"It has mown a swath through history," he said, "like a discharge of grape."

He believed it would appear, if the truth were known, in the bank accounts of Manuel Comnenus, of Egmont, Benedict Arnold, and the Hungarian Gorgey.

His progress was by no means rapid. Much of the literature among which he delved, musty with age, written in mediæval Latin and in obsolete characters, gave up its secrets with reluctance. Nevertheless he found definite replies to the questions which he propounded to himself. A collection of apocryphal

Gospels "printed," according to the quaint title-page, "for Richard Royston at the Angel in Amen Corner, MDCLXX," relates particulars about Judas, among the rest, which do not appear in the Scriptures. He was when young, it was said, a playmate of the boy Jesus, who delivered him from a devil by which he was even then possessed. The chief value of this book to Barwood was in a reference it contained to a fuller Gospel of Judas Iscariot, not now extant with the exception of some passages quoted in the writings of Irenæus. But these passages were upon the very subject of which he was in search. In a treatise of Irenæus's, therefore, of about the second century, Barwood found the first definite mention of the coins.

The main part of the story is that of the authorized version, but after the account of the relinquishment of the coins by Judas, saying that he had betrayed innocent blood, and of their use in the purchase of the potter's field, occurs a passage translated¹ by Barwood as follows:—

"Now the shekels were of the coinage of Simon, the high priest, which Antiochus authorized him to issue. They bore the pot of manna and the flowering rod of Aaron, the high priest. But he to whom they were given knew that they were the price of blood, and was afraid. And *he stamped them with a mark in shape like a cross*. And great tribulations came upon him, and tribulation came upon all that bought and sold with the money of Judas."

Later on, Leontinus, a Byzantine writer of the sixth century, in a treatise devoted to showing the efficacy of certain forms and processes in imparting virtue to inanimate matter, instances as well known the malevolence inherent in the thirty pieces of silver of Judas, which carry ruin wherever they go. From this time the legend is traced down through successive periods. The Middle Ages, which so delighted in the romantic, the mysterious, the portentous, received it implicitly. Eginhard, abbot of Seligenstadt under Charlemagne, Will-

¹ Diary, June, 1870

iam of Malmesbury, the English chronicler of the twelfth century, Roger Bacon of the thirteenth, Malespini, the Italian chronicler of the same period, and many others of equal note mention as fully established that the coins of Judas were in circulation, and were inflicting serious injury upon those into whose possession they came. It was said to be impossible to amalgamate them with any other silver. They either would not melt or in melting remained distinct. This, however, was a disputed point. Some of the alchemists in their writings seem disposed to attribute the ill success of their efforts at transmutation to the presence of some taint of these pieces in the silver upon which they were experimenting.

Matthew Paris, who first popularized the legend of the Wandering Jew, as now received, strangely enough makes no mention of them.

The conclusions arrived at by Barwood were these:—

1. There was for hundreds of years a general belief in the existence and active circulation of the thirty pieces paid to Judas.

2. They were supposed to be sent as a divine judgment, and to leave ruin in their track.

3. The tradition gradually disappeared and cannot be traced in the literature of modern times.

Here was a valuable pursuit for a young American treasury clerk of the nineteenth century! It would have been interesting to have got the general's opinion upon it, if it could have been sought in some hurried interval of his confidential transactions with Richard Roe, claim agent and brother-in-law, or his attention to addition and division with Congressman Doublegame.

Barwood did not stop here. Now that his belief was put into tangible shape, he felt impelled onward to its realization. He examined minutely every coin collection in Washington. Then, as he could, he made journeys to several of the great cities. Very seldom did he find a specimen of Jewish money of any kind. Jewish coins are rare. "It is

known that the Jews had no coinage of their own until the time of Maccabeus. Simon Maccabeus, by virtue of a decree of Antiochus (1 Macc. xv. 6) issued a shekel and also a half-shekel. These, with the exception of some brass coins of the Herods, Archelaus, and Agrippa, and a doubtful piece attributed to Bar Cochba, the leader in the last rising against the Romans, are the only coins of Judea extant."

Barwood began to be affected by a nervous dread brought on by his too close study and constant preoccupation with this subject. As he alone had felt this interest and prosecuted this strange inquiry, might it not be that he was being drawn in some mysterious way within the influence of the fatal money? Perhaps he himself was to be involved in its relentless course. He shuddered at the thought, and yet was borne irresistibly on, as he believed, in his pursuit. He imagined at times that he felt a peculiar influence from the touch of certain pieces. This he held to be a clairvoyant sense that they had figured in crimes. Perhaps contact with a hand affected by powerful passion had imparted to them subtle properties capable of being detected by a sensitive organization.

In such study and speculation Barwood passed the spring and summer of 1870. Towards the middle of August occurred the well-remembered flurry in Wall Street consequent upon the breaking out of the French and Prussian war. Gold jumped up to one hundred and twenty-three. Money was loaned at ruinous rates. The whole financial system was disturbed. Silver, then withdrawn from circulation, has not reappeared to this day.

The effect of these events upon Barwood, although not immediately apparent, was highly important. With the disappearance of specie, the daily sight and handling of which had given his conception a tangible support, its strength declined. It was not forgotten at once, nor indeed at all. But time drew it away by little and little. It threw mists of distance and hues of strangeness

about it, until at length Barwood looked back upon it, far remote, as a vague object of wonderment.

IV.

THE HOLBROOK FARM.

THE day had been sultry. Even after sunset the atmosphere was oppressive, and pavements and railings in the city were warm to the touch from the steady blaze to which they had been subjected. At the Holbrook farm, however, occasional puffs of air stirred the silver poplars skirting the road, and waved the brown timothy grass that grew knee-deep up to the veranda.

Porto Rico and Carter's boy turning somersaults in the grass—entirely without the knowledge of the discreet Carter himself, it may be assumed—suddenly relinquished this fascinating sport to rush for the privilege of holding Barwood's horse. Porto Rico's longer legs and general force of character gave him the preference. He jumped into the saddle as soon as Barwood was out of it, and trotted off to the stable with Carter's boy whooping and bobbing his woolly head in the rear.

"Never you mine," said Carter's boy, "I'll have the other gen'l'm'n."

"No other gen'l'm'n a'n't comin'," said Porto Rico. "Don't I done tole you dey don't bofe come de same day?"

The Holbrook house, three miles from the Capitol, of the dome of which it commands a pretty glimpse across an expanse of foliage, is one of the old residences remaining from the days of the slave-holders. Like many such places it has been much altered and improved. It seems to have been originally a one-and-a-half-story stone dwelling, to which some later proprietor has added a high-peaked roof, dormer windows, and ample piazzas. It stands half-way up a slope, near the top of which is a grove. A brook runs down through the woods on the other side of the road, and beyond that rises a steep little bluff crowned with scrub-oaks and chestnuts.

The attraction that drew people to Holbrook farm was not the proprietor himself, nor very much his maiden sister, the housekeeper, nor yet Carter, the farmer and manager who came with them from Richmond. It was rather the engaging manners and amiable beauty of Nina Holbrook, the daughter of the house. The old gentleman was a partial paralytic, whimsical, and not especially sociable. He was known to have lived in princely style at Richmond, formerly. He was said to have met for some years past with continual reverses, in the loss of property, in sickness, and in the death of friends. The farm was bought with almost the last remnants of a great fortune.

As Barwood strode down the piazza, a young lady rose from her reading to give him her hand.

Blonde beauty is slightly indefinite. The edges are, as it were, too much softened off into the background. The figure before Barwood was fresh, distinct, clear-cut,—pre-Raphaelitish, to take a word from painting. In all the details, from the ribbon in her feathery brown hair to the pretty buttoned boot, there was the ineffable aroma of a pure, delicate taste.

To a man of Barwood's temperament falling in love was difficult. He analyzed too closely. To ask the tender passion too many questions is to repel its advances.

Nevertheless, after two years of intimate association, in which he had discovered in Nina Holbrook a frankness and loveliness of character commensurate with her personal graces, he had arrived at this condition. First, He believed that her permanent influence upon his character could cure his moodiness and his unpractical tendencies, and enable him to exert his fullest powers. Second, By making the supposition that anything should intervene to limit or break off their intercourse, he found that she had become indispensable to him.

Their acquaintance had begun in some one of the ordinary ways in which people meet. It might have been at a tea-

party, or a secretary's reception, or a boat excursion up the Potomac. They discovered that they had mutual acquaintances to talk about. His evening rides began to be directed through the pretty lanes that led to Holbrook. She loaned him a book; he brought her confectionery; they played some piano duets together.

On her side the sentiment was different. She respected Barwood for fine traits, and was grateful for his many kindnesses to her. But certain peculiar moods of his made her uncomfortable. His interest also was too much occupied with books, speculations about the anomalies and problems of life, and similar serious matters. She found it wearisome and often difficult to follow him. She admired such things, but had not as much head for them as he gave her credit for. Her taste was more practical, commonplace, and cheerful. She was satisfied with people and things in their ordinary aspects.

She got on much better with Mars Brown, exchanging comments with him upon the affairs of her friends and his, discussing the last party and the next wedding, or laughing at his drollery. She confessed her stupidity and frivolity with charming frankness.

Barwood was conscious that he did not always interest her, although she never showed anything but the most ladylike attention. He often went away lamenting the destiny that had fashioned his nature to run in so small and rigid a groove. His happiness, therefore, did not consist in being with her, for then he was oppressed by a consciousness of not entirely pleasing her. It was rather in retrospect, in his memory of her sweet and earnest face, the tones of her voice, the shine of her hair. He gave her such small gifts as he might within the restraints of social propriety. It would have consisted with his notion of the fitness of things to give her everything he had and leave himself a beggar.

Barwood rode to Holbrook to-day with a definite purpose. He was aware, although, as Porto Rico said, both gentlemen did not come on the same day,

that Mars Brown was devoting more attention in this direction of late than the exigencies of his boat and ball clubs, his shooting and fishing, and the claims of the social world in town would seem to warrant. He did not yet really fear him as a rival. His presence was only a suggestion of possibilities. There might at some time be rivals. He had determined to forestall possibilities, and tell her of his affection at once.

Mars Brown was, however, a dangerous rival, although himself perhaps as little aware of it as Barwood. He also had met Nina and been impressed by her animated beauty. Accustomed to success, he had ridden out to Holbrook to add one more to his list of flirtations and conquests. The results had by no means answered his expectations. When he approached sentiment Nina laughed at him. By degrees he had been piqued into earnestness, and had for the first time in his life approximated to a serious esteem and attachment.

Although Nina laughed at first, later on she sometimes blushed at his voice or his step, or when she put her hand into his. If his customary shrewd vision had not been disturbed by some unusual influences at work within himself, he would have seen it.

He had the audacity that charms women, and with it a frank, open face, a hearty laugh, an entirely healthy, cheerful disposition, and an air of strength under all his frivolity.

It has been said that Barwood had come to the farm to-day with a definite purpose. He drew up one of the comfortable chairs at hand, and sat down near to Nina. They talked at first of ordinary things, the unusual heat, the news of the day, and what each had been doing since their last meeting.

The secluded prospect before them was very peaceful. Barwood felt its soothing influence acting upon the perturbation of his spirit.

"I am improving my mind, you see," said Nina, holding up to him one of Motley's histories, which she had apparently been reading. "I do not believe even you can find fault with this."

"Am I in the habit of finding fault with anybody, Miss Nina?"

"Oh no, I don't mean that exactly, but you know so much, you know, that you frighten one."

"Thank you," said Barwood with a grave smile, "you flatter me."

"Why were you not at the Hoyts' last Tuesday?" said she.

"I was not invited, and, strange to state, I am a little diffident about going under such circumstances."

"Ah, you are! how singular! But I wish you had been there, if it was only to see Betty Goodwin. You used to know her. It is such a short time ago that she was a little girl. Now she is out of school and as important as anybody. You should have seen the attention she had, and her perfect self-possession. It makes me feel extremely antiquated. Am I very much wrinkled?"

Barwood gazed with admiration at her animated face. She was to him the personification of youth and beauty. The notion of age and wrinkles in her regard was inconceivable.

"Why, of course," said he; "Methuselah was n't a circumstance."

She dismissed the subject with a little pout.

"I am so glad you have come early," she resumed, "I wish the others would imitate your example."

"The others? What others?"

"Mr. Hyson, the Hoyt boys, Mr. Brown, Fanny Davis, and the rest. You did not suppose you were to do them alone, I hope."

"Do what alone? I don't understand."

"Why, the tableaux, — Evangeline. Did you not get my message yesterday?"

"I got no message. Am I to be implicated in tableaux?"

"Why, certainly. You are to be Evangeline's father. They are for the benefit of the French wounded. I sent Carter to tell you yesterday. We are to arrange the preliminaries this evening."

Barwood saw that if he would not postpone his purpose no time was to be

lost. The visitors might arrive at any moment.

Literature is full of the embarrassments of the marriage proposal. To all who are not borne along by an impetuous impulse it is a trying ordeal. Barwood was too self-conscious ever to be transported out of himself.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Nina," he began, "which I have come from town expressly to say. It is of the greatest moment to me."

She continued to look straight before her at the glowing evening sky, and so did he. The crickets and katydids had commenced their chorus and the tree-toads their long rhythm. Fire-flies flitted in the uncertain light. There came from the woods the call of the owl and the whippoorwill.

"We have sometimes laughed together at sentiment," he continued, "and voted it an invention of the story-books; but there are times — there is a sentiment — which — in short, dear Nina, I have come to ask you to be my little wife. I have loved you almost since our first meeting."

"Oh, Mr. Barwood," said she, looking hastily towards him, with heightened color and a tone of regret, "you must not say so. I cannot let you go on."

"I must go on," said he. "I have never felt so strongly upon any subject as this. I know I am not worthy of such happiness, yet I cannot bear the thought of losing it. Consider our long friendship. You will be mine? Oh, say so, Nina!" In the terrible dread that his petition was already refused, he became a little incoherent.

Nina, a tender-hearted young lady, was by this time in tears. His evident distress, and her recognition of the great compliment he had paid her, would have commanded almost any return save the one he asked. But the sacrifice was too great. She had not thought it would ever be necessary to change their relation of friendship.

"I am very sorry to have to say what is painful to you," said she, with a sob only half repressed. "I want you to be always my friend. I shall be very unhap-

py if our friendship is to be broken, but I cannot — you will find some other” —

“Do not speak further,” he interrupted, impetuously. “You have not yet said no. Reserve your answer; take time to consider. Let me still hope.”

“No,” she began, “I ought” — but wheels and merry voices were heard at the gate. “Oh! I cannot let them see me now,” she said, and hurried away. In a moment more, the Robinsons’ carriage was at the steps. When Nina came down with a sweet, subdued manner, there was a jolly party of ten or twelve in the drawing-room. Mars Brown was already amusing everybody with his absurd posturing.

“I want to be Evangeline,” said he, wrapping a lady’s shawl about him and sitting on the arm of a chair in a collapsed attitude. “No, on second thought I want to be Basil the blacksmith.” He made imitations of tremendous muscular power with a tack-hammer that happened in his way for a sledge. Everybody on such occasions has his own notions of the picturesque. A deal of talking was required in arranging the various scenes. Evangeline must manifest a “celestial brightness,” according to the lines. “I don’t think you do it quite right,” said Julia Robinson. “You should smile a little.”

“Oh no, not at all; she should have an earnest, far-off look,” said another critic.

“Of course she should,” said Mars Brown, rumpling his hair and contorting his features into an expression of idiotic vacancy; “something this way.”

“We ought to have a real artist to arrange them,” said Nina; “what would I give if old Mr. Megilp were here.”

“Did you know Megilp?” exclaimed Barwood.

“Why, of course I did. He was my drawing teacher at Richmond for years.”

“What a small world it is, to be sure,” said Barwood, giving vent to a favorite reflection. The mention of Megilp brought back for a moment a remembrance of their last meeting and conversation, and the strange pursuit into which it had led him.

The signing of the marriage contract was selected by the amateurs as an appropriate subject for illustration.

“We must have a table,” said Miss Travers. “At one side sits the notary, lifting his pen from the document which he has just signed, and at the other her father, pushing towards the notary a roll of money in payment.”

“Here you are,” said George Wigwag, taking his place and assuming the appropriate gesture; “here’s your notary; bring on your old gentleman and his money.”

“A roll of old copper cents would be just the thing,” said Miss Travers. “They look antique enough.”

“Will some gentleman deposit with the treasurer a roll of antique copper cents,” said Brown, passing a hat. “No gentleman deposits a roll of copper cents. Very well, then the wedding can’t go on.”

“Do you think I’ll sign marriage contracts for copper?” said Wigwag. “No indeed; I’m not that kind of a notary.”

“I will bring down some of papa’s curiosity coins from his cabinet,” said Nina. “I don’t believe he will scold me, just for once.”

She returned in a moment with a dozen or more silver pieces, and placed them on the table by Barwood. He began to examine them carelessly.

“I did not know your father was a numismatist,” said he.

“Oh yes,” said Nina, “he always had a great taste in that way. His collection now is nothing. When we broke up in Richmond most of it was sold off. He retained only a few of the most valuable pieces, which he keeps in a case in his room. I don’t know much about such things, for my part. Here is one that is considered curious. It was taken out of a wreck on the California coast, I believe, and was the last papa bought before his failure. I think it is Russian, perhaps, or Arabic — no, let me see” —

Barwood, with an abstracted air, took it to examine. Suddenly he uttered a strange exclamation and fell back in his chair, pale, trembling, almost fainting.

The coin was a Jewish shekel, with a cross cut through at one side.

He pleaded sudden illness, and rode hastily homeward in a state of indescribable agitation.

V.

YOUNG FORTINBRAS.

BARWOOD'S strange and almost forgotten conception was thus at length realized, and the interest with which it had inspired him intensely revived. One of the fatal pieces was found. He would now fain have overthrown the structure of probabilities which he had labored so painfully to elaborate. He reviewed step by step all the details of his former study; but no argument availed in the face of the extraordinary corroboration now offered. The piece was "stamped with a mark in shape like a cross," and the account of Irenæus was verified.

That this fatal piece should appear in the hands of the people whom of all others he most esteemed, and with whom his own fortunes were most intimately bound up, was a terrible shock. This, then, was the clew to the catalogue of Holbrook's misfortunes. What surpassing crime could the old man have committed to be so signally marked out for vengeance? But the question of most vital interest was what could be done to save the family so dear to him from their impending fate.

With the recovery of some calmness, he felt that his first duty was to remove the coin from their possession. But how was it to be done? He could not disclose his knowledge of its baleful properties. It would be set down as the vagary of a disordered brain; nobody would entertain it for an instant. His object must be accomplished, if at all, by artifice.

When he next rode to the farm, nearly a week had elapsed since the evening into which so many distracting emotions had been crowded. He exerted himself to display unusual cheerfulness, with the double object of removing any disagreeable impression which might have been

the result of his sudden departure on that occasion, and also of finding means to forward his purpose. The subject uppermost in the thoughts of both was at first carefully avoided, and they talked much in their usual fashion.

"Those coins, Miss Nina, which were used the other evening in the tableau," said he, with a careless air, "can I see them again? I found them interesting, but owing to my sudden illness, as you know, had scarcely time to examine them."

"My father was displeased at me for taking them," said she, "and has forbidden me to do so again. I think he would show them to you himself with pleasure, if he were here, but he went North yesterday on business which will detain him a week. He took the key of his cabinet with him."

Disappointed in this, there seemed to be for the present no resource. He recurred again to his love. If she would consent to be his, he thought, he might disclose the danger, and they could plan together to avert it. He told her with what anxiety he had been awaiting her decision, and then once more made his appeal with all the ardor at his command. As he finished, standing close beside her, he took her hand.

She did not withdraw it, but still went on to tell him with great calmness and dignity that what he desired could never be. She hoped their friendship might always continue, but as for a closer relation, it would be unjust to him as well as herself to enter into it without the affection which she could not give.

He went away apparently very much broken down, saying that his life was a burden to him, and that he had no use for it. The next day he came again and acted so strangely, mingling appeals to her with talk about her father's coins, that she was a little frightened.

The few days that succeeded made a striking change in the appearance of Barwood. He became pale and haggard, and seemed to have lost his capacity for business and fixed attention. He sat staring helplessly at his papers for an hour at a time. The general, who

with all his iniquities was a good-hearted chief, thought he was sick, and told him to stay at home and take care of himself. His reflections at this time were tormenting. He saw that he had indeed been drawn within the influence of the fatal coin. It was at him that its malignity was directed, and he believed that his doom was approaching, as indeed it was. Sometimes he gazed at his altered face in the glass, while tears streamed down his cheeks. He said aloud, in a piteous tone, "Poor Henry Barwood."

The sympathy of the world is generally upon the side of the unsuccessful lover. He is considered to have been defrauded of happiness which should by right have been his. But is it fair? Because her face is sweet, her manners are amiable, her form is slender and graceful, and her hair has a golden shine, and Barwood or Brown or Travers, as the case may be, in common with all the world, recognizes it, does that establish a claim upon her? Just as likely as not he has a snub nose and only fifteen hundred a year, and cannot dance the Boston. No! sympathy is well enough, but let not the blame be cast upon Chloe every time that Daphnis goes off in despair to the Sandwich Islands, or the war in Cuba, or turns out a good-for-nothing sot. Let it rather be set down as one of the ill-adjustments of which there are so many in life, and the endurance of which is no doubt of service in some direction not yet fully understood.

In about a week there came from Holbrook farm a message which was not needed to complete the measure of Barwood's unhappiness.

"My father," wrote Nina, "has just returned. He has decided that we are to remove permanently to Connecticut, where my aunt has fallen heir to the Holbrook homestead. We shall leave next Monday. Will you let us see you before we go?"

He mounted his horse and started at once. He did not know exactly what he should do or say. His ideas were in a state of confusion, and there was a

numbness over all his sensations. He gave himself up blindly to his destiny.

He saw Nina sitting in the shade of an apple-tree, half-way down the lawn, near a little plateau which served for a croquet ground. He tied his horse to the fence outside, much to the disappointment of the rollicking negro boys, and walked up. Nina held in her lap a tray of coins which she was engaged in brightening. She assumed a sprightliness not quite natural, and evidently designed to obviate the awkwardness of their peculiar relation.

"We have had an accident," said she. "One of our chimneys fell through the roof during the storm last night. It shook down the plaster upon papa's cabinet. The glass was broken and the rain came in so that this morning it was in a sorry condition. I am repairing damages, you see. If I were superstitious," she continued, "I should fear that something was going to happen. I meet with so many omens lately. I spill salt, cross funerals, and make one of thirteen at dinner parties."

Barwood replied as best he could; he did not know exactly what. He was in no mood for flippancy. He assumed a dozen different positions in a short space: first sitting on a camp-chair beside her, then hurried walking up and down, then careless prostration upon the grass. The old, useless argument was gone through with again. She told him at last that it annoyed her, that he was very inconsiderate. Then again he paced up and down the little croquet ground. She saw him twisting and clutching his hands together behind him. At the fifth or sixth turn as he came by she had the marked shekel in her hand. He took it from her and looked at it curiously.

"Yes, it is indeed," said he in an unnatural voice, "fatal money, and I am its latest victim!"

He threw it towards the woods with great force. It rose high in the air, skimmed the trees, and they saw it twinkle into the brook.

It was a very little incident. No magic hand arose from the water. The beauty of the August day was not

marred. The rain of the past night had swollen the brook, which ran hurriedly on to the Potomac, making little of this trivial addition to its burdens.

Nina did not reproach him. She felt that her father would consider the loss irreparable, yet she had no words for this extraordinary rudeness. After two or three turns more in his walk he stopped close beside her.

"For the last time," said he, "have I urged everything, and is it of no use?"

She made no answer.

"You have said so?" he persisted.

"Yes, I have said so," she replied, with a touch of impatience, and without raising her eyes. "I am engaged to Mars Brown."

He went forward several steps and stood still. Glancing up she saw him hold a little revolver to his temple. It was one she had known him to carry for protection when riding late in the evening. He seemed to deliberate one terrible moment, while she sat spell-bound as if by nightmare, and then he fired and fell.

She tried to reach his body, but fainted on the way. Mars Brown, riding to Holbrook for a half-holiday, was almost within sight.

Upon the closing scene of Hamlet, where the characters, after a period of

stormy conflict and exquisite anguish, lie strewn by violent deaths, arrives young Fortinbras at the head of his marching army. Tall, sturdy, elastic, dressed in chain-mail, victorious, careless, the impersonation of ruddy life, the young Norway conqueror leans upon his sword above the pitiable sight.

So this brilliant young man, elegant in figure, well dressed, joyous, cynical, came whistling up the path. He cut off the clover tops with his walking-stick. The butterflies, the pleasant aromas, and all the manifestations of rural beauty pleased him.

"Egad," said he, "this is n't so bad, you know."

In a moment he stood by the apple-tree, and the whole sad spectacle was before him.

The telegraphic column of a New York newspaper gave the story next morning, in the conventional manner, as follows:

"Henry Barwood, a treasury clerk, was killed yesterday at the Holbrook estate near Washington, by the discharge of a pistol in his own hands. The shooting is thought to have been accidental, although he had been ill and depressed for some days, and is said to have shown symptoms of insanity on former occasions."

W. H. Bishop.

SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP.

A GOLD fringe on the purpling hem
 Of hills the river runs,
 As down its long, green valley falls
 The last of summer's suns.
 Along its tawny gravel-bed
 Broad-flowing, swift, and still,
 As if its meadow levels felt
 The hurry of the hill,
 Noiseless between its banks of green
 From curve to curve it slips;
 The drowsy maple-shadows rest
 Like fingers on its lips.

A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,
Unstoried and unknown;
The ursine legend of its name
Prowls on its banks alone.
Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn
As ever Yarrow knew,
Or, under rainy Irish skies,
By Spenser's Mulla grew;
And through the gaps of leaning trees
Its mountain cradle shows;
The gold against the amethyst,
The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled:
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seals
Of mystery is this;
Yon miracle-play of night and day
Makes dumb its witnesses.
What unseen altar crowns the hills
That reach up stair on stair?
What eyes look through, what white wings fan
These purple veils of air?
What Presence from the heavenly heights
To those of earth stoops down?
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
On Ida's snowy crown!

Slow fades the vision of the sky,
The golden water pales,
And over all the valley-land
A gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all;
The sunset fires will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow,
When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain pine
Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread,
Of him who loved them well.

But beauty seen is never lost,
 God's colors all are fast;
 The glory of this sunset heaven
 Into my soul has passed, —
 A sense of gladness unconfined
 To mortal date or clime;
 As the soul liveth, it shall live
 Beyond the years of time.
 Beside the mystic asphodels
 Shall bloom the home-born flowers,
 And new horizons flush and glow
 With sunset hues of ours.

Farewell! these smiling hills must wear
 Too soon their wintry frown,
 And snow-cold winds from off them shake
 The maple's red leaves down.
 But I shall see a summer sun
 Still setting broad and low;
 The mountain slopes shall blush and bloom,
 The golden water flow.
 A lover's claim is mine on all
 I see to have and hold, —
 The rose-light of perpetual hills,
 And sunsets never cold!

John G. Whittier.

THE MAFIUSI OF SICILY.

So much has been said of brigandage in Sicily, lately, and so much discussion and so many excited debates have taken place in the Italian parliament on account of the new stringent laws, or *misure eccezionali*, which have just been enacted for its suppression in the island, that I have been induced as a native, and after a long official residence there, to give an idea of the vast secret association of peculiar character called *mafia*, but erroneously styled brigandage.

There is, properly speaking, no brigandage in Sicily, with the exception of a few small bands of highway robbers. The *mafiusi*,¹ *malandrini*, or *camorristi* of

Sicily, for they are designated by either of these three appellations, very seldom live together in armed bands; they seldom rob in the highways, and when they do so, they do it by a preconcerted movement. The chiefs, when they have planned to commit a robbery, or to seize a proprietor for ransom, collect a number of men sufficient for the operation in view, and as soon as it is accomplished, they disband and go about their business in the cities or the fields, as if they were the most honest and respectable laborers. Besides, actual robbery is confined to the lowest classes of their association; they thrive mostly by levying black-mail on the wealthy and peaceful part of the population, who from time immemorial have submitted to it, and do so still.

¹ I have never been able to find out the original or primitive meaning of the appellation of *mafia* and *mafuso*.

But in return such persons are protected by the mafusi in their life and property better than they would be by the government itself; when they have paid their quota, which is almost regularly, and one may say equitably, assessed, especially upon the landed proprietors in the interior of the island, the mafusi feel in honor bound to protect them, and do so; and woe to the outsider who dares to rob or molest them; the mafusi would consider it as an insult to themselves, and their *vendetta* would surely fall on any one who dared to pilfer in their province. In the country they resemble in some respects that class of mountaineers called in Scotland *pretty-men* at the time of Rob Roy McGregor; and the original cause of their existence and power is very much the same, namely, hatred against the Spanish Bourbon government that oppressed Sicily for the last two centuries. In the cities they are more like the English trades unions.

Since the middle of the last century, when Sicily was annexed to Naples, forming the so-called Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, in order to give a throne to a branch of the Bourbons of Spain, the island had been governed or misgoverned by viceroys, with the exception of a few years during the French republic and empire. During that short period the court of Naples, driven by Napoleon from the Continent, took refuge in Sicily. England, with an army under Lord Bentinck, and more than all with her formidable navy under Lord Nelson, protected it against France.

There existed at that time a very numerous class of armed retainers or vassals, whom the feudal barons, the clergy, and the proprietors of the soil employed for their protection and the protection of their property. This class of desperate men, or bravoos, so well described by Manzoni in his *Promessi Sposi*, which had disappeared from Italy with the advance of civilization, remained intact to that day in Sicily. These ruffians protected the castles and estates of their masters, but on condition that the latter would protect them in their turn, whenever public authority was roused against

them for misdeeds, abuses of power, or other crimes which they committed each moment, either on their own account, or, as very often was the case, on account of their masters. These availed themselves, for that purpose, of their feudal rights, privileges, and jurisdictions, and the immunities of the churches and convents.

While the King of Naples was residing in Sicily under the protection of England, by the advice, or I may say by the express order, of the English government, he granted a constitution (a copy of the English) and assembled a parliament. One of the first acts of this assembly was the abolition of feudalism.

The feudal lords and clergy, thus dispossessed of their rights of service from their vassals, were obliged to dismiss all their armed retainers. The bravoos, unused to labor, naturally disposed to blood and violence, became robbers almost to a man. The Bourbon government, intent exclusively on the political possession of the island as a stepping-stone to a reinstatement in Naples, and mixed up in all the conspiracies of the so-called "Holy Alliance" against France and Napoleon, had neither time, desire, nor money for the suppression of these lawless ruffians. But in order to establish some sort of public security, it had recourse to a very extraordinary expedient; which was to enlist in its service the leaders of those very bravoos, organizing them in armed bands, under the name of *compagnie d'armi*, and entrusting them with the public security of the interior of the island: the old story of the wolves guarding the lambs!

These companies were charged with the duty of preventing robbery, which they did nominally; but in reality they practiced it themselves in an underhand way. The interior of the island was entirely abandoned to their control. They gradually became very powerful, and added to their strength by admitting all the greatest rogues in the country as *affiliates* to their companies, with the one condition of avoiding themselves and preventing in others *open* robbery, but with the right of black-mailing all the

proprietors of the soil. These had to submit for fear of the vendetta of the *companies-of-arms*.

The natural consequence of such a state of things, continuing from the feudal times to our own days, is very obvious. Instead of extirpating robbery and brigandage, it elevated them to the dignity of a state institution. For several generations the Sicilian rural people have acquired a habit of considering it a necessary evil, and have never dreamed of the possibility of getting rid of it. The best they could hope for was to have this black-mailing reduced to moderate proportions; and this they have managed by submitting to it with a good grace, doing favors and making occasional presents to the captains, their men, and their affiliates, employing one or two of these latter at a large salary as the chief guardians of their estates, and above all by keeping an absolute silence before the authorities, both political and judicial, on all subjects that might be of injury to their oppressors; for in that case the vendetta—and a bloody vendetta—would surely fall on them.

The lower, ignorant classes, in the country and in the cities, became accustomed to consider these affiliates, who took the name of mafusi, or malandrini, or camorristi, as members and *protégés* of a powerful and redoubtable association, stronger than the rich, stronger than the government itself. They came to consider it a title of honor to be admitted as a member. Even the peaceful artisans and laborers acquired a sort of respectful admiration for the mafusi, for in their eyes they represented Sicilian resistance against Bourbon oppression. Even the very words mafuso, malandrino, lost their original meaning, and instead of appellations of dishonor became terms of praise. To be a mafuso in its present signification among Sicilians means to be a brave man, a man who fears nobody; and many a good mother speaks of her boy as being a little mafuso or malandrino, meaning by that a brave, bright boy.

One of the very first acts of Garibaldi,

while dictator, was the suppression of the *compagnie d'armi*, giving thus a death-blow to this degrading official black-mailing or brigandage. The immediate consequence, however, was an increase in the number of the mafusi, because these captains-of-arms and their men, cast out from the official patronage of the government, naturally returned to their original trade. They joined their old affiliates and protégés, and they were further formidably reinforced by the prisoners let loose all over the island during the revolution; forming thus a vast association, whose ramifications extend to all the lower classes, and even higher up. It has a code called *omertà*, to which all adhere. The principal laws of this code are that "a man must seek redress by himself for injuries received." "No man should testify before a judge even if he is the injured party." In obedience to the rules of this code even the most respectable among the common people would never testify, if by chance he had been spectator of a crime; and not only that, but he would consider it his duty and a worthy action to secrete an assassin from the pursuit of justice; for, according to that code, "it is not justice but the living that must avenge the dead;" and hence the laws of vendetta.

The mafia of Sicily is a regularly organized association. The members call themselves *giovani d'onore*, honorable youths, and are not admitted until after an examination of their past conduct, and a trial of arms.

There are, however, two kinds of mafusi, namely, those who are entitled to a share in the proceeds of their black-mailing, assessments, or profit in smuggling, either against the government or the city's *octroi*; and those who are merely entitled to their protection, or aspire eventually to the benefits of the mafia. The examination is required only by the first class of members; the form of which, for the aspirant who claims admission to membership and a share in the profits of the society, is the following: Five or six of the chief mafusi assemble together, and first of all ascertain whether the as-

pirant has committed any *infamous* or cowardly act. The greatest and most infamous acts in the mafiuso's code of honor are having denounced anybody to the police, or by careless talk having caused anybody to be apprehended; having testified as witness against any one, even one who had injured him; or having known any one who had done so, and not warned the mafiusi, in order that they might be on their guard against him; and similar offenses.

A cowardly act is understood to be a refusal to fight, of course with knives, when insulted or called upon. Pickpockets and petty robbers are never admitted into the society, as its members claim to be *giovani d'onore*. A murder, however, provided it has been committed in actual fight, or for a proper vendetta for actual injuries received, constitutes a claim to membership. A term of imprisonment for a like offense, or for refusal to turn state's evidence or to testify against any one (especially during the Bourbon rule, when the law allowed the court to keep a man in prison on suspicion of his having been witness to a crime, and refusal to testify), is also a claim for admission to the benefits of active membership.

The trial of arms, which is the other requisite for admission, since the aspirant must give evident proofs that he can *star di fronte al ferro*, i. e., *face the iron*, and which is indeed a duel in all the proper forms, is as follows: The five or six chief mafiusi who examine the candidate draw lots, and the one on whom it happens to fall is to be the opponent of the aspirant. They choose a proper ground, generally in some wood or out-of-the-way field, where the two combatants doff their coats, or the velvet jacket which is the distinctive dress of that class of people, wrap two or three silk handkerchiefs on their left arms, which they use like a shield,¹ and hold the knives in their right hands. The blade of these knives, which open and shut like jackknives, is about a foot long, an inch wide at its base, widening to

about an inch and a half in the middle, from which it tapers down to a sharp, double-edged point. When opened it remains strongly fixed by a spring in the handle, and is exclusively used in thrusting, like a rapier, and is just as formidable, or even more so. In these trials of courage the mafiusi never aim at the chest, but only at the arms and shoulders. The other members stand around as seconds or witnesses, in order that no irregularities may take place; but they more particularly watch the countenance of the aspirant, and if they notice the slightest fear or cowardice on his part, they dismiss his claim until he has learned to be brave enough to face the knife, in which case he falls back among the herd of mafiusi who are protected but do not share in the spoils. Should he, however, show the proper courage, the fight goes on until the one or the other receives a wound, which generally is only a flesh wound; when the combat is ended they embrace and kiss each other as brothers, the victor affectionately binds up the wound of the other, and the whole ends with a jolly dinner in a tavern and the admission of the candidate to active membership.

When formally admitted he is entitled to all the privileges of the association in the district in which he resides, or in the trade or profession he practices, together with the other mafiusi; and to an equal share in all the social gains, the black-mail, and the smuggling practiced within it. At the same time he assumes all the duties of the position, and they are not few. He must defend the weak against the strong, the contrabandists against the guards, those persecuted by the police against the officers, and occasionally he must fight, and use his knife, and be the cock of the walk wherever he is.

The aim of the mafiusi is *not* robbery, but overbearing, domineering over a certain district, being independent of and even above the laws and authorities. Open robbery is confined to the lowest class, and to regular outlaws, whom

¹ On the spur of the moment, or in a tavern brawl, they use the jacket itself, or a shawl, or any

other garment that is near at hand, even a tablecloth or napkin, for this purpose.

the association has to protect in conformity with its code, but whom it rather dislikes as interfering with its more safe and profitable black-mailing, smuggling, and other perquisites; it has intelligent leaders both in the cities and in the country; it has watchwords, free passes for all those who belong to it or whom it protects. Its influence is all-pervading, and the better classes, unable to contend against its power, have from time immemorial compromised with it and used it for their own protection. Every large proprietor, almost without exception, employs several armed guards, mostly on horseback; these are almost always of the class of *mafiusi*; even the royal domains are guarded by this class.

The chief *mafiusi* in the country are generally country guards, small farmers, and even proprietors, and in the cities the leading fighting men of the different trades and laboring classes. They are perfectly honest in their way, and in fact they are opposed to, and prevent, any petty robberies in their several districts; proprietors find no better protection than theirs, provided they accept with a good grace their small exactions.

To understand the smuggling of the *mafiusi*, it must be explained that all the city governments of Sicily, like those of Italy and France, are mainly supported by a tax imposed on all comestibles that enter a city for consumption; meat, fish, wine, vegetables, — everything, in fact, pays a tax; and this is paid in the very act of entering the city. An imaginary line is drawn around the city, which comprises all the suburbs, and sometimes even the villages one or two miles off; this line is guarded by municipal armed men, with every now and then an office where the tax is collected throughout the day. Now any one who can escape the vigilance of the guards, and pass the line with comestibles for the city market, saves the tax. Naturally, therefore, this petty contraband is carried on by the lower classes on a large scale, and the *mafiusi* are the principal agents in it.

There is no law that can reach their association except arbitrary law, for to all appearance they are, with the ex-

ception of the fighters among them, the most quiet, inoffensive, and even benevolent people in the world, feared, respected, and often beloved in their districts, their villages, and their towns, where they sometimes do a great deal of good among their own and the poorer classes. They are found in all the lower classes of the population, among hackmen, masons, marketmen, fishermen, field hands, and laborers generally; even among private servants.

On one occasion I had dismissed a servant for having pawned some silver spoons and gambled the money away. Several other servants immediately applied for the position; but I noticed that every one asked why I had discharged my last servant. The reason of this was that not one of these servants would have consented to serve in my house if I had dismissed my last one for no cause or unjustly; the *mafiusi* of the servants' class would have forbidden it, and none of their class would have dared to disobey them. The same may be said of all other different trades. They have their spies, their police, their trials, and their punishments, which they inflict quite surely and severely.

An English traveler became incensed with a hackman in Palermo, which is the great headquarters of the *mafiusi*, and gave him a push that caused him to fall from his box. Had they been in a secluded spot the Englishman might have got a stab for his pains, for these people are very sensitive to any personal affront, especially if a person lift his hand against them. On this occasion, however, as the occurrence happened in a very crowded square and in front of a guard-house, the hackman merely bit his finger and said, "*Me la pagherai*" (you will pay for it). The Englishman related the occurrence to the landlord of his hotel, who advised him not to go out in the night-time, or in any out-of-the-way place, for that class of people were very vindictive; which advice he followed. But now the irascible Englishman never could find a hackman willing to carry him anywhere; when he applied to one, the hackman was either engaged or just

going to the stable, or gave some other excuse. Once he asked his landlord to order a hack for him; the landlord ordered one of the driver whose station was in front of the hotel, and who could not very well refuse, and directed him to take the gentleman to the cathedral. The hackman obeyed and started at a quick trot down the street; but hardly had he turned the corner when the horse *accidentally* fell, and could go no farther.

So it went on, until by the advice of a friend, who knew the manners and customs of the natives, the Englishman sought out the offended hackman, and by a present of a napoleon or two made amends for the push he had given him; and then the interdict that had been decreed by the mafiusi against him was raised.

This incident is easily explained. The hackman had recourse to the chief mafiusi of his class, who were bound to protect him, for he, like all the others, paid his regular percentage on all his earnings to the mafia. They could not very well reach the Englishman, and the fact itself did not warrant any open violence against him, as they never resorted to it except in very extreme cases; indeed, it would at once bring the authorities upon them in the case of a foreigner, who would not hesitate to testify against them. But they were bound to punish him to satisfy their protégé; and they merely passed the word round that no driver should take the Englishman in his hack on penalty of their displeasure and chastisement, until the gentleman had made proper amends. I have described how faithfully they were obeyed.

On another occasion a neighbor of mine, Marquis V——, dismissed a servant for having behaved very impertinently and disrespectfully to him. The man had a wife and child who were entirely dependent on him for support, and who lived in the same street. The poor woman went in great distress to the chief mafiusi of her husband's class, a retired servant who lived on his income and the profits of the mafia, and who undertook to settle the matter satisfactorily.

I remember the fellow well, Cola by name, a portly, jolly, pleasant, smiling, middle-aged man, with a red nose, beaming fat face, small but very sharp black eyes, gray hair and beard, the upper lip and chin shaved, a beautiful set of white teeth, and a pair of shoulders and arms fit for a Hercules; his fat fingers covered with plain gold rings, his flaring red necktie tied in a sailor's knot, to which was pinned a ducal gold coronet, a souvenir of his late deceased master, who had left him a life pension for good service.

He lorded it over the whole herd of domestics, cooks, porters, and servants generally on that street and section; and there was no more important man in the little *café* round the corner, and in the billiard and card room at the back of it. He put on his best coat and hat for the occasion, and coming to the house he begged to be admitted by the marquis to a private audience.

I will translate the conversation that took place, using the Sicilian form of language, which is almost Oriental, in order to give a more characteristic idea of the lower class of people of the island. And I must observe that such people, and also the mafiusi, although domineering and overbearing with their own set, are very respectful, obliging, and reverential, I may say, towards the nobility and gentry. A traditional feeling of the vassalage which ceased only in the latter part of the last century still clings to them, and causes them to look up to gentlemen as to superior beings; and unless they suspect on the part of these latter a desire to interfere with their *mafiuseria*, they are always very deferential to them.

Cola begins: "Your Excellency" (in Sicily, with the lower classes, everybody above a professional man is an Excellency; a remnant of the long Spanish rule), "I have taken the liberty to come and kiss your hand, and to lay at your lordship's feet a prayer for an act of charity."

The Marquis. — If it is in my power, Cola, I will do it with great pleasure.

Cola. — Your Excellency is a noble-

man such as there are but few of, and worthy to be respected and loved as our Lord Jesus, and as we are in duty bound.

The Marquis. — Thanks, Cola, thanks; but let us hear what it is that you wish.

Cola. — An act of charity, your Excellency, an act of mercy! Your lordship must do as the confessor to a repentant sinner, lift your hand, absolve, and forgive.

Marquis. — But whom have I to forgive, Cola?

Cola. — That contemptible wretch, that scoundrel, who is not worthy to kiss the dust that your Excellency tramples upon;¹ that ill-bred, cowardly beast of a Vincenzo, who would deserve to be tied to a pillar and scourged; however, I will fix him! But your Excellency must consider his poor wife and child. They will be left to starve in the middle of the street. Have pity and charity for the poor woman and her innocent babe; and for her sake forgive Vincenzo and take him back into your service.

Marquis. — But, Cola, consider that the fellow was very impertinent and disrespectful to me, and . . .

Cola. — The wine, marquis, the wine! This new wine, this nasty stuff (*schifu*) which they now sell for wine. It must have got into the poor boy's head. But I will fix him — I will fix him! It will never happen again. Your lordship, however, will do this charity for the love you bear to that holy angel, her ladyship, the marchesa, and your children. Have compassion on his poor family. Do this act of charity; do it for my sake, and I promise you that I will see to his walking straight; and if he ever should dare to fail in his duty to your lordship, he will have to answer to me! Do it, marquis, and your Excellency can ever after command me as your slave.

Marquis. — Well, well, Cola, let us speak no more about it; let him come back, on condition that such a thing never happens again.

Cola. — Again? Your Excellency must not doubt that; I give your lordship my word that it will never happen again; or, woe to him, I will eat him like bread! I beg your Excellency's pardon if I have taken the liberty to disturb you; but your heart is like honey, and the Lord will bless you for a thousand years for the charity you have done to this poor family. I kiss your hand, and if your Excellency has any commands to give, here is always your servant.

Marquis. — Very well, Cola, very well, I will forgive him for this once, and take him back into my service. Good day, Cola, good day.

Cola. — Ever at your Excellency's feet.

About half an hour after, the good-natured marquis was requested to look out from his balcony into the courtyard of his house, for Cola wished to say a word to him. The marquis came out as requested, and saw in his court-yard Cola holding Vincenzo by the arm, surrounded by a crowd of watchmen, cooks, scullions, and other domestics of his own and neighboring houses. As he appeared on the balcony, Cola took off his hat to him, and handed it to one of the bystanders; then looking up to the marquis he said, "Your Excellency, I have brought back the repentant sinner (*lu pinienti*); but before he sets foot in your lordship's house, I wish to give him a reminder that will teach him how to behave ever after to such a worthy master as your lordship;" and almost before he had finished his sentence, he brought his huge, fat right hand down upon Vincenzo's left cheek, and again his left hand on Vincenzo's right cheek, repeating the dose with such a rapidity of movement that poor Vincenzo's head looked like a floating empty bottle tossed by two opposing waves. It was in vain that the marquis screamed out from the balcony, "Stop, Cola, stop; let him go, that is enough, *basta, basta!*" The relentless Cola belabored Vincenzo till his

¹ An Oriental expression often met with in the Koran, and very common in the language of the lower classes of Sicily. One, among many others,

of the vestiges left of the Saracen occupation and rule of the island in the eighth century.

face was as red as a carrot. Then, taking him by the ear, he led him to the steps of the wide marble staircase, saying, "Now go, kiss your master's feet, beg his pardon, and remember that if ever you commit another offense you will have to deal with *me*!" and turning to the marquis, who had witnessed the exciting scene with astonishment and trepidation, he continued, "Your Excellency must pardon me for the liberty I have taken, but it was my duty to give your lordship the satisfaction that your goodness deserved." And from that day forward the Marquis V—— had no more faithful, obedient, and dutiful servant than Vincenzo.

I must observe in this connection that had the marquis personally ill-used and beaten that servant, the whole crowd of his own and other people's servants would have been against him, and he might have had no end of trouble. But his dismissing him for the offense committed was considered just; and his taking him back at the request of the big man or *mafuso* of his class was deemed a very noble and charitable act, and deserving of their respect and consideration; and Vincenzo submitted quietly and humbly to the severe boxing inflicted by Cola as a due punishment for his offense, which he would have resented, and with him all his class, if it had come from the marquis himself.

There is also another curious and very characteristic peculiarity about this chastisement. Cola used his hands on Vincenzo's face because he was somewhat related to him through his wife, and therefore he had in some sort the rights of consanguinity over him. Had Vincenzo been a total stranger he could not have used his hands, but a leather strap, a cowhide, or even his feet; for to lay hands on a man's face, unless by an older relative, is a dishonor to him, and the offended person would have a right to resent it, and even resort to a vendetta, if he could not get proper redress in any other way; and everybody would side with him. This prejudice is also of Oriental origin, for in the East it is a dishonor and loss of caste if one's face or

beard has been touched by another. A sound cowhiding is considered less dishonorable than a box on the ear.

I had lived a year or two in Sicily, when, on account of the health of my wife and children, I thought it advisable to leave the city and reside a little way out of town, where they could have the use of a garden and plenty of out-door exercise. A charming villa was to let in a most picturesque and healthy locality, commanding an extensive view of the valley of Palermo, the *Conca d'Oro* ("Golden Shell") of the Sicilian poets, with the lofty chain of mountains as a background on one side, and on the other a magnificent distant view of the lovely bay. The only objection was that the neighborhood was a perfect nest of mafusi, whose principal business was to smuggle provisions into the city, especially oil and wine. But being properly advised as to my way of action in order to avoid any unpleasantness, I hired the place and took up my abode in the villa.

This was built in a very *baroque* style of architecture, half Gothic, half Tuscan, with a magnificent terrace on the street side, to which we had access through every Italian window in the house, or I may say through every room, for the apartment was all on one flat. The terrace, adorned with enormous flower vases containing magnolias, a fig-tree, aloes, and various cactuses, was about eight feet above the public road, from which any active young man could have jumped into it. Parallel with this, at the back of the house, was another immense terrace, one hundred feet long by fifty wide, paved with different-colored sea pebbles in mosaic, with a design forming twelve oval figures in white pebbles as corners, and with representations within them of the old Greco-Sicilian and later escutcheons, such as the three-legged Medusa or Trinacria, the Syracusan horse, the Arab crescent, the Norman chess-bars, the Swabian black eagle, the pillars of Spain, and other devices. This inner terrace, adorned by a superb oleander bush in the middle, large vases of flowers all around, and

an immense vine overspreading it like an awning of green foliage, overlooked a delightful garden full of citrons, oranges, lemons, mandarin oranges, fig-trees, two lofty palm-trees, and every variety of aloes, cactuses, roses, pinks, heliotropes, and sweet-scented flowers in Oriental profusion, so that in the months of May and June we were often obliged to shut the windows on account of the overpowering fragrance that arose from it.

The garden was surrounded by a wall seven feet high, bordering on one side the garden of a city hospital-physician and on the other overlooking the vast estates of a foreign royal duke. The street that led to it from the city was one of the usual suburban roads leading out to the open country, lined on each side with two and three story houses, all of a very recent construction, excepting two or three old palaces, inhabited mostly by the lower population in the rooms on a level with the streets, by the middle class on the first floor or flat, and by the better class in the so-called *quarti nobili* ("noble quarters") when there were any.

In Southern Italy, and especially in Naples and Sicily, all the different classes not only reside in the same street, but generally in the same building, as here stated. At the same time they are as much separated from each other as if they lived in different houses; for the lower people enter their rooms through doors in the street itself, the dwellers on the first floors through side doors and narrow staircases, and the master of the house, or the people who occupy the *quarto nobile*, through the main carriage entrance and great marble staircase. The court-yard behind this, with the stables, carriage houses, and garden, are always included in the *quarto nobile*.

This is also a remnant of the Middle Ages. In those times each feudatory baron, each bishop or abbot of a religious order, built an immense palace, abbey, monastery, or convent, in which he lived with his retinue of gentlemen, knights, squires, armed retainers, servants, and vassals of all kinds. There were barons

in Sicily that could issue from their city palaces with a suite of thirty gentlemen, fifty knights and their esquires, and two hundred armed soldiers, who together with the innumerable domestics and members of their several families formed quite a small population within one palace. The same might be said of the immense convents and monasteries, some of which are so large that they now accommodate comfortably two regiments of troops, — some three thousand men. These immense edifices were built of solid blocks of stone that have stood for centuries, and will stand for ages to come. When feudalism was abolished, some sixty years ago, these noble houses all decayed, and the nobility, unable any longer to keep up the old style of living, had to dismiss their immense retinues of followers and domestics, and, retiring into the so-called *quarti nobili* for their residence, let out all the other parts of their immense palaces, which thus became the lodgings and quarters of the different classes of the population.

Our villa, however, was of modern construction, and had no other occupants except the owner and his family, who inhabited the upper quarter, and the gardener and his family, who lived in a lodge close to the garden. All the rest of the house was ours, with the full right to the flowers and fruits of the garden, excepting only the oranges and lemons, a very valuable product, which the owner reserved to himself, allowing us, however, a certain number of these trees for our use. The population of the road in which it was situated seemed very quiet, and we noticed that the lower classes were exceedingly respectful to all the gentry and the several noblemen that resided in it. They were mostly gardeners to the several proprietors who owned houses in the road (for each house had a fine garden at the back of it, and sometimes considerable estates extending towards the mountains three miles distant), or cartmen, blacksmiths, farriers, and what seemed a very idle crew of laborers, who did little or nothing in the day-time except to loaf in the

different wine shops and at the barber's. I was informed that this barber and the gardener of our villa were the most reputed, respected, and feared among them.

A day or two after I had taken up my residence in the villa, perceiving our gardener alone in the garden, I stepped down through a private staircase leading to it, so as to have a talk with him. The moment he saw me he came up hat in hand, addressing me with the usual salutation of that class of people, "At your Excellency's feet. Have you any commands to give me?"¹

"Good morning, Zu Paulu; how do you do? How is your family?" One must always ask these people about their families, whether knowing them or not. Zu is an appellative given to all middle-aged or old laborers, and particularly to farmers and gardeners; it is derived from *zio*, uncle.

Zu Paulu was a true specimen of the Sicilian gardener, especially of those of the valley of Palermo, who serve in the villas and estates of the noblemen and proprietors of the soil. He combined the several offices of gardener, hunter, armed guard, retainer, and mafiuso generally over all the field hands and other dependents in the garden and estate of his master, and many others beside. He was a short, thick-set man, with a small head, jet-black hair cut very short, except for two locks that issued from his temples and came down to his cheekbones, and there slightly turned up; his face was close shaved, except a strip of beard coming down from his ear almost to his chin, similar to that of the Spanish *torreadores*, and probably a tradition of the Spanish dominion in Sicily; his eyes, black and piercing as an eagle's, revealed a passionate temperament, capable of both generous and ferocious actions, but held under complete control; his complexion was of the olive tint that recalls the Arab rule of the island. He was extremely respectful in his demeanor, but not servile; and though ready and

willing to do anything you might ask of him, if properly treated, yet he would be a very difficult or impossible character to manage if you showed him the slightest disrespect or nonchalance.

His dress was the usual dress of all the gardeners of that class, — a suit of olive-colored cotton velvet; the trousers very wide over the thick-soled and big-nailed undyed leather shoes, with a row of six round bright brass buttons, and held fast to his waist by a very long red silk knitted scarf, whose tassels appeared from under his vest. This latter garment had three pockets on each side, one above the other, each containing a different hunting article, such as caps, powder-flask, wadding; a graduating brass measure for the powder charge and a brass needle to clean the lock of the gun were fastened to copper wire chains dangling, on each side of the pockets like the late style of double watch-chains. Around the lower part of this vest ran a leather lining or belt, containing different kinds of shot and a small number of ball-cartridges. On the facings of his jacket were embroidered in silver the arms of the *padrone*, a nobleman; and the rim of his wide-awake gray hat, turned up on one side, displayed the same device in a silver-plated buckle that fastened it to the crown. The usual red bandanna neck-handkerchief, tied in a sailor's knot, and the four or five plain gold rings on his fingers, completed the attire.

"We are all well, thanks to the madonna, and at your Excellency's service," replied Zu Paulu respectfully.

"This a beautiful garden; do you take the whole care of it?" said I, with a motion of the hand allowing him to put on his hat again, which he did with an "As you command."

"I do, *signorino*." Signorino is a term of respectful familiarity, applied by the older dependents to their young masters, and kept up until these get to be grandfathers.

"You have some very charming flowers here; my wife was perfectly delighted with the bunch you sent in this morning. "I will not trouble you much about them, but the *signorina*, my wife, who

¹ In these conversations the writer always uses an *ad litteram* translation of the Sicilian mode of address.

is extremely fond of flowers, will occupy you somewhat. And, by the way, although by the term of my lease I am not bound to give any remuneration, since the service of the gardener is included in the rent I pay, yet in consideration of the extra work you may do in taking particular care of my wife's favorite flowers, I will assign you five dollars a month as long as I reside here."

"Thanks to your bounty, and I hope the signorina will be satisfied with my work."

"Please tell me, Zu Paulu," said I, looking at him straight in the face with a peculiar sly-stupid expression; "my wife and I have noticed, during the last few nights, that many birds sing both in our garden and in the adjoining ones. Is it not extraordinary for birds to be singing in the night?"

The face of Zu Paulu brightened up at this point of the conversation. He raised his black, piercing eyes, which he had held till then respectfully lowered, and fixed them upon mine with an inquisitive look, as if to see whether I was to be trusted or not. The conclusion he came to must have been satisfactory, for he replied, —

"The signorino must not mind that; they are not birds, but *i picciotti e i guardiani* [the boys and the guards] of the neighborhood, who amuse themselves imitating the birds' calls." And he fixed again his eyes on mine with a very sly look.

"Oh, yes, I understand" (though I really did not, and actually suspected worse than it was); "they thus amuse themselves in order to keep a good guard on the fruits and the villas. I suppose, therefore, that there is no danger of robbers here, or of anybody entering the house in the night?"

"Entering the house? My padrone's villa? Signorino! You can sleep tranquilly and with every window open on the garden side; nobody will dare to enter *this* villa; I am guard as well as gardener, and my double-barreled gun is very well known in the neighborhood. Have no fear of that: *i picciotti mi portanu rispettu*" (the boys respect me).

He said these last words with such assurance as entirely to remove any doubts in my mind as to the safety of the villa, for I knew the influence and power that such people exercise over their own class. Being thus assured on the garden side, I thought also of looking to it on the side of the road, and so making it doubly sure. I have very little need of a barber, as I shave myself, and most of my hair disappeared years ago; still, on account of his being an important and useful personage, I sent for Don Piddu. (How the name of St. Joseph, in Sicilian *Giuseppi*, was ever reduced to the diminutive of *Piddu*, is one of those philological metamorphoses that baffle the most erudite investigators.)

Don Piddu came; a short, fat, round-bellied man, who seemed always over-filled with maccaroni, with a face plump, smiling, and shining as a full moon, small gray eyes, and chestnut hair cut very close. He dressed very gaudily, imitating the gentleman style, in drab trousers, light blue coat, and a large white vest with an enormous gold chain dangling from its pocket. He did not display the slightest indication of the mafiuso except the uncommon number of rings on his fingers; with this distinction, however, that while the mafiusi generally wear perfectly plain gold ones, his on the contrary had stones of all sorts, with initials, ciphers, and cameos.

He came in with a dignified air and that attempt at elegant confidential deference customary with *figaros*. When I told him that I only desired to have my hair cut, for I shaved myself, he looked at the top of my head somewhat disconcertedly. But I reassured him by telling him that I intended to employ him once or twice a week to comb and trim my children's hair, and for that service I assigned him the usual monthly pay of two dollars. This of course put him in good humor at once, and he chatted for an hour, in which time I learned all, and more than I cared to know about every family of any note that resided in that road.

As he was getting through his work, I asked, carelessly, "Don Piddu, how is

it about the safety of this road? Can I come home late in the night without fear of robbery on the way?"

"Robbery in our street, signorino!" exclaimed Don Piddu with a look of astonishment mixed with an expression of offended authority. "Your Excellency can rest assured on that ground; the road is as safe as a church, day and night; it is inhabited by honest people, and there is no danger for any *galantuomo* that resides in it."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Don Piddu, and I only asked because, as I may be coming home late in the evening, I wanted to be assured that the road is safe; especially as the terrace on the roadside is so low that anybody could easily jump on to it and break into the house in the night."

"Into this house? Who would dare to enter this villa? Zu Paulu is the gardener, and I serve the padrone and now your Excellency; who do you suppose would dare to break into it?"

If Don Piddu had been the head of police of that quarter he could not have spoken with the same assurance. But to try him further I said, "What are all these bird calls that we hear during the night all around the gardens, Don Piddu?"

Don Piddu looked at me with a sly wink in his eye, then said, "The signorino has lived so long in foreign parts that he has forgotten all the ways of his native country. They are not birds, but *i picciotti*. With this new government they have increased the taxes so much, and the cost of living is so much higher, that the poor people must try to get their living the best way they can, and to do so they must work even in the night."

"But can I walk in my garden with impunity when I hear these bird calls?"

"Why not, signorino? You are master everywhere and at all hours. Only, if you hear anything unusual, you merely pretend to be deaf; and if you see anybody hovering about the garden, pretend to be blind; and I assure you that you can live here as safe as in a convent of monks."

This conversation reassured me, but still I was very curious to learn what was the kind of work that was going on in the different gardens during the night, for at irregular intervals the bird calls would be heard all around.

One beautiful autumn evening, when I heard them repeatedly in the distance and gradually coming near, I went down into the garden and began to walk up and down through the several intricate passage-ways, smoking my cigar. All of a sudden I saw a head appear on the top of the high wall bordering the physician's garden, and as I approached, the man, or big boy rather, recognized me and took off his cap, bowed respectfully, and addressed to me the usual salutation of those people, "At your Excellency's feet." "Good evening," said I, and continued my walk and smoke, pretending to take no further notice of what he and those that came after him were doing, but still watching to see what the next move would be. I heard men whispering in the doctor's garden, and the usual bird calls answering calls at different distances.

The man, seeing the coast clear, for I was the only person there, leaped into our garden, and another man appeared on top of the wall, who, after the usual bow and salutation to me, as I happened in my walk to approach the place where he was, placed himself astride upon it. Then began a regular transfer of wine barrels that their companions on the other side handed to the man sitting astride on the wall, who, in his turn, handed them to the man inside. After they had accomplished the transfer of some twelve or fifteen barrels, as many men (those very people noticed by us loafing in the day-time about the several shops of the road) climbed over the wall, jumped in, and, each lifting a barrel on his shoulder, cut across our garden. As they passed by me, who stood watching the whole performance, each took off his cap, and respectfully saluted me with the usual refrain: "At your Excellency's feet;" "Your lordship's blessing;" "I kiss your Excellency's hand;" to each of whom I repeated my

buona sera. When they reached the opposite wall of the garden they performed the same operation, and disappeared into the royal duke's estate, whence, doubtless, that wine entered the city without paying the octroi tax, amounting to about twenty-five cents a barrel.

That very evening my friend the padrone, and also our neighbor, the city physician, came down to pay us a visit. In the course of conversation I inquired regarding what I had seen in the garden; and they both told me that that kind of contraband was carried on to a great extent, and had been for years; that in fact, the greater part of the lower population of the neighborhood subsisted by it; that it was known, but there was no remedy for it. It was not a criminal offense, and the city had no other authority except that of seizing and confiscating the articles whenever found in the act of being smuggled. The city had no right to enter private dwellings or estates, so that things could be seized only when passing through the line on coming from the country, or in the streets when without the proper voucher certifying to their having paid the city tax. For that reason these people always avoided the streets or roads and crossed the gardens.

I asked them what would be the consequence should they—especially the doctor, who was a paid officer of the city—give notice to the authorities of this illicit traffic, so that they might set a trap and seize the contraband articles. "What!" said this latter, "denounce these people? Why, the city would gain nothing except for *once* a few barrels of common wine; for the mafusi would soon find some other passage-way; but we, why, we would surely be assassinated within the twenty-four hours!"

The padrone added to this, "And what would become of our security? We could not sleep quietly in our beds without fear of being either murdered or robbed. These people, who know all the rogues in town, never allow any

robbery to take place where they reside and carry on their operations, for a robbery would attract the eye of the police and spoil their quiet work. I was born here, and never remember a robbery in this street; and you will notice that although such large numbers of these men go freely in and out of our gardens, they never touch an orange, a lemon, or a bunch of grapes; and they tread so lightly with their bare feet as hardly to disturb the very grass they trample upon. It is their interest to keep on good terms with all the proprietors, and they actually protect us and our property better than the government can."

I naturally took note of it, and acted accordingly. And I must acknowledge that, in five years that I resided in that villa, returning home very often late at night, alone and on foot, I was never molested, and my house and garden were never disturbed, although in the summer we slept with all the windows open.

Another remarkable thing in those nocturnal and very often twilight perambulations of wine barrels and oilskins was that we never saw any of the chief mafusi take a direct part in it. They were, indeed, all round about, watching and directing from a distance, but never with the caravan itself, which was mostly composed of vigorous and active big boys.

We had been some time in the island, but never had visited any of the many interesting and remarkable antiquities of the old Greek period of Sicily; or rather my wife had not, I myself having visited them in my boyhood. But it was considered, at the time of which I write, very unsafe to travel in the interior on account of the continual robberies that took place. The country was then infested by the *renitenti*, that is, the young men who had been drawn in the conscription, and, rather than serve in the army, had fled to the mountains and hid among the vast landed estates, where they lived by plunder.¹

¹ A year later the Italian government sent a small *corps d'armée*, commanded by the famous General

Govone, who overran the whole island, especially the provinces of Girgenti and Palermo, and arrested

A distinguished young English lady, an amateur artist of great merit, who was spending the winter in Sicily in company with an elderly lady and her daughter, desired very much to visit the ancient temple of Segeste, and my wife also was very anxious to join the party. The English consul had offered to obtain for them an escort of *gens-d'armes*; but when they consulted with me I went to my padrone, who said: "No, no, do not have a military escort, unless a very strong one, for the picciotti would mind that very little; and seeing them pass by the road, and imagining the travelers to be very rich people, they would lie in ambush, in sufficient numbers, in some difficult mountain pass, and on their return, for they must come back by the same road, they might fire a volley into the escort and horses; and although the troops may defend and rescue the party, yet think of the danger and the fright that the ladies would undergo. No, no, you had better trust these people, for you know the picciotti will never attack women, even to rob them, except under the strongest inducement of gain."

In reference to this regard for women, an explanation as to the nature of the Sicilians in general, and of the lower classes in particular, is very necessary. Travelers who have visited Italy and other countries of Europe must have noticed in many places women at work in the fields and other out-of-door labor, especially in Naples and the Roman campagna. The Sicilians, even of the very poorest class of the rural people, will never compel or allow their women to do out-of-door work; and although they treat them as inferior beings and

with Oriental jealousy, yet they consider it unmanly and disgraceful to exact any work of them except within their households. "Geloso come un Siciliano" (as jealous as a Sicilian) is a common proverb in Italy; the slightest offense, either real or imaginary, against the honor of their wives, daughters, or any of the female members of their family, they would resent and avenge with all the savagery of their volcanic nature. One half of the bloody crimes and vendettas in the island are the result of this exaggerated idea of the honor of their women. In like manner they judge of others, and though they may attack, rob, and molest a man, they would never touch a woman for fear of the vendetta; and I must give them credit for an innate wild generosity towards the weaker sex.

My padrone said to me, "Why do you not ask Zu Paulu about it? He is a great hunter, and knows every foot of ground and everybody in that part of the country; he can tell you whether it is safe or not, or how to manage it."

Acting on his advice I sent for Zu Paulu, and when I told him my desire, he said, "Really, at this season of the year the weather is rather unfavorable for such an excursion, but if you could obtain the services of the right kind of driver, he would know how to avoid the rain."

These people generally speak in a figurative language, which only a native, watching closely the expression of their eyes, can comprehend; the above sentence should be understood as follows: "At the present moment, the country is not safe from marauders, but if you could get a man who has the proper in-

every young peasant who looked of the age of twenty-one, in order to ascertain whether he was a conscript, and if so he was forwarded to his regiment. The number evading the conscription in two or three years amounted to over five thousand men. Since that time they have quietly submitted to it, and it is the greatest means of civilization that could have been devised for the rural population, for, by the Italian laws, these conscripts, who are with very few exceptions illiterate, during their three years of military service are made to learn to read and write, and are not discharged from the service after their term until they

have acquired that knowledge. It is very interesting to visit the barracks and gun-decks of the ships of war of Italy; for three or four hours of the day these are turned into school-rooms, and the illiterate soldiers and sailors are taught their alphabet and spelling-book by the sergeants and quartermasters, under the superintendence of the officers on duty. Thus thousands of young men, who would have remained illiterate all their life-time, return to their homes with the first rudiments of an education, which they never would have acquired in their villages or farms.

fluence and authority with them, there will be no danger whatever."

"And who would be the proper driver?" inquired I.

"The only one I could recommend is Gnuri Gaitanu" (Gnuri is the appellation of all coachmen), "who keeps a livery stable behind the cathedral."

On his recommendation I sent for this Gnuri Gaitanu, or, as he was more usually called abbreviatively, Gnu Tanu. He came to my office the next day. He was a tall, wiry, athletic man of about forty-five, with black hair moderately sprinkled with gray; an oval face of a Moorish, olive tint, but darkened by its constant exposure to the hot Sicilian sun; an aquiline nose, black, piercing eyes, close lips, pointed chin. Had he worn his beard full, and donned a bur-nouse, he might have easily passed for an Arab chief.

"Gnu Tanu," said I to him, "my wife and three English ladies wish to make an excursion to the temple of Segeste. You have been recommended to me as the best coachman to take charge of them, so I have called you to make some arrangements about the trip. Can you undertake it?"

"Ever at your service, signorino. Is there no gentleman going with the party?"

"None; for my wife's friends are traveling alone, and my duties will not allow me to leave my post; so I must entrust the four ladies entirely to you."

"Ever at your commands, signorino. And when do the ladies wish to go?"

"I leave that to you to decide; but as soon as the *weather is favorable*, Gnu Tanu."

"Next week, then, signorino, next week; because the weather is not quite settled yet, and besides, I have an engagement to carry a party to Trapani, and as I go over the road I will prepare lodgings for the ladies at Alcamo, where they have to sleep two nights in order to make the trip comfortably. There are no inns at Alcamo, except for cartmen; but I have a friend there, and he will prepare a couple of decent rooms for the accommodation of the ladies."

"And what are your charges, Gnu Tanu?"

"We will settle that when I shall have served you, signorino."

"What money or provision will the ladies have to carry?"

"Nothing, signorino, absolutely nothing. I will look out for all their wants, and I request that you will advise the ladies to wear their oldest and commonest traveling dresses; and particularly to wear no jewels of any kind, no watches, nothing, in fact; for these things might get broken, be lost or stolen, and at any rate it is always best to avoid giving temptation. As to the time of the day, I have a good watch," and he pulled out a big silver one to show me that he really had it, "and besides, I can tell it by looking at the sun."

"Very well, Gnu Tanu, I will tell the ladies to do so. And how is it about the safety of the road; is there any danger?"

Gnu Tanu straightened himself up with an air of offended dignity; he lifted his right arm with spread-out hand, which he placed over his wide chest, and with an expression of self-assurance and pride he exclaimed, "Danger? Signorino, vannu cu mia!" (They go with me!)

Had he been the very king of the mountains he could not have spoken with more dignity and assurance.

"Next Monday morning, at nine o'clock, I will be at your house with my carriage. At your Excellency's feet."

That was the only arrangement I made with Gnu Tanu. For the narrative of the excursion, I will quote some passages of my wife's diary to me.

Gnu Tanu is a jewel of a coachman, so intelligent, so thoughtful, and so gallant, I may say. He treats us with a sort of respectful, guardian-like authority, as if we were four young misses under his strict charge; allowing us all our whims, but never for a moment losing sight of us, so much so that at times we think him somewhat too intrusive and authoritative for our independent Anglo-Saxon nature. The manner of

travel also is so very novel for us. You noticed, when Gnu Tanu came for us this morning, how the horses were harnessed three abreast, with flaunting peacocks' feathers on their heads, and a leather collar full of jingling bells that reminded me so much of our sleigh drives; and the carriage with its white canvas-top to protect us from the sun, and that immense rope net spread like a hammock under it, which contained all sorts of baskets and boxes with our provisions for the three days' journey; and the funny, black-eyed boy who sat by Gnu Tanu, and who was occasionally dispatched by us to pick some rare wild flower, but who during the hot part of the day slid quietly under the carriage, and to our astonishment got himself into that very net among the baskets and boxes, and had a delightful siesta, bouncing over the hot, dusty road.

We reached Monreale a few minutes after ten, and stopped a little while in the square of the old Norman cathedral, to rest the horses after the steep ascent. The usual crowd of beggars surrounded our carriage at once; and such a ragged and rascally-looking crew I never saw in my life. But the most curious part of it was that the moment Gnu Tanu came out from the hostelry, where he he had gone in for a few minutes, and saw that crowd surrounding our carriage, for there must have been at least thirty of them, he cleared his way through, thrusting them right and left; then he called one of them, an old man with only one arm, but with a face that would have easily answered for a patriarch of bandits, put some money into his hand, and then told him to clear all that rabble from our carriage; and, wonderful to relate, at a motion from his hand they all scampered off without the slightest murmur, and resumed their places on the stone steps and curb-stones of the balustrade of the church, without daring to come near us, or soliciting any more alms, as is customary with all beggars in Italy; but there they all sat under the hot sun, staring at us, and waiting for some other travelers to pounce upon.

We started soon after, and, skirting the mountain, entered a long up-hill plateau with more mountains in the distance. We met very few people on the road, and those mostly peasants and cartmen; occasionally we could see laborers working in the fields.

Everybody seemed to know Gnu Tanu, and generally they saluted him with the following, or similar words: "Salutamu, o Gnu Tanu, chi jamu facennu a st' ura?" (Hail, coachman Tanu, what are you doing at this hour?) And he would reply, "Tutti l'uri sunnu boni pr' abbuscarisi lu pani" (All hours are good to earn one's bread). He always answered with the same words, no matter how he was addressed; it was always about his "earning his bread."

Towards one o'clock we began to feel hungry, and expressed our wish to stop in some shady place and have a lunch. But Gnu Tanu said that within a couple of miles he would stop at the *feudo* (estate) of Baron O——, whose *curatulo* (head farmer) was a friend of his, and expecting us, and there we could lunch at our ease under an orange grove, or in the fine villa attached to the place. In due time we reached the villa, and the *curatulo*, just such a looking man as Zu Paulu, our gardener, received us with great politeness, and showed us into the baron's villa, where a table was already prepared in the dining-room, with nothing, however, to eat, except some green almonds, strawberries, lettuces, sweet fennel, and several qualities of wines; but Gnu Tanu produced one of the baskets from his immense rope-net under the carriage, containing all sorts of good things, and we had a delightful lunch. When we got through and were ready to resume our journey, we tried to slip a ten-franc piece into the hands of the *curatulo*, but he very politely refused to take it. Gnu Tanu noticed it, and very respectfully but positively objected to our offering money to anybody, so that after that we let him have his own way.

While we were at lunch in the dining-room that looked upon a side esplanade of the villa, we noticed a number of men

with guns, who, we were told, were guards of the estate, all with their velvet suits and red caps. They were a very wild-looking set. Gnu Tanu seemed to be hand and glove with them all, and they had something to eat and plenty to drink together, sitting outside under the orange-trees. We reached Alcamo as the bells were ringing the *Ave Maria*. The impression the place gave us was as if we had entered in the evening the streets of Pompeii repeopled, with its ancient populace swarming about or sitting in front of their doors to breathe the cool evening breeze. Everything looked so old, dingy, moldy, oil-lamp-smoky, and overcrowded; the shape of the lamps precisely the same as the old Roman, the very bread on the bakers' counters in front of their houses of the exact shape of that found carbonized in the ovens of Pompeii, and the oil and water jars of the same shape and material.

The little house we stop at is a two-story building with only three rooms below, kept as a sort of eating-house by an old woman and her son, and three above, one opening into another, prepared for our use: the inner room containing four beds for us; the second room, in which I am writing, for a sort of dining-room; and the first room for Gnu Tanu himself.

We had an excellent dinner after we arrived here, for these people certainly know how to cook their national dishes, and I am sure we never tasted better macaroni. The hostess's son is a very fine-looking fellow, and he seems to be a great friend of Gnu Tanu. He is going to accompany us to the temple tomorrow.

Tuesday morning. As I finished my writing I thought I would lock the outer door, but there was no key to it. I tried to open it, to see whether it was on the outside, but I found that we were barricaded, for Gnu Tanu had pushed his bed across it, and lay there probably asleep. At the noise I made he asked whether we wished for anything. I told him that I only wished to lock the door. He replied that there was no key to it,

but that we need not be worried about it, *he was there*.

Evening. We got up at sunrise this morning, and started immediately after having had a cup of coffee and fresh goat's milk, with bread and butter, on our way to Calatafimi. Our hostess's son, dressed up in his very best, with a brand-new suit of velvet, Masaniello's red cap, a flaring, party-colored bandanna neck-handkerchief, and lots of rings on his fingers, looking very smart and brigandish, sat with Gnu Tanu on his box; the black-eyed boy having vanished into his rope-net under the carriage.

We reached Calatafimi at about eight o'clock, and stopped in front of a sort of hostelry, reminding Miss S— very much of a Spanish *venta*. There we found seven donkeys ready saddled, four for us, one for Gnu Tanu, another for his friend, and another led by a big boy to carry our baskets of provisions.

As we went out of Calatafimi the road went down and down into a deep valley, and on the top of a desolate, barren, rugged hill on the other acclivity stood the famous temple of Segeste. The ascent to it was extremely fatiguing, and when we reached the summit our first thought was to spread out the contents of our baskets, for we were all very hungry. Gnu Tanu had thought of everything, even of an alcohol lamp to heat the water for a cup of tea, which on the top of those mountains, where the air is so rarefied, was exceedingly welcome.

We stopped there nearly four hours, and would have stayed longer, but Gnu Tanu would not consent to it; he wanted to be on the road only by daylight, for as he said, "*Di jurnu nni cunuscemu tutti, ma la notti è di li cucchi*" (In the daytime we all know each other, but the night belongs to the owls); one of your funny Sicilian proverbs, is it not?

We have had a most delightful and successful excursion so far, everybody has been so kind to us, even the usually importunate beggars, who seemed to stand in awe of our driver and his friend, and have not troubled us at all.

The next evening I was anxiously awaiting the return of the party, as I had heard reports of several attacks upon the mail coaches and several attempts at robbery in the very roads that my wife and her friends had gone over during those nights of their visit to Segeste. They were expected to arrive by six or at least by seven o'clock, but it got to be nine and they had not yet made their appearance: however, a few minutes after, we heard the jingling of the horses' bells, and presently Gnu Tanu, smartly cracking his whip, entered the court-yard of the house. The ladies all came in as jolly and happy as could be, expatiating on the successful excursion and charming time they had had. Gnu Tanu also came in, and, with the air of a faithful steward proud to have accomplished his duty, said, "Signurintu, ci li cunsignu sani e salvi" (Sir, I consign them back to you safe and sound). I did not see him again for a week or ten days, and when he came and brought me the bill I found it perfectly fair and moderate, and in fact less than the usual hotel charges for such excursions would have been.

And now, why could he pass unmolested over the very roads that were at the time beset by robbers, and on the same days that other robberies were committed all along those roads? The reader must have understood it, without doubt. Gnu Tanu had passwords and signals, and no one would have dared to touch him, as all the marauders belonged, like himself, to the mafia.

I have given so far only the bright side of the picture; but there is a dark one, and terribly so. This corrupt association, relic of the foreign yoke that oppressed Italy and especially Sicily for the last three hundred years, weighs like a black, leaden pall over that beautiful island, and excludes the light of liberty

that has dawned on Italy. The crimes committed by its members to maintain their baneful influence are enormous. Respectable men dare not be witnesses against criminals, juries dare not convict them for fear of their vendetta. All the peaceful and honest citizens are held under awe of the power of the mafia; the proprietors are regularly taxed, and so is every branch of industry. In the country it is all-powerful, in the cities influential. But will the new laws passed by the Italian government destroy it? It would be out of place for me to answer the question, as I intended only to give an idea of the working, in Sicily, of this evil, so different from brigandage, not to propose plans for its suppression. But, as past experience has demonstrated, though brigandage can be suppressed by strong measures, the mafia cannot be, by mere force. All laws and punishments are futile against it; these may suppress open violence, actual robberies; but the underhand mafia, thriving by the willing or forced submission of a large part of the population, can never be suppressed by legislative enactments. General education, enlightenment, the opening of roads and railroads, the subdivision of the land among small proprietors, especially the vast domains abandoned and left uncultivated by the lately suppressed religious corporations, the spread of liberal ideas, and, above all, the conviction among the mass of the honest people, especially among the peasantry, that the protection of the liberal Italian government is more manly, honorable, and safe (and the government should endeavor to make it so) than that of the mafiusi, can with time destroy this vast association which for centuries has gnawed the very vitals of industry in Sicily, and restore that fertile island to her ancient fruitfulness, intellectual, agricultural, and commercial.

Luigi Monti.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

VI.

THE immense success of *Der Freyschütz*, and the important assistance it brought to the funds of the theatre, induced my father to propose to Weber to compose an opera expressly for Covent Garden. The proposal met with ready acceptance, and the chivalric fairy tale of Wieland's *Oberon* was selected for the subject, and was very gracefully and poetically treated by Mr. Planché, to whom the literary part of the work — the libretto — was confided, and who certainly bestowed as much pains on the versification of his lyrical drama as if it was not destined to be a completely secondary object to the music in the public estimation. Weber himself, however, was by no means a man to disregard the tenor of the words and characters he was to associate with his music, and was greatly charmed with his English coadjutor's operatic version of Wieland's fairy epic. He was invited to come over to London and himself superintend the production of his new work.

Representations of *Der Freyschütz* were given on his arrival, and night after night the theatre was crowded to see him preside in the orchestra and conduct his own fine opera; and the enthusiasm of the London public rose to fever height. Weber took up his abode at the house of Sir George Smart, the leader of the Covent Garden orchestra, and our excellent old friend — a capital musician and very worthy man. He was appointed organist to King William IV., and for many years directed those admirable performances of classical music called the *Ancient Concerts*.

He was a man of very considerable musical knowledge, and had a peculiar talent for teaching and accompanying the vocal compositions of *Händel*. During the whole of my father's management of Covent Garden, he had the su-

pervision of the musical representations and conducted the orchestra, and he was principally instrumental in bringing out Weber's fine operas of *Der Freyschütz* and *Oberon*. Weber continued to reside in Sir George Smart's house during the whole of his stay in London, and died there soon after the production of his *Oberon*. Sir George Smart was the first person who presented Mendelssohn to me. I had been acting *Juliet* one night, and at the end of the play was raised from the stage by my kind old friend, who had been in the orchestra during the performance, with the great composer, then a young man of nineteen, on his first visit to England. He brought letters of introduction to my father, and made his first acquaintance with me in my grave clothes. Besides my esteem and regard for Sir George's more valuable qualities, I had a particular liking for some excellent snuff he always had, and used constantly to borrow his snuff-box to sniff at it like a perfume, not having attained a sufficiently mature age to venture upon "pinches;" and a snuff-taking *Juliet* being inadmissible, I used to wish myself at the elderly lady age when the indulgence might be becoming; but before I attained it snuff was no longer taken by ladies of any age, and now, I think, it is used by very few men.

In spite of his very excellent good sense, Sir George was rather pompous and conceited, and, having on several occasions gone over the music of the *Messiah* and other of *Händel's* great compositions with Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, to give her a notion of the English tradition of the way of rendering the music, used to say that he had taught her to sing.

In a letter written to me by my mother during my temporary absence from London just after the accession of King William IV., I find the following passage with reference to Sir George Smart:

"London is all alive; the new king seems idolized by the people, and he appears no less pleased with them; perhaps Sir George is amongst the happiest of his subjects. His Majesty swears that nothing shall be encouraged but *native talent*, and our friend is to get up a concert at the Duke of Sussex's, where the royal family are all to dine, at which none but English singers are to perform. Sir George dined with me on Monday, and I perceive he has already arranged in his thoughts all he proposes to *tell the queen about you* on this occasion. It is evident he flatters himself that he is to be deep in her Majesty's confidence."

Sir George Smart and his distinguished guest, Weber, were constantly at our house while the rehearsals of Oberon went forward. The first day they dined together at my father's was an event for me, especially as Sir George, on my entering the room, took me by the hand, and drawing me towards Weber assured him that I and all the young girls in England were over head and ears in love with him. With my guilty satchel round my neck, I felt ready to sink with confusion, and stammered out something about Herr von Weber's beautiful music, to which, with a comical, melancholy smile, he replied, "Ah, my music! it is always my music, but never myself!"

Baron Carl Maria von Weber was a noble-born Saxon German, whose very irregular youth could hardly, one would suppose, have left him leisure to cultivate or exercise his extraordinary musical genius; but though he spent much of his early life in wild dissipation, and died in middle age, he left to the world a mass of compositions of the greatest variety and beauty, and a name which ranks among the most eminent in his preëminently musical country. He was a little thin man, lame of one foot, and with a slight tendency to a deformed shoulder. His hollow, sallow, sickly face bore an expression of habitual suffering and ill health, and the long, hooked nose, salient cheek-bones, light, prominent eyes, and spectacles were certainly done no more than justice to in the unattract-

ive representation of my cherished portrait of him.

He had the air and manner of a well-born and well-bred man of the world, a gentle voice, and a slow utterance in English, which he spoke but indifferently and with a strong accent; he generally conversed with my father and mother in French. One of the first visits he paid to Covent Garden was in my mother's box, to hear Miss Paton and Braham (his *prima donna* and tenor) in an oratorio. He was enthusiastic in his admiration of Braham's fine performance of one of Händel's magnificent songs (*Deeper and Deeper Still*, I think), but when, in the second part of the concert, which consisted of a selection of secular music, the great singer threw the house into ecstasies, and was tumultuously encored in the pseudo-Scotch ballad of *Blue Bonnets over the Border*, he was extremely disgusted, and exclaimed two or three times, "Ah, that is *beast!*" (*Ah, cela est bête!*) to our infinite diversion. Much more aggravating proof was poor Weber destined to have of the famous tenor's love of mere popularity in his art, and strange enough, no doubt, to the great German composer was the thirst for ignorant applause which induced Braham to reject the beautiful, tender, and majestic opening air Weber had written for him in the character of Huon, and insist upon the writing of a battle-piece which might split the ears of the groundlings and the gods, and furnish him an opportunity for making some of the startling effects of lyrical declamation which never failed to carry his audience by storm.

No singer ever delivered with greater purity or nobler breadth Händel's majestic music; the masterly simplicity of his execution of all really fine compositions was worthy of his first-rate powers; but the desire of obtaining by easier and less elevated means the acclamations of his admirers seemed irresistible to him, and "Scots wha hae," with the flourish of his stick in the last verse, was a sure triumph which he never disdained. Weber expressed unbounded astonishment and contempt at this unartistic view of

things, and with great reluctance at length consented to suppress, or rather transfer to the overture, the noble and pathetic melody designed for Huon's opening song, for which he substituted the fine warlike cantata beginning, —

"Oh, 't is a glorious sight to see
The charge of the Christian chivalry!"

in which, to be sure, Braham charged with the Christians, and routed the Paynims, and mourned for the wounded, and wept for the dead, and returned in triumph to France in the joyous cabaletta, with wonderful dramatic effect, such as, no doubt, the other song would never have enabled him to produce. But the success of the song did not reconcile Weber to what he considered the vulgarity and inappropriateness of its subject, and the circumstance lowered his opinion both of the English singer and of the English public very grievously.

How well I remember all the discussions of those prolonged, repeated, anxious, careful rehearsals, and the comical despair of which Miss Paton, the heroine of the opera, was the occasion to all concerned, by the curious absence of dramatic congruity of gesture and action which she contrived to combine with the most brilliant and expressive rendering of the music. In the great shipwreck scene, which she sang magnificently, she caught up the short end of a sash tied around her waist, and twirled it about without unfastening it, by way of signaling from the top of a rock for help from a distant vessel, the words she sang being, "Quick, quick, for a signal this scarf shall be waved!" This performance of hers drew from my father the desperate exclamation, "That woman's an inspired idiot!" while Weber limped up and down the room silently wringing his hands, and Sir George Smart went off into ecstatic reminiscences of a certain performance of my mother's, when — in some musical arrangement of Blue Beard (by Kelly or Storace, I think), in the part of Sister Anne — she waved and signaled and sang from the castle wall, "I see them galloping! I see them galloping!" after a very different fashion, that drew

shouts of sympathetic applause from her hearers.

Miss Paton married Lord William Lenox, brother of the Duke of Richmond, by whom she was cruelly ill-treated and neglected, which is perhaps one reason why she left him and eloped with Mr. Wood, a young tenor singer of considerable personal attractions and promise of professional excellence. Lady William Lenox was divorced from her husband and married Mr. Wood, and pursued her career as a public singer for many years successfully after this event; nor was her name in any way again made a subject of public animadversion, though she separated herself from Mr. Wood, and at one time was said to have entertained thoughts of going into a Roman Catholic nunnery. She was a person of amiable character, but of no mental power. Her singing was very admirable, and her voice one of the finest in quality and compass that I ever heard. The effects she produced on the stage were very remarkable, considering the little intellectual power or cultivation she appeared to possess. My father's expression of "an inspired idiot," though wrung from him by the irritation of momentary annoyance, was really not inapplicable to her. She sang with wonderful power and pathos her native Scotch ballads, she delivered with great purity and grandeur the finest soprano music of *Händel*, and though she very nearly drove poor Weber mad with her apparent want of intelligence during the rehearsals of his great opera, I have seldom heard anything finer than her rendering of the difficult music of the part of *Reiza*, from beginning to end, and especially the scene of the shipwreck, with its magnificent opening recitative, "Ocean, thou mighty monster!"

Oberon was brought out, and succeeded; but in a degree so far below the sanguine expectations of all concerned that failure itself, though more surprising, would hardly have been a greater disappointment than the result achieved at such a vast expenditure of money, time, and labor. The expectations of the public could not have been realized

by any work which was to be judged by comparison with their already permanent favorite, *Der Freyschütz*. No second effort could have seemed anything but second-best, tried by the standard of that popular production; and whatever judgment musicians and connoisseurs might pronounce as to the respective merits of the two operas, the homely test of the "proof of the pudding" being "in the eating" was decidedly favorable to the master's earlier work; and my own opinion is that either his *Euryanthe* or his *Preciosa* would have been more popular with the general English public than the finer and more carefully elaborated music of *Oberon*. The story of the piece (always a main consideration in matters of art, with average English men and women) wanted interest, certainly, as compared with that of its predecessor; the chivalric loves and adventures of *Huon of Bordeaux* and the caliph's daughter were indifferent to the audience, compared with the simple but deep interest of the fortunes of the young German forester and his village bride; and the gay and brilliant fairy element of the *Oberon* was no sort of equivalent for the startling *diablerie* of *Zamiel*, and the incantation scene. The music, undoubtedly of a higher order than that of *Der Freyschütz*, was incomparably more difficult and less popular. The whole of the part of *Reiza* was trying in the extreme, even to the powers of the great singer for whom it was written, and quite sure not to be a favorite with prime *donne* from its excessive strain upon the voice, particularly in what is the weaker part of almost all soprano registers; and *Reiza's* first great aria, the first song of the fairy king, and *Huon's* last song in the third act, are all compositions of which the finest possible execution must always be without proportionate effect on any audience, from the extreme difficulty of rendering them and their comparative want of melody. By amateurs, out of Germany, the performance of any part of the music was not likely ever to be successfully attempted; and I do not think that a single piece in the opera found favor with the street

organists, though the beautiful opening chorus was made into a church hymn by discarding the exquisite aerial fairy symphonies and accompaniments; and the involuntary dance of the caliph's court and servants at the last blast of the magical horn was for a short time a favorite waltz in Germany.

Poor Weber's health, which had been wretched before he came to England, and was most unfavorably affected by the climate, sank entirely under the mortification of the comparatively small success of his great work. He had labored and fretted extremely with the rehearsals, and very soon after its production he became dangerously ill, and died — not, as people said, of a broken heart, but of disease of the lungs, already far advanced when he came to London, and doubtless accelerated by these influences. He died in Sir George Smart's house, who gave me, as a memorial of the great composer whom I had so enthusiastically admired, a lock of his hair, and the opening paragraph of his will, which was extremely touching and impressive in its wording.

The plaintive melody known as Weber's Waltz — said to have been his last composition, found after his death under his pillow — was a tribute to his memory by some younger German composer (*Reichardt* or *Ries*); but though not his own, it owed much of its popularity to his name, with which it will always be associated. *Bellini* transferred the air, verbatim, into his opera of *Beatrice di Tenda*, where it appears in her song beginning, "*Orombello, ah! Sciagurato!*" A circumstance which tended to embitter a good deal the close of Weber's life was the arrival in London of *Rossini*, to whom and to whose works the public immediately transferred its demonstrations of passionate admiration with even more than its accustomed fickleness. Disparaging comparisons and contrasts to Weber's disadvantage were drawn between the two great composers in the public prints; the enthusiastic adulation of society and the great world not unnaturally followed the brilliant, joyous, sparkling, witty Italian, who was a far

better subject for London *lionizing* than his sickly, sensitive, shrinking, and rather soured German competitor for fame and public favor. Some special slight, or at any rate something that Weber felt as such, on the part of the Duchess of Kent, whose national sympathies he had been almost sure of enlisting, both for himself and for his opera, affected him with extreme poignancy, and he seemed literally to wither away in the full glare of popularity in which his rival was basking.

The proud, morbid sensitiveness of the Northern genius was certainly in every respect the very antipodes of the healthy, robust, rejoicing, artistic nature of the Southern.

No better instance, though a small one, perhaps, could be given of the tone and temper in which Rossini was likely to encounter both adverse criticism and the adulation of amateur idolatry, than his reply to the Duchess of Canizzaro, one of his most fanatical worshippers, who asked him which he considered his best comic opera; when, with a burst of joyous laughter, he named *Il Matrimonio Secreto*, Cimarosa's enchanting *chef-d'œuvre*, from which, doubtless, Rossini, after the fashion of great genuises, had accepted more than one most felicitous suggestion, especially that of the admirable finale to the second act of the *Barbiere*. It was during this visit of his to London, while Weber lay disappointed and dying in the dingy house in Great Portland Street, that this same Duchess of Canizzaro, better known by her earlier title of Countess St. Antonio, as a prominent leader of fashionable taste in musical matters, invited all the great and gay and distinguished world of London to meet the famous Italian composer; and, seated in her drawing-room with the Duke of Wellington and Rossini on either side of her, exclaimed, "Now I am between the two greatest men in Europe." The Iron Duke not unnaturally rose and left his chair vacant; the great genius retained his, but most assuredly not without humorous appreciation of the absurdity of the whole scene, for he was almost "plus fin que tous les autres," and

certainly "bien plus fin que tous ces autres."

About this time I returned again to visit Mrs. Kemble at Heath Farm, and renew my days of delightful companionship with H—— S——. Endless were our walks and talks, and those were very happy hours in which, loitering about Cashiobury Park, I made its echoes ring with the music of Oberon, singing it from beginning to end, — overture, accompaniment, choruses, and all; during which performances my friend, who was no musician, used to keep me company in sympathetic silence, reconciled by her affectionate indulgence for my enthusiasm to this utter postponement of sense to sound. What with her peculiar costume and my bonnetless head (I always carried my bonnet in my hand when it was possible to do so) and frenzied singing, any one who met us might have been justified in supposing we had escaped from the nearest lunatic asylum.

Occasionally we varied our rambles, and one day we extended them so far that the regular luncheon hour found us at such a distance from home that I — hungry as one is at sixteen after a long tramp — peremptorily insisted upon having food; whereupon my companion took me to a small roadside ale-house, where we devoured bread and cheese and drank beer, and while thus vulgarly employed beheld my aunt's carriage drive past the window. If that worthy lady could have seen us, that bread and cheese which was giving us life would inevitably have been her death; she certainly would have had a stroke of apoplexy (what the French call *foudroyante*), for gentility and propriety were the breath of life to her, and of the highest law of both, which can defy conventions, she never dreamed.

Another favorite indecorum of mine (the bread and cheese was mere mortal infirmity, not moral turpitude) was wading in the pretty river that ran through Lord Clarendon's place, The Grove; the brown, clear, shallow, rapid water was as tempting as a highland brook, and I remember its bright, flashing stream and the fine old hawthorn-trees of the

avenue, alternate white and rose-colored, like clouds of fragrant bloom, as one of the sunniest pictures of those sweet summer days.

The charm and seduction of bright water has always been irresistible to me, a snare and a temptation I have hardly ever been able to withstand; and various are the chances of drowning it has afforded me in the wild mountain brooks of Massachusetts. I think a very attached maid of mine once saved my life, also, by the tearful expostulations with which she opposed the bewitching invitations of the topaz-colored, flashing rapids of Trenton Falls, that looked to me in some parts so shallow, as well as so bright, that I was just on the point of stepping into them, charmed by the exquisite confusion of musical voices with which they were persuading me, when suddenly a large tree-trunk of considerable weight shot down their flashing surface and was tossed over the fall below; leaving me to the natural conclusion, "Just such a log should I have been if I had gone in there." Indeed, my worthy Marie, overcome by my importunity, having selected what seemed to her a safe, and to me a very tame, bathing-place, in another and quieter part of the stream, I had every reason, from my experience of the difficulty of withstanding its powerful current there, to congratulate myself upon not having tried the experiment nearer to one of the "springs" of the lovely torrent, whose Indian name is the "Leaping Water." Certainly the nixies,—whose cousin my friends accused me of being, on account of my propensity for their element,—if they did not omit any opportunity of alluring me, allowed me to escape scathless on more than one occasion when I might have paid dearly for being so much or so little related to them.

This fascination of living waters for me was so well known among my Lenox friends of all classes, that on one occasion a Yankee Jehu of our village, driving some of them by the side of a beautiful mountain brook, said, "I guess we should hardly have got Mrs. Kemble on at all, alongside of this stream," as

if I had been a member of his *team*, made restive by the proximity of water. A pool in a rocky basin, with foaming water dashing in and out of it, was a sort of trap for me, and I have more than once availed myself of such a shower bath without any further preparation than taking my hat and shoes and stockings off. Once, on a visit to the Catskills, during a charming summer walk with my dear friend, Catherine Sedgwick, I walked into the brook we were coasting, and sat down in the water, without at all interrupting the thread of our conversation; a proceeding which, of course, obliged me to return to the hotel dripping wet, my companion laughing so immoderately at my appearance that, as I represented to her, it was quite impossible for me to make anybody believe that I had met with an accident and *fallen* into the water, which was the impression I wished (in the interest of my reputation for sanity) to convey to such spectators as we might encounter.

On another occasion, coming over the Wengern Alp from Grindelwald one sultry summer day, my knees were shaking under me with the steep and prolonged descent into Lauterbrunnen. Just at the end of the wearisome downward way an exquisite brook springs into the Lutschine, as it flies through the valley of waterfalls, and into this I walked straight, to the consternation of my guides and dear companion, a singularly dignified little American lady, of Quaker descent and decorum; who was quite at a loss to conceive how, after such an exploit, I was to present myself to the inhabitants, tourists, and others of the little street and its swarming hotels, in my drenched and dripping condition; but, as I represented to her, nothing would be easier: "I shall get on my mule and ride sprinkling along, and people will only say, 'Ah, cette pauvre dame! qui est tombée à l'eau!'"

My visit to my aunt Kemble was prolonged beyond the stay of my friend H—, and I was left alone at Heath Farm. My walks were, of course, circumscribed, and the whole complexion of my life much changed by my being

given over to lonely freedom limited only by the bounds of our pleasure grounds, and my living converse with my friend exchanged for unrestricted selection from my aunt's book-shelves; from which I made a choice of extreme variety, since Lord Byron and Jeremy Taylor were among the authors with whom I then first made acquaintance, my school introduction to the former having been followed up by no subsequent intimacy.

I read them on alternate days, sitting on the mossy-cushioned lawn, under a beautiful oak-tree, with a cabbage-leaf full of fresh-gathered strawberries and a handful of fresh-blown roses beside me, which Epicurean accompaniments to my studies appeared to me equally adapted to the wicked poet and the wise divine. Mrs. Kemble in no way interfered with me, and was quite unconscious of the subjects of my studies; she thought me generally "a very odd girl," but though I occasionally took a mischievous pleasure in perplexing her by fantastical propositions, to which her usual reply was a rather acrimonious "Don't be absurd, Fanny," she did not at all care to investigate my oddity, and left me to my own devices.

One pursuit of mine, however, she did object to, and that was an intimate acquaintance that I cultivated with her pretty cow and pony, into whose pasture I used to go daily, with bread and salt, or sugar, accustoming them to come and take these dainties from my hand, so that as soon as they saw me in the meadow they would come with much friendliness to meet me; but they having on the occasion of a visit of state from my aunt accosted her with indiscriminating demonstrations of welcome, even, I believe, to the disrespectful familiarity of nibbling her sleeve (no doubt her empty-handedness seemed to them to require something in the shape of a hint), she requested me to cut my indiscriminating friends, as the degree of fellowship to which I had encouraged them terrified her. She was accustomed only to the society of exalted human beings, and not to the intercourse of their betters,

poor woman! though she had a dry, hard, business-like, matter-of-fact, prosaic, cynical terrier, called Pincher, to whom she gave all the animal affection she had to bestow. I never observed them take the least notice of each other, but I have no doubt there was a mutual good understanding between them, a sympathy to which signs were superfluous.

Among her books I came upon Wraxall's *Memoirs of the House of Valois*, and, reading it with great avidity, determined to write a historical novel, of which the heroine should be Françoise de Foix, the beautiful Countess de Châteaubriand. At this enterprise I now set eagerly to work, the abundant production of doggerel suffering no diminution from this newer and rather soberer literary undertaking, to which I added a brisk correspondence with my absent friend, and a task she had set me (perhaps with some vague desire of giving me a little solid intellectual occupation) of copying for her sundry portions of Harris's *Hermes*, a most difficult and abstruse grammatical work, much of which was in Latin, not a little in Greek. All these I faithfully copied, Chinese fashion, understanding the English little better than the two dead languages which I transcribed — the Greek without much difficulty, owing to my school-day proficiency in the alphabet of that tongue. These literary exercises, walks within bounds, drives with my aunt, and the occasional solemnity of a dinner at Lord Essex's were the events of my life till my aunt, Mrs. Whitelock, came down to Heath Farm and brought an element of change into the procession of our days. I think these two widowed ladies had entertained some notion that they might put their loneliness together and make society; but the experiment did not succeed, and was soon judiciously abandoned, for certainly two more hopelessly dissimilar characters never made the difficult experiment of a life in common.

Mrs. Kemble, before she went to Switzerland, had lived in the best London society, with which she kept up her intercourse by zealous correspondence;

the names of lords and ladies were familiar in her mouth as household words, and she had undoubtedly an undue respect for respectability and reverence for titled folk; yet she was not at all superficially a vulgar woman. She was quick, keen, clever, and shrewd, with the air, manner, dress, and address of a finished woman of the world. Mrs. Whitelock was simple-hearted and single-minded, had never lived in any English society whatever, and retorted but feebly the fashionable gossip of the day which reached Mrs. Kemble through the London post, with her transatlantic reminiscences of Prince Talleyrand and General Washington. She was grotesque in her manner and appearance, and a severe thorn in the side of her conventionally irreproachable companion, who has been known, on the approach of some coroneted carriage, to observe pointedly, "Mrs. Whitelock, there is an *ekkipage*." "I see it, ma'am," replied the undaunted Mrs. Whitelock, screwing up her mouth and twirling her thumbs in a peculiarly emphatic way, to which she was addicted in moments of crisis. Mrs. Kemble, who was as quick as Pincher in her movements, rang the bell and snapped out, "Not at home!" denying herself her stimulating dose of high-life gossip and her companion what she would have called a little "genteel sociability," rather than bring face to face her fine friends and Mrs. Whitelock's flounced white muslin apron and towering Pamela cap, for she still wore such things. I have said that Mrs. Kemble was not (superficially) a vulgar woman, but it would have taken the soul of gentility to have presented, without quailing, her amazingly odd companion to her particular set of visitors. A humorist would have found his account in the absurdity of the scene all round; and Jane Austen would have made a delicious chapter of it; but Mrs. Kemble had not the requisite humor to perceive the fun of her companion, her acquaintances, and herself in juxtaposition. I have mentioned her mode of pronouncing the word *equipage*, which, together with several similar peculiarities

that struck me as very odd, were borrowed from the usage of London good society in the days when she frequented it. My friend, Lord Lansdowne, never called London anything but *Lunnon*, and always said *obleege* for oblige, like the Miss Berrys and Mrs. Fitzhugh and other of their contemporaries, who also said *ekkipage*, *pettikits*, *divle*. Since their time the pronunciation of English in good society, whose usage is the only acknowledged law in that matter, and the grammatical construction of the language habitual in that same good society, has become such as would have challenged the severest criticism, if we had ventured upon it in my father's house. The unsuccessful partnership of my aunts was dissolved. Mrs. Kemble found the country intolerably dull, declared that the grass and trees made her sick, and fixed her abode in Leamington, then a small, unpretending, pretty country town, which (principally on account of the ability, reputation, and influence of its celebrated and popular resident physician, Dr. Jephson) was a sort of aristocratic-invalid Kur Residenz, and has since expanded into a thriving, populous, showy, semi-fashionable, Anglo-American watering-place in summer, and hunting-place in winter. Mrs. Kemble found the Leamington of her day a satisfactory abode; the *Æsculapius*, whose especial shrine it was, became her intimate friend; the society was comparatively restricted and select; and the neighborhood, with Warwick Castle, Stoneleigh Abbey, and Guy's Cliff, full of state and ancentry, within a morning's drive, was (which she cared less for) lovely in every direction. Mrs. Whitelock betook herself to a really rural life in a cottage in the beautiful neighborhood of Addlestone, in Surrey, where she lived in much simple content, bequeathing her small mansion and estate, at her death, to my mother, who passed there the last two years of her life and died there. I never returned to Heath Farm again; sometimes, as I steam by Watford, the image of the time I spent there rises again before me, but I pass from it at forty miles an hour,

and it passed from me upwards of forty years ago.

We were now occupying the last of the various houses which for a series of years we inhabited at Bayswater; it belonged to a French Jew diamond seller, and was arranged and fitted up with the peculiar tastefulness which seems innate across the Channel and inimitable even on the English side of it. There was one peculiarity in the drawing-room of this house which I have always particularly liked: a low chimney with a window over it, the shutter to which was a sliding panel of looking-glass, so that both by day and candle light the effect was equally pretty.

In a corner house of Eaton Place, where my sister lived at one time, there was a similar arrangement, which in London has the peculiar advantage of securing all the daylight for one's chimney-corner work or reading, a great boon in the cold, dark days of which London counts so many.

At this time I was promoted to the dignity of a bedroom "to myself," which I was able to make into a small study, the privacy of which I enjoyed immensely, as well as the window opening above our suburban bit of garden, and the sloping meadows beyond it. The following letters, written at this time to my friend, Miss S—, describe the interests and occupations of my life. It was in the May of 1827. I was between sixteen and seventeen, which will naturally account for the characteristics of these epistles.

BAYSWATER, *May*, 1827.

DEAR H—: I fear you will think me forgetful and unkind in not having answered your last letter, but if you do, you are mistaken, nor ungrateful, which my silence after the kind interest you have taken in me and mine seems to be. But when I tell you that besides the many things that have occupied my mind connected with the present situation of our affairs, my hands have been full of work nearly as dismal as my thoughts, — mourning, — you will easily understand and excuse the delay.

Do not be alarmed; the person for whom we are in black has been so little known to me since my childhood, was so old and infirm and yet so entirely cheerful, resigned, and even desirous of leaving this world, that few, even of those who knew and loved him better than I did, could, without selfishness, lament his release. Mr. Twiss, the father of my cousin Horace, is dead lately; and it is of him that I speak. He has unfortunately left three daughters, who, though doing well for themselves in the world, will now feel a sad void in the circle of their home affections and interests.

And now, dear H—, for myself, or ourselves, rather; for as you may well suppose, my whole thoughts are taken up with our circumstances.

I believe in my last I told you pretty nearly all I knew, or indeed any of us knew, of our affairs; the matter is now much clearer and not a whit pleasanter.

It seems that my father, as proprietor of Covent Garden theatre, in consequence of this lawsuit and the debts which encumber the concern, is liable at any time to be called upon for twenty-seven thousand pounds; which, for a man who cannot raise five thousand, is not a pleasant predicament. On the other hand, Mr. Harris, our adversary, and joint proprietor with my father, is also liable to enormous demands, if the debts should be insisted upon at present.

The creditors have declared that they are entirely satisfied that my father, and Messrs. Forbes and Willett, the other partners, have done everything with respect to them which honorable men could do, and offer to wait till some compromise can be made with Mr. Harris, who, it is thought, will be willing to enter into any arrangement rather than be irretrievably ruined, as we all must be unless some agreement takes place between the proprietors. In the mean time the lawyers have advised our party to appeal from the decision of the Vice Chancellor. Amid all this perplexity and trouble we have had the satisfaction of hearing that John and

Henry are both doing well; we received a letter from the latter a short time ago full of affection and kindness to us all. I wish you could have seen my father's countenance as he read it, and with what fondness and almost gratitude he kissed dear Henry's name, while the tears were standing in his eyes. I cannot help thinking sometimes that my father deserved a less hard and toilsome existence.

He has resolved that come what may, he will keep those boys at their respective schools if he can by any means compass it; and if (which I fear is the case) he finds Bury St. Edmunds too expensive, we shall remove to Westminster, in order that Henry's education may not suffer from our circumstances. Last Thursday was my father's benefit, and a very indifferent one, which I think is rather hard, considering that he really slaves night and day, and every night and every day, in that theatre. Cecilia Siddons and I have opened a poetical correspondence; she writes very prettily indeed. Perhaps, had she not had such a bad subject as myself to treat of, I might have said more of her verses. You will be sorry to hear that not only my poor mother's health, but what is almost as precious, her good spirits, have been dreadfully affected by all her anxiety; indeed, her nerves have been so utterly deranged that she has been alternately deaf and blind, and sometimes both, for the last fortnight. Thank Heaven she is now recovering!

CRAVEN HILL, BAYSWATER, }
May, 1827. }

MY DEAREST H—: I received your letter the day before yesterday, and felt very much obliged to you for it, and was particularly interested by your description of Kenilworth, round which Walter Scott's admirable novel has cast a halo of romance forever; for many, who would have cared little about it as the residence of Leicester, honored for some days by the presence of Elizabeth, will remember with a thrill of interest and pity the night poor Amy Robsart passed there, and the scene between her, Leices-

ter, and the queen, when that prince of villains, Varney, claims her as his wife. But in spite of the romantic and historical associations belonging to the place, I do not think it would have "inspired my muse;" and that puts me in mind of your request about Cecilia's verses; they are rather long, but so pretty that, should they take up the whole letter, I dare say they will prove a capital substitute for any nonsense I might write to you. The history of our correspondence is this: the two Siddons girls, Harriet and Sally, I don't know whether you know them [they were daughters of my cousin George Siddons, eldest son of my aunt Siddons, and married, the one her and my cousin Harry Siddons, and the other Mr. Young, son of one of the East India directors], asked me for some of my lines, which I gave them, and which Cecilia saw and liked so much as to say she should put them in her album; they were very indifferent doggerel, and I promised her to send her something better, and, if possible, to write something for her, at the same time asking her to do me the same favor if she could, and if she could not, to copy for me some things of hers which I had read in her album.

She sent me the latter, but professed her inability to write anything for me. The lines she sent were in no way remarkable; I kept my promise, and sent her an extract from a long piece of verse I had been writing, and at length contrived to indite the following very wretched lines on her seal, which was "Il faut me chercher." I send them, because her answer refers to them:—

"Ah, lady! such can never be
Device or motto fit for thee;
Thou canst not hide the dazzling light
That flashes from those lustrous eyes,
Nor the soft smile that, sweet and bright,
Cradled upon thy ripe lip lies.
Though half in mercy, modesty
Has thrown her chaste veil over thee,
Lest those should pay too dear, who dare
To worship at a shrine so fair."

This trash was very unworthy the answer it received, which I think has both elegance and sentiment:—

"Flatterer! for I'll not suspect
A worse intention in your lays,

When next you rhyme, do pray select
 A *greener* subject for such praise.
 My shrine is tumbling into ruins;
 My worshipers are old and gray,
 Far too rheumatic for such doings
 As kneeling on the cold, damp clay.
 And for my modesty — I fear
 That virtue will not much import me;
 For where, alas! no gazers are,
 What matters how I may comport me?
 My motto's bad; for though I thought
 My friends, perhaps, might need reminding
 That to be found I must be sought,
 I knew I was not worth the finding."

Is not that prettily and neatly turned?
 I wrote her a note to thank her, but no
 more rhymes, for she had beaten me
 quite out of the field.

Of our affairs I know nothing, except
 that we are going to remove to West-
 minster, on account of Henry's school-
 ing, as soon as we can part with this
 house.

You will be glad to hear that my
 mother is a great deal better, though
 still suffering from nervousness. She
 desires to be most kindly remembered to
 you and to my aunt Kemble, and would
 feel very much obliged to you if you
 can get from Mrs. Kemble the name and
 address of the man who built her pony
 carriage. Do this, and send it in the
 next letter you write to me, which must
 be long, but not "long a-coming."

And now, pray what makes you say
 that you do not write because your let-
 ters are dull? Supposing they were,
 are they not sure to be amusing enough?
 Or is it a little piece of coquetry to make
 me exclaim, "How can you!" "You
 know very well!" etc., etc., etc., etc.;
 but I shall do no such thing; and I will
 only add that were it but for the nice
 little conclusion, "believe me to be your
 sincere friend," your letters would be
 always, and always are, most welcome.
 And what do you find to do in Leam-
 ington? How do you like it? How does
 my aunt Kemble pass her time? How
 is her health, and how is her amiable
 dog? All these questions you must an-
 swer *subito*.

I am glad you like Miss Wilson, but
 take care not to like her better than me;
 and I am very glad you think of Heath
 Farm sometimes, for there, I know, I
 must be in some corner or other of the

picture, be the foreground what it may.
 At this time, when the hawthorn is all
 out and the nightingales are singing,
 even here, I think of the quantities of
 May we gathered for my wreaths, and
 the little scrap of the nightingale's song
 we used to catch on the lawn between
 tea and bedtime. I have been writing a
 great deal of poetry — at least I mean it
 for such, and I hope it is not all very
 bad, as my father has expressed himself
 surprised and pleased at some things I
 read him lately. I wish I could send
 you some of my perpetrations, but they
 are for the most part so fearfully long
 that it is impossible. You ask about
 my uncle's monument; I can tell you
 nothing of it at present; it is where the
 memory of the public, the perseverance
 of the projectors, Flaxman's genius, and
 John Kemble's fame are. Do you know
 where that is? No more do I.

CRAVEN HILL, BAYSWATER, }
 June 8, 1827. }

MY DEAR H——: I am sure you will
 rejoice with us all when I inform you
 that John has at length exerted himself
 successfully, and has obtained one of
 the highest literary honors conferred by
 Cambridge on its students; these are his
 tutor's very words, therefore I leave you
 to imagine how delighted and grateful
 we all are; indeed, the day we received
 the intelligence, we all, with my father
 at our head, looked more like hopeful
 candidates for Bedlam than anything
 else. My poor father jumped, and
 clapped his hands, and kissed the let-
 ter, like a child; as my mother says,
 "I am glad he has one gleam of sun-
 shine, at least;" he sadly wanted it, and
 I know nothing that could have given
 him so much pleasure. Pray tell my
 aunt Kemble of it. I dare say she will
 be glad to hear it. [My brother's tutor
 was Mr. Peacock, the celebrated mathe-
 matician, well known at Cambridge as
 one of the most eminent members of the
 university, and a private tutor of whom
 all his pupils were deservedly proud;
 even those who, like my brother John,
 cultivated the classical studies in prefer-
 ence to the severe scientific subjects of

which Mr. Peacock was so illustrious a master. His praise of my brother was regretful though most ungrudging, for his own sympathy was entirely with the intellectual pursuits for which Cambridge was peculiarly famous, as the mathematical university, in contradistinction to the classical tendency supposed to prevail at this time among the teachers and students of Oxford.]

And now let me thank you for your last long letter, and the detailed criticism it contained of my lines; if they oftener passed through such a wholesome ordeal, I should probably scribble less than I do. You ask after my novel of *Françoise de Foix*, and my translation of *Sismondi's History*; the former may, perhaps, be finished sometime these next six years; the latter is, and has been, in Dr. Malkin's hands ever since I left Heath Farm. What you say of scriptural subjects I do not always think true; for instance, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept," does not appear to me to have lost much beauty by Byron's poetical paraphrase. We are really going to leave this pleasant place, and take up our abode in Westminster; how I shall regret my dear little room, full of flowers and books, and with its cheerful view. Enfin il n'y faut plus penser. I have, luckily, the faculty of easily accommodating myself to circumstances, and though sorry to leave my little hermitage, I shall soon take root in the next place. With all my dislike to moving, my great wish is to travel; but perhaps that is not an absolute inconsistency, for what I wish is never to remain long enough in a place to take root, or, having done so, never to be transplanted. I am writing a journal, and its pages, like our many pleasant hours of conversation, are a whimsical medley of the sad, the sober, the gay, the good, the bad, and the ridiculous; not at all the sort of serious, solemn journal you would write.

CRAVEN HILL, BAYSWATER, }
—, 1827. }

MY DEAREST H—: I am afraid you are wondering once more whether I have

the gout in my hands; but so many circumstances have latterly arisen to occupy my time and attention that I have had but little leisure for letter-writing. You are now once more comfortably re-established in your little turret chamber [Miss S—'s room in her home, *Ardgillan Castle*], which I intend to come and storm some day, looking over your pleasant lawn to the beautiful sea and hills. I ought to envy you, and yet, when I look round my own little snuggerly, which is filled with roses and the books I love, and where not a ray of sun penetrates, though it is high noon and burning hot, I only envy you your own company, which I think would be a most agreeable addition to the pleasantness of my little room. I am sadly afraid, however, that I shall soon be called upon to leave it, for though our plans are still so unsettled as to make it quite impossible to say what will be our destination, it is, I think, almost certain that we shall leave this place. We have had Mrs. Henry Siddons, with her youngest daughter, staying with us for a short time; she is now going on through Paris to Switzerland, on account of my cousin's delicate health, which renders Scotland an unsafe residence for her. John is also at home just now, which, as you may easily believe, is an invaluable gain to me; I rather think, however, that my mother is not of that opinion, for he talks and thinks of nothing but politics, and she has a great dread of my becoming imbued with his mania; a needless fear, I think, however, for though I am willing and glad to listen to his opinions and the arguments of his favorite authors, I am never likely to study them myself, and my interest in the whole subject will cease with his departure for Cambridge.

Henry returned from Bury St. Edmunds, and my father left us for Lancaster, last night, and we are now in daily expectation of departing for Weybridge, so that the last fortnight has been one continual bustle.

I have had another reason for not writing to you, which I have only just made up my mind to tell you. Dick O— has been taking my likeness, or rather

has begun to do so. I thought, dear H—, that you would like to have this sketch, and I was in hopes that the first letter you received in Ireland from me would contain it; but, alas! Dick is as inconstant and capricious as a genius need be, and there lies my fac-simile in a state of non-conclusion; they all tell me it is very like, but it does appear to me so pretty that I am divided between satisfaction and incredulity. If he does not finish it very soon I will send it as it is; it is a flattered likeness, I am sure, but if it is a likeness, that is rather in its favor than otherwise. My father, I lament to say, left us last night in very bad spirits. I never saw him so depressed, and feared that my poor mother would suffer to-day from her anxiety about him; however, she is happily pretty well to-day, and I trust will soon, what with Weybridge and pike-fishing, recover her health and spirits entirely.

I suspect this will be the last summer we shall spend at Weybridge, as we are going to give our cottage up, I believe. I shall regret it extremely for my mother; it is agreeable to and very good for her; I do not care much about it for myself; indeed, I care very little where I go; I do not like leaving any place, but the tie of habit, which is quickly formed and strong in me, once broken, I can easily accommodate myself to the next change, which, however, I always pray may be the last. My mother and myself had yesterday a serious, and to me painful conversation on the necessity of not only not hating society, but tolerating and mixing in it. She and my father have always been disinclined to it, but their disinclination has descended to me in the shape of active dislike, and I feel sometimes inclined to hide myself, to escape sitting down and communing with my fellow-creatures after the fashion that calls itself social intercourse. I can't help fancying (which, however, may be a great mistake) that the hours spent in my own room reading and writing are better employed than if devoted to people and things in which I feel no interest whatever, and do not know how to pretend the contrary.

I must do justice to my mother, however, for any one more reasonable, amiable, and kind, in this as in most respects, cannot exist than herself; but nevertheless, when I went to bed last night I sat by my open window, looking at the moon and thinking of my social duties, and then scribbled endless doggerel in a highly Byronic mood to deliver my mind upon the subject, after which, feeling amazingly better, I went to bed and slept profoundly, satisfied that I had given "society" a death-blow. But really, jesting apart, the companionship of my own family, those I live with, I mean, satisfies me entirely, and I have not the least desire for any other.

Good-by, my dearest H—; do not punish me for not writing sooner by not answering this for two months; but be a nice woman and write very soon to yours ever,
FANNY.

P. S. I am reading the memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, la grande mademoiselle, written by herself; if you never read them, do; they are very interesting and amusing.

The "Dick" mentioned in this letter was the nephew of my godmother, Miss A— W—, of Stafford, and son of Colonel O—, a Staffordshire gentleman of moderate means, who went to Germany and settled at Darmstadt for the sake of giving a complete education in foreign languages and accomplishments to his daughters. His eldest son was in the church. They resided at the little German court till the young girls became young women, remarkable for their talents and accomplishments. In the course of their long residence at Darmstadt they had become intimate with the reigning duke and his family, whose small royalty admitted of such friendly familiarity with well-born and well-bred foreigners. But when Colonel O— brought his wife and daughters back to England, like most other English people who try a similar experiment, the change from being decided *somebodies* in the court circle of a German principality (whose sovereign was

chiefly occupied, it is true, with the government of his opera house) to being decided *nobodies* in the huge mass of obscure, middle-class English gentility, was all but intolerable to them.

The ponderous solemnity and expensive ostentation and conventional dullness of the English society in which they naturally found their level contrasted most painfully with the inexpensive simplicity of the highest society of the place which had been so long their residence; where life was comparatively easy and cheerful, and without constraint; where the public recreations, enjoyed alike by people of all ranks, were excellent and inexpensive; and where the etiquettes and ceremonies of the miniature court were less pompous and pretentious than those of their own social sphere in England, which seemed to them insufferably tiresome, tedious, and dull.

The peculiar gift of their second son, my eccentric friend Richard, was a genius for painting, which might have won him an honored place among English artists, had he ever chosen to join their ranks as a competitor for fame and fortune. He had the most wonderful faculty of memory with regard to pictures, and painted for his own delight, from *recollection*, replicas of some of Sir Joshua's and Gainsborough's most beautiful works, which had all the accurate exactness and all the spirit and grace of the finest copies.

CRAVEN HILL, BAYSWATER, }
August 8, 1827. }

DEAR H—: I received your letter yesterday morning, exactly three days after I had dispatched mine to Ard-gillan, to know if your long silence had proceeded from any illness or other unpleasant circumstance in the family; however, the epistle I received yesterday set my mind at rest, and I can only say that, far from accusing you of neglect or lessened interest, I know so well by experience how many things may prevent one's writing in spite of the strongest wish to do so, that I only feel sorry when anything occurs to check the regularity of our correspondence.

Dick O— m'a abandonné. I shall certainly not reiterate my request that he will finish my portrait, though my mother will not let me send it in its present unfinished state. He is as fickle as April weather, and now wants to paint me on ivory, a miniature, tiresome boy! and that will be dreadfully tedious. I fell so in love with the subject of my novel, *Françoise de Foix*, that I am writing a historical play on it; I have already finished two acts of it, and my father says that if I finish it as I have begun it, it may be brought out at *Covent Garden*! I think it is tolerably good, so far, and I shall certainly go on with it.

Good-by, dearest H—; when shall we two meet again? Will it be in our next home in Westminster or on the shores of green Erin? in society or in solitude? will it ever be? and do you care if it never be? Yours ever,

FANNY.

EASTLANDS COTTAGE, WEYBRIDGE, }
—, 1827. }

MY DEAR H—: I wrote to you immediately upon our arriving here, which is now nearly a month ago, but having received no answer and not having heard from you for some time, I conjecture that our charming post-office has done as it did last year, and kept my letters to itself. I therefore take the opportunity, which my brother's departure for town to-morrow gives me, of writing to you and having my letter posted in London. John's going to town is an extreme loss to me, for here we are more thrown together and companionable than we can be in London. His intellectual occupations and interests engross him very much, and though always very interesting to me, are seldom discussed with or communicated to me as freely there as they are here, I suppose for want of better fellowship. I have latterly, also, summoned up courage enough to request him to walk with me; and to my some surprise and great satisfaction, instead of the "I can't, I am really so busy," he has acquiesced, and we have had one or two very pleasant long strolls together. He is certainly a very uncon-

mon person, and I admire, perhaps too enthusiastically, his great abilities.

My father is in Paris, where he was to arrive yesterday, and where to-morrow he will act in the first regularly and decently organized English theatre that the French ever saw. He is very nervous, and we, as you may easily conceive, very anxious about it; when next I write to you I will let you know all that we hear of the result. I must repeat some part of my last letter, in case you did not receive it. We have taken a house in James Street, Buckingham Gate, Westminster, which appears to be in every way a desirable and convenient abode; in itself it is comfortable and cheerful, and its nearness to Henry's school and comparative nearness to the theatre, together with its view over the park, and (though last, not least) its moderate rent, make up a mass of combined advantages which few other situations that we could afford can present.

I am extremely busy, dearest H—, and extremely elated about my play; I know I mentioned it before to you, but you may have reckoned it as one of the soap-bubbles which I am so fond of blowing, admiring, and forgetting; however, when I tell you that I have finished three acts of it, and that the proprietors of Covent Garden have offered me, if it succeeds, two hundred pounds (the price Miss Mitford's *Foscari* brought her), you will agree that I have some reason to be proud as well as pleased.

As nobody but myself can give you any opinion of it, you must be content to take my own, making all allowances for etc., etc., etc. I think, irrespective

of age or sex, it is not a bad play; perhaps, considering both, a tolerably fair one; there is some good writing in it, and good situations; the latter I owe to suggestions of my mother's, who is endowed with what seems to me really a science by itself, *i. e.*, the knowledge of producing dramatic effect; more important to a playwright than even true delineation of character or beautiful poetry, in spite of what Alfieri says: "Un attore che dirà bene, della cose belle si farà ascoltare per forza." But the *ben dire* cose belle will not make a play without striking situations and effects succeed, for all that; at any rate with an English audience of the present day. Moreover (but this, as well as everything about my play, must be *entre nous* for the present), my father has offered me either to let me sell my play to a bookseller or to buy it for the theatre at fifty pounds.

Fifty pounds is the very utmost that any bookseller would give for a successful play, *mais en revanche*, by selling my play to the theatre it cannot be read or known as a literary work, and as to make a name for myself as a writer is the aim of my ambition, I think I shall decline his offer. My dearest H—, this quantity about myself and my pursuits will, I am afraid, appear very egotistical to you, but I rely on your unchangeable affection for me to find some interest in what is interesting me so much.

I am obliged to write extremely fast, for it is late at night, and my brother having only this morning announced his intention of going to-morrow, I am pressed for time. Always your most affectionate

FANNY.

Frances Anne Kemble.

SONNETS.

I. AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

TO EDWIN BOOTH.

THUS spake his dust (so seemed it as I read
 The words): *Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear*
 (Poor ghost!) *To dig the dust enclosed heare, —*
 Then came the malediction on the head
 Of whoso dare disturb the sacred dead.
 Outside the mavis whistled strong and clear,
 And, touched with the sweet glamour of the year,
 The winding Avon murmured in its bed.
 But in the little Stratford church the air
 Was chill and dank, and on the foot-worn tomb
 The evening shadows deepened momentarily:
 Then a great awe crept on me, standing there,
 As if some speechless Presence in the gloom
 Was hovering, and fain would speak with me.

II. THREE FLOWERS.

TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

HEREWITH I send you three pressed withered flowers:
 This one was white, with golden star; this blue
 As Capri's cave; that, purple and shot through
 With sunset-orange. Where the Duomo towers
 In crystal air, and under pendent bowers
 The Arno glides, this faded Violet grew
 On Landor's grave; from Landor's heart it drew
 Its magic azure in the long spring hours.
 Within the shadow of the Pyramid
 Of Caius Cestius was the Daisy found,
 White as the soul of Keats in Paradise.
 The Pansy, — there were hundreds of them, hid
 In the thick grass that folded Shelley's mound,
 Guarding his ashes with most lovely eyes.

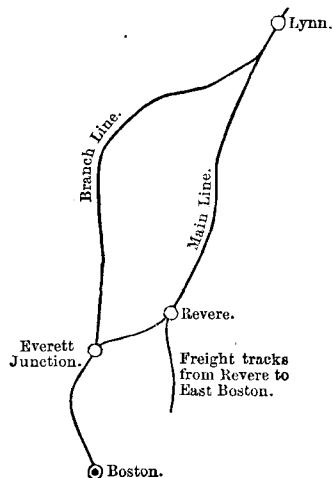
Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE REVERE CATASTROPHE.

THE history of railroad development in New England now covers a period of more than forty years. During all that time there have been but two accidents within the limits of the six States which have left a deep and lasting impression on the public mind; two only which have become, as it were, names as familiar as household words. The first of these happened at the Norwalk bridge, in Connecticut, on the 8th of May, 1853; the second, in front of the railroad station at Revere, in Massachusetts, on the 26th of August, 1871. The Norwalk disaster was described in *The Atlantic* for December, and the present paper will relate almost exclusively to that at Revere. This was, properly speaking, not an accident at all; it was essentially a catastrophe, the legitimate and almost inevitable final calamity of an antiquated and insufficient system. As such it should long remain a subject for prayerful meditation to all those who may at any time be entrusted with the immediate operating of railroads. It was terribly dramatic, but it was also frightfully instructive; and while the lesson was by no means lost, it yet admits of further and advantageous study. For, like most other men whose lives are devoted to a special calling, the managers of railroads are apt to be very much wedded to their own methods, and when any new emergency necessitates a new appliance, they not infrequently, as Captain Tyler well puts it in one of his reports, "display more ingenuity in finding objections than in overcoming them." As the statistics of the subsequent years show clearly enough, the Revere disaster was fruitful of new safeguards to travel in New England; and yet at the same time, in spite of that experience, there are to-day roads in Massachusetts, even, the managers of which cling with an almost touching faith to the simple rules and antiquated appliances of twenty years ago. Their

minds, like those of their English brethren, display a truly marvelous fertility in puerile objections.

The Eastern Railroad of Massachusetts connects Boston with Portland, in the State of Maine, by a line which is located close along the sea-shore. Between Boston and Lynn, a distance of eleven miles, the main road is in large part built across the salt marshes, but there is a branch which leaves it at Everett, a small station some miles out of Boston, and thence, running deviously through a succession of towns on the higher ground, connects with the main track again at Lynn; thus making what is known in England as a loop-road. At



the time of the Revere accident this branch was equipped with but a single track, and was operated simply by schedule, without any reliance on the telegraph; and indeed there were not even telegraphic offices at a number of its stations. Revere, the name of the station in front of which the accident took place, was on the main line about five miles from Boston and two miles from Everett, where the Saugus branch, as the loop-road was called, began. The accompanying diagram shows the relative posi-

tion of the several points and of the main and branch lines, a thorough appreciation of which is essential to a correct understanding of the disaster.

The travel over the Eastern Railroad is of a somewhat exceptional nature, varying in a more than ordinary degree with the different seasons of the year. During the winter months the corporation had, in 1871, to provide for a regular passenger movement of about seventy-five thousand a week, but in the summer what is known as the excursion and pleasure travel not infrequently increased the number to one hundred and ten thousand, and even more. As a natural consequence, during certain weeks of each summer, and more especially towards the close of August, it was no unusual thing for the corporation to find itself taxed beyond its utmost resources. It is emergencies of this description, which periodically occur on every railroad, which always subject to the final test the organization and discipline of companies and the capacity of superintendents. A railroad in quiet times is like a ship in steady weather; almost anybody can manage the one or sail the other; it is the sudden stress which reveals the undeveloped strength or the hidden weakness; and the truly instructive feature in the Revere accident lay in the amount of hidden weakness everywhere which was brought to light under that sudden stress. During the week ending with that Saturday evening upon which the disaster occurred, the rolling stock of the road had been heavily taxed, not only to accommodate the usual tide of summer travel, then at its full flood, but also those attending a military muster and two large camp-meetings upon its line. The number of passengers going over it had accordingly risen from about one hundred and ten thousand, the full summer average, to over one hundred and forty thousand; while instead of the one hundred and fifty-two trains a day provided for in the running schedule, there were no less than one hundred and ninety-two. It had never been the custom with those managing the road to place any reliance upon the telegraph in

directing the train movement, and no use whatever appears to have been made of it towards straightening out the numerous hitches inevitable from so sudden an increase in that movement. If an engine broke down, or a train got off the track, there had accordingly throughout that week been nothing done, except patient and general waiting, until it was gotten in motion again; each conductor or station-master had to look out for himself, under the running regulations of the road, and need expect no assistance from headquarters. This, too, in spite of the fact that, including the Saugus branch, no less than ninety-three of the entire one hundred and fifteen miles of road operated by the company were supplied only with a single track. The whole train movement, both of the main line and of the branches, intricate in the extreme as it was, thus depended solely on a schedule arrangement and the watchful intelligence of individual employés. Not unnaturally, therefore, as the week drew to a close the confusion became so great that the trains reached and left the Boston station with an almost total disregard of the schedule; while towards the evening of Saturday the employés of the road directed their efforts almost exclusively to dispatching trains as fast as cars could be procured, thus trying to keep the station as clear as possible of the throng of impatient travelers which continually blocked it up.

According to the regular schedule four trains should have left the Boston station in succession during the hour and a half between 6.30 and eight o'clock P. M.: a Saugus branch train for Lynn at 6.30; a second Saugus branch train at seven; an accommodation train, which ran eighteen miles over the main line, at 7.15; and finally the express train through to Portland, also over the main line, at eight o'clock. The collision at Revere was between these last two trains, the express overtaking and running into the rear of the accommodation train; but it was indirectly caused by the delays and irregularity in movement of the two branch trains. It will be noticed that, according to the schedule, both of the

branch trains should have preceded the accommodation train; in the prevailing confusion, however, the first of the two branch trains did not leave the station until about seven o'clock, thirty minutes behind its time, and it was followed forty minutes later, not by the second branch train, but by the accommodation train, which in its turn was twenty-five minutes late. Thirteen minutes afterwards the second Saugus branch train, which should have preceded, followed it, being nearly an hour out of time. Then at last came the Portland express, which got away practically on time, at a few minutes after eight o'clock. All of these four trains went out over the same track as far as the junction at Everett, but at that point the first and third of the four were to go off on the branch, while the second and fourth kept on over the main line. Between these last two trains the running schedule of the road allowed an ample time-interval of forty-five minutes, which, however, on this occasion was reduced, through the delay in starting, to some fifteen or twenty minutes. No causes of further delay, therefore, arising, the simple case was presented of a slow accommodation train being sent out to run eighteen miles in advance of a fast express train, with an interval of twenty minutes between them.

Unfortunately, however, the accommodation train was speedily subjected to another and very serious delay. It has been mentioned that the Saugus branch was a single track road, and the rules of the company were explicit that no outward train was to pass on to the branch at Everett until any inward train then due there should have arrived and passed off it. There was no siding at the junction, upon which an outward branch train could be temporarily placed to wait for the inward train, thus leaving the main track clear; and accordingly, under a strict construction of the rules, any outward branch train while awaiting the arrival at Everett of an inward branch train was to be kept standing on the main track, completely blocking it. The outward branch trains, it subsequently appeared, were often

delayed at the junction, but no practical difficulty had arisen from this cause, as the employé in charge of the signals and switches there, exercising his common sense, had been in the custom of moving any delayed train temporarily out of the way on to the branch or the other main track, under protection of a flag, and thus relieving the block. On the day of the accident this employé happened to be sick, and absent from his post. His substitute either had no common sense or did not feel called upon to use it, if its use involved any increase of responsibility. Accordingly, when a block took place, the simple letter of the rule was followed; and it is almost needless to add that a block did take place on the afternoon of August 26th.

The first of the branch trains, it will be remembered, had left Boston at about seven o'clock, instead of at 6.30, its schedule time. On arriving at Everett this train should have met and passed an inward branch train, which was timed to leave Lynn at six o'clock, but which, owing to some accident to its locomotive, and partaking of the general confusion of the day, on this particular afternoon did not leave the Lynn station until 7.30 o'clock, or one hour and a half after its schedule time, and one half-hour after the other train had left Boston. Accordingly, when the Boston train reached the junction its conductor found himself confronted by the rule forbidding him to enter upon the branch until the Lynn train then due should have passed off it, and so he quietly waited on the outward track of the main line, blocking it completely to traffic. He had not waited long before a special locomotive, on its way from Boston to Salem, came up and stopped behind him; followed presently by the accommodation train, and then by the next branch train, and finally by the Portland express. At such a time, and at that period of railroad development, there was something ludicrous about the spectacle. Here was a road utterly unable to accommodate its passengers with cars, while a succession of trains were standing idle for

hours, because a locomotive had broken down ten miles off. The telegraph was there, but the company was not in the custom of putting any reliance upon it. A simple message to the branch trains to meet and pass at any point other than that fixed in the schedule would have solved the whole difficulty; but no! there were the rules, and all the rolling stock of the road might gather at Everett in solemn procession, but until the locomotive at Lynn could be repaired, the law of the Medes and Persians was plain; and in this case it read that the telegraph was a new-fangled and unreliable auxiliary. And so the lengthening procession stood there long enough for the train which caused it to have gone to its destination and come back again to take its place in the block, dragging the disabled locomotive from Lynn behind it.

At last, at about ten minutes after eight o'clock, the long-expected Lynn train made its appearance, and the first of the branch trains from Boston immediately went off the main line. The road was now clear for the accommodation train, which had been standing some twelve or fifteen minutes in the block, but which from the moment of starting again was running on the schedule time of the Portland express. This its conductor did not know. Every minute was vital, and yet he never thought to look at his watch. He had a vague impression that he had been delayed some six or eight minutes, when in reality he had been delayed fifteen; and, though he was running wholly out of his schedule time, he took not a single precaution, so persuaded was he that every one knew where he was.

The confusion among those in charge of the various engines and trains was, indeed, general and complete. As the Portland express was about to leave the Boston station, the superintendent of the road, knowing by the non-arrival of the branch train from Lynn that there must be a block at the Everett junction, had directed the depot-master to caution the engineer to look out for the trains ahead of him. The order was a verbal one, was delivered after the train

had started, the station-master walking along by the side of the slowly-moving locomotive, and was either incorrectly transmitted or not fully understood; the engineer supposing it to apply to the branch train which had started just before him, out of both its schedule time and schedule place. Presently, at the junction, he was stopped by the signalman of this train. The course of reasoning he would then have had to pass through to divine the true situation of affairs was complicated indeed, and somewhat as follows. "The branch train," he should have argued to himself, "is stopped, and it is stopped because the train which should have left Lynn at six o'clock has not yet arrived; but, under the rules, that train should pass off the branch before the 6.30 train could pass on to it; if, therefore, the "wild" train before me is delayed, not only the 6.30 but all intermediate trains must likewise be delayed, and the accommodation train went out this afternoon after the 6.30 train, so it, too, must be in the block ahead of me; unless, indeed, as is usually the case, the signal-master has got it out of the block under the protection of a flag." This line of reasoning was, perhaps, too intricate; at any rate the engineer did not follow it out, but, when he saw the tail-lights immediately before him disappear on the branch, he concluded that the main line was now clear, and dismissed the depot-master's caution from his mind. Meanwhile, as the engineer of this train was fully persuaded that the only other train in his front had gone off on the branch, the conductor of the accommodation train was equally persuaded that the head-light immediately behind him in the block at the junction had been that of the Portland express, which consequently should be aware of his position. Both were wrong.

Thus when they left Everett the express was fairly chasing the accommodation train, and overtaking it with terrible rapidity. Even then no collision ought to have been possible. Unfortunately, however, the road had no system, even the crudest, of interval sig-

nals; and the utter irregularity prevailing in the train movement seemed to have demoralized the employés along the line, who, though they noticed the extreme proximity of the two trains to each other as they passed various points, all sluggishly took it for granted that those in charge of them were fully aware of their relative positions. Thus, as the two trains approached the Revere station, they were so close together as to be on the same piece of straight track at the same time, and a passenger standing at the rear end of the accommodation train distinctly saw the head-light of the express locomotive. The night, however, was not a clear one, for the east wind had prevailed all day, driving a mist in from the sea which lay in banks over the marshes, lifting at times so that distant objects were quite visible, and then obscuring them in its heavy folds. Consequently it did not at all follow, because the powerful reflecting head-light of the locomotive was visible from the accommodation train, that the dim tail-lights of the latter were also visible to those on the locomotive. Here was another mischance. The tail-lights in use by the company were ordinary red lanterns without reflecting power.

The station-house at Revere stood at the end of a tangent, the track curving directly before it. In any ordinary weather the tail-lights of a train standing at this station would have been visible for a very considerable distance down the track in the direction of Boston, and even on the night of the accident they were probably visible for a sufficient distance in which to stop any train approaching at a reasonable rate of speed. Unfortunately, the engineer of the Portland express did not at once see them, his attention being wholly absorbed in looking for other signals. Certain freight tracks to points on the shore diverged from the main line at Revere, and the engineers of all trains approaching that place were notified by signals at a masthead close to the station whether the switches were set for the main line or for these freight tracks. A red lantern at the masthead indicated that the

main line was closed; in the absence of any signal it was open. In looking for this signal as he approached Revere the engineer of the Portland express was simply attending closely to his business, for, had the red light been at the masthead, his train must at once have been stopped. Unfortunately, however, while peering through the mist at the masthead he overlooked what was directly before him, until, when at last he brought his eyes down to the level, to use his own words at the subsequent inquest, "the tail-lights of the accommodation train seemed to spring right up in his face."

When those in charge of the two trains at almost the same moment became aware of the danger, there was yet an interval of some eight hundred feet between them. The express train was, however, moving at a speed of some twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, and was equipped only with the old-fashioned hand-brake. In response to the sharply given signal from the whistle these were rapidly set, but the rails were damp and slippery, so that the wheels failed to catch upon them, and when everything was done which could be done, the eight hundred feet of interval sufficed only to reduce the speed of the colliding locomotive to about ten miles an hour.

In the rear car of the accommodation train there were at the moment of the accident some sixty-five or seventy human beings, seated and standing. They were of both sexes and of all ages; for it was a Saturday evening in August, and many persons had, through the confusion of the trains, been long delayed in their return from the city to their homes at the sea-side. The first intimation the passengers had of the danger impending over them was from the sudden and lurid illumination of the car by the glare from the head-light of the approaching locomotive. One of them, who survived the disaster though grievously injured, described how he was carelessly watching a young man standing in the aisle, laughing and gayly chatting with four young girls who were seated, when he saw him turn and

instantly his face in the sudden blaze of the head-light assumed a look of frozen horror which was the single thing in the accident indelibly impressed on the survivor's memory; that look haunted him. The car was crowded to its full capacity, and the colliding locomotive struck it with such force as to bury itself two thirds of its length in it. At the instant of the crash a panic had seized upon the passengers, and a sort of rush had taken place to the forward end of the car, into which furniture, fixtures, and human beings were crushed in a shapeless, indistinguishable mass. Meanwhile the blow had swept away the smoke-stack of the locomotive, and its forward truck had been forced back in some unaccountable way until it rested between its driving wheels and the tender, leaving the entire boiler inside of the passenger car and supported on its rear truck. The valves had been so broken as to admit of the free escape of the scalding steam, while the coals from the fire-box were scattered among the *débris*, and coming in contact with the fluid from the broken car lamps kindled the whole into a rapid blaze. Neither was the fire confined to the last car of the train. It has been mentioned that in the block at Everett a locomotive returning to Salem had found itself stopped just in advance of the accommodation train. At the suggestion of the engineer of that train this locomotive had there coupled on to it, and consequently made a part of it at Revere. When the collision took place, therefore, the four cars of which the accommodation train was made up were crushed between the weight of the entire colliding train on one side and that of two locomotives on the other. That they were not wholly demolished was due simply to the fact that the last car yielded to the blow and permitted the locomotive of the express train fairly to imbed itself in it. As it was, the remaining cars were jammed and shattered, and, though the passengers in them escaped, the oil from the broken lamps ignited, and before the flames could be extinguished the cars were entirely destroyed.

This accident resulted in the death of twenty-nine persons, and in more or less severe injuries to fifty-seven others. No person not in the last car of the accommodation train was killed, and one only was seriously injured. Of those in the last car more than half lost their lives; many instantly by crushing, others by inhaling the scalding steam which poured forth from the locomotive boiler into the wreck, and which, where it did not kill, inflicted frightful injuries. Indeed, for the severity of injuries and for the protractedness of agony involved in it, this accident has rarely, if ever, been exceeded. Crushing, scalding, and burning did their work together.

It may with perfect truth be said that the disaster at Revere marked an epoch in the history of railroad development in New England. At the moment it called forth the deepest expression of horror and indignation, which, as usual in such cases, was more noticeable for its force than for its wisdom. An utter absence of all spirit of justice is, indeed, a usual characteristic of the more immediate utterances both from the press and on the platform, upon occasions of this character. Writers and orators seem always to forget that, next to the immediate sufferers and their families, the unfortunate officials concerned are the greatest losers by railroad accidents. For them, not only reputation but bread is involved. A railroad employé in any way implicated in the occurrence of an accident from that moment lives under a stigma. And yet, from the tenor of public comment it might fairly be supposed that they plotted to bring disasters about, and took a fiendish delight in them. Nowhere was this ever illustrated more perfectly than in Massachusetts during the last days of August and the early days of September, 1871. Grave men — men who ought to have known better — indulged in language which would have been simply ludicrous save for the horror of the event which occasioned but could not justify it. A public meeting, for instance, was held at the town of Swampscott on the evening of the Monday succeeding the

catastrophe. The gentleman who presided over it very discreetly, in his preliminary remarks, urged those who proposed to join in the discussion to control their feelings. Hardly had he ceased speaking, however, when Mr. Wendell Phillips was noticed among the audience, and immediately called to the platform. His remarks were a most singular commentary on the chairman's injunction to calmness. He began by announcing that the first requisite to the formation of a healthy public opinion in regard to railroad accidents, as other things, was absolute frankness of speech, and he then proceeded as follows: "So I begin by saying that to my mind this terrible disaster, which has made the last thirty-six hours so sad to us all, is a deliberate murder. I think we should try to get rid in the public mind of any real distinction between the individual who, in a moment of passion or in a moment of heedlessness, takes the life of one fellow-man, and the corporation that in a moment of greed, of little trouble, of little expense, of little care, of little diligence, takes lives by wholesale. I think the first requisite of the public mind is to say that there is no accident in the case, properly speaking. It is a murder; the guilt of murder rests somewhere." Mr. Phillips's definition of the crime of "deliberate murder" would apparently somewhat unsettle the criminal law as at present understood, but he was not at all alone in this bathos of extravagance. Prominent gentlemen seemed to vie with each other in their display of ignorance. Mr. B. F. Butler, for instance, suggested his view of the disaster and the measure best calculated to prevent a repetition of it, which last was certainly original, inasmuch as he urged the immediate raising of the pay of all engine-men until a sufficiently high order of ability and education should be brought into the occupation to render impossible the recurrence of an accident which was primarily caused by the negligence, not of an engineer, but of a conductor. Another gentleman described with much feeling his observations during a recent

tour in Europe, and declared that such a catastrophe as that at Revere would have been impossible there. As a matter of fact the official reports not only showed that the accident was one of a class of most frequent occurrence, but also that sixty-one cases of it had occurred in Great Britain alone during the very year the gentleman in question was journeying in Europe, and had occasioned over six hundred cases of death or personal injury. Perhaps, in order to illustrate how very reckless in statement a responsible gentleman talking under excitement may become, it is worth while to quote in his own language Captain Tyler's brief description of one of those sixty-one accidents which "could not possibly" but yet did occur. As miscellaneous reading it is amusing. "As four London & North-Western excursion trains on September 2, 1870, were returning from a volunteer review at Penrith, the fourth came into collision at Penruddock with the third of those trains. An hundred and ten passengers and three servants of the company were injured. These trains were partly in charge of acting guards, some of whom were entirely inexperienced, as well in the line as in their duties; and of engine-drivers and firemen, of whom one, at all events, was very much the worse for liquor. The side-lamps on the hind van of the third train were obscured by a horse-box, which was wider than the van. There were no special means of protection to meet the exceptional contingency of three such trains all stopping on their way from the eastward, to cross two others from the westward, at this station. And the regulations for telegraphing the trains were altogether neglected."

The annals of railroad accidents are indeed full of cases of "rear-end collision," as it is termed. Their frequency may almost be accepted as a very accurate gauge of the pressure of traffic on any given system of lines, and because of them the companies are continually compelled to adopt new and more intricate systems of operation. At first, on almost all roads, trains follow

each other at such great intervals that no precautions at all, other than flags and lanterns, are found necessary. Then comes a succeeding period when an interval of time between following trains is provided for, through a system of signals which at given points indicate danger during a certain number of minutes after the passage of every train. Then, presently, the alarming frequency of rear collisions demonstrates the inadequacy of this system, and a new one has to be devised, which, through the aid of electricity, secures between trains an interval of space as well as of time. This last is known as the "block-system," of which so much has of late years been heard. Its essential principle lies in the division of the road into segments or blocks, through the establishment of telegraphic stations at such intervals as may be deemed necessary, varying from a few hundred yards to several miles; and no train is permitted to pass one of these stations until a preceding train has been signaled back as having passed the next station farther on; that is, no two locomotives are allowed to be on one segment of the road at the same time. Yet rear-end collisions occur notwithstanding all the precautions implied in a thoroughly perfected "block-system." There was such a case on the Metropolitan road, in the very heart of London, on the 29th of August, 1873. It happened in a tunnel. A train was stalled there, and an unfortunate signal officer in a moment of flurry gave "line clear" and sent another train directly into it.

A much more impressive disaster, both in its dramatic features and as illustrating the inadequacy of every precaution depending on human agency to avert accident under certain conditions, was afforded in the case of a collision which occurred on the London & Brighton Railway upon the 25th of August, 1861; ten years almost to a day before that at Revere. Like the Eastern Railroad, the London & Brighton enjoyed an enormous passenger traffic, which became peculiarly heavy during the vacation season, towards the close of August;

and it was to the presence of the excursion trains made necessary to accommodate this traffic that the catastrophes were in both cases due. In the case of the London & Brighton road it occurred on a Sunday. An excursion train from Portsmouth on that day was to leave Brighton at five minutes after eight A. M., and was to be followed by a regular Sunday excursion train at 8.15 or ten minutes later, and that again, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, by a regular parliamentary train at 8.30. These trains were certainly timed to run sufficiently near to each other; but, owing to the existing pressure of traffic on the line, they started almost simultaneously. The Portsmouth excursion, which consisted of sixteen carriages, was much behind its time, and did not leave the Brighton station until 8.28; when, after a lapse of three minutes, it was followed by the regular excursion train at 8.31, and that again by the parliamentary train at 8.35. Three passenger trains had thus left the station on one track in seven minutes! The London & Brighton Railway traverses the chalky downs for which that portion of England is noted, through numerous tunnels, the first of which after leaving Brighton is known as the Patcham Tunnel, about five hundred yards in length, while two and a half miles farther on is the Croydon Tunnel, rather more than a mile and a quarter in length. The line between these tunnels was so crooked and obscured that the managers had adopted extraordinary precautions against accident. At each end of the Croydon Tunnel a signal-man was stationed, with a telegraphic apparatus, a clock, and a telegraph bell in his station. The rule was absolute that when any train entered the tunnel the signal-man at the point of entry was to telegraph "train in," and no other train could follow until the return signal of "train out" came from the other side. In face of such a regulation it was difficult to see how any collision in the tunnel was possible. When the Portsmouth excursion train arrived, it at once entered the tunnel and the fact was properly signaled to

the opposite outlet. Before the return signal that this train was out was received, the regular excursion train came in sight. It should have been stopped by a self-acting signal which was placed about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the tunnel, and which each passing locomotive set at "danger," where it remained until shifted to "safety" by the signal-man, on receipt of the message, "train out." Through some unexplained cause, the Portsmouth excursion train had failed to act on this signal, which consequently still indicated safety when the Brighton excursion train came up. Accordingly the engine driver at once passed it, and went on to the tunnel. As he did so, the signal-man, perceiving some mistake and knowing that he had not yet got his return signal that the preceding train was out, tried to stop him by waving his red flag. It was too late, however, and the train passed in. A moment later the parliamentary train also came in sight, and stopped at the signal of danger. Now ensued a most singular misapprehension between the signalmen, resulting in a terrible disaster. The second train had run into the tunnel and was supposed by the signal-man to be on its way to the other end of it, when he received the return message that the first train was out. To this he instantly responded by again telegraphing "train in," referring now to the second train. This dispatch the signal man at the opposite end conceived to be a repetition of the message referring to the first train, and he accordingly again replied that the train was out. This reply, however, the other operator mistook as referring to the second train, and accordingly he signaled "safety" and the third train at once got under way and passed into the tunnel. Unfortunately the engineer of the second train had seen the red flag waved by the signal man, and, in obedience to it, stopped his locomotive as soon as possible in the tunnel and began to back out of it. In doing so, he drove his train into the locomotive of the third train advancing into it. The tunnel was twenty-

ty-four feet in height. The engine of the parliamentary train struck the rear carriage of the excursion train, and mounted upon its fragments and then on those of the carriage in front of it, until its smoke-stack came in contact with the roof of the tunnel. It rested finally in a nearly upright position. The collision had taken place so far within the tunnel as to be beyond the reach of daylight, and the wreck of the trains had quite blocked up the arch, while the steam and smoke from the engines poured forth with loud sound and in heavy volumes, filling the empty space with stifling and scalding vapors. When at last assistance came, and the trains could be separated, twenty-three corpses were taken from the ruins, while one hundred and seventy-six other persons had sustained more or less severe injuries.

A not less extraordinary accident of the same description, unaccompanied, however, by an equal loss of life, occurred on the Great Northern Railway upon the 10th of June, 1866. In this case the tube of the locomotive of a freight train burst at about the centre of the Welwyn Tunnel, some five miles north of Hatfield, bringing the train to a stand-still. The guard in charge of the rear of the train failed from some cause to go back and give the signal for an obstruction, and speedily another freight train from the Midland road entered and dashed into the rear of the train already there. Apparently those in charge of these two trains were in such consternation that they did not think to provide against a further disaster; at any rate, before measures to that end had been taken, an additional freight train, this time belonging to the Great Northern road, came up and plowed into the ruins which already blocked the tunnel. One of the trains had contained wagons laden with casks of oil, which speedily became ignited from contact with the coals scattered from the fire-boxes, and there then ensued one of the most extraordinary spectacles ever witnessed on a railroad. The tunnel was filled to the summit of its arch and completely blocked with ruins. These had ignited,

and the whole cavity, more than half a mile in length, was converted into one huge furnace, belching forth smoke and flame with a loud roaring sound through its several air shafts. So fierce was the fire that no attempt was made to subdue it, and eighteen hours elapsed before any steps could be taken towards clearing the track. Strange to say, in this disaster the lives of but two persons were lost.

Rear-end collisions have been less frequent in this country than in England, for the simple reason that the volume of traffic has pressed less heavily on the capacity of the lines. Yet here, also, they have been by no means unknown. In 1865 two occurred, both of which were accompanied with a considerable loss of life; though, coming as they did during the exciting scenes which marked the close of the war of the Rebellion, they attracted much less public notice than they otherwise would. The first of these took place in New Jersey on the 7th of March, 1865, just three days after the second inauguration of President Lincoln. As the express train from Washington to New York over the Camden & Amboy road was passing through Bristol, about thirty miles from Philadelphia, at half-past two o'clock in the morning, it dashed into the rear of the twelve o'clock, or "owl train," from Kensington to New York, which had been delayed by meeting an oil train on the track before it. The case appears to have been one of very culpable negligence, for though the owl train was some two hours late, those in charge of it seem to have been so deeply engrossed in what was going on before them that they wholly neglected to guard their rear. The express train accordingly, approaching round a curve, plunged at a high rate of speed into the last car, shattering it to pieces; the engine is even said to have passed completely through the car and to have imbedded itself in the preceding car. It so happened that most of the sufferers by this accident, numbering about fifty, were soldiers on their way home from the army upon furlough. The second of these two disasters oc-

curred on the 16th of August, 1865, upon the Housatonic road, in the State of Connecticut. A new engine was out upon an experimental trip, and in rounding a curve it ran into the rear of a passenger train, which, having encountered a disabled freight train, had coupled on to it and was then backing down with it to a siding in order to get by it. In this case the impetus was so great that the colliding locomotive utterly destroyed the rear car of the passenger train and penetrated some distance into the car next to the last one, where its boiler burst. Fortunately the train was by no means full of passengers; but, even as it was, eleven persons were killed and some seventeen badly injured.

The great peculiarity of the Revere accident, and that which gave a permanent interest to it, lay in the revelation it afforded of the degree in which a system had outgrown its appliances. At every point a deficiency was apparent. The railroads of New England had long been living on their early reputation, and now, when a sudden test was applied, it was found that they were years behind the time. In August, 1871, the Eastern Railroad was run as if it were a line of stage-coaches in the days before the telegraph. Not in one point alone, but in everything, it broke down under the test. The disaster was due not to any single cause but to a combination of causes, running down from the highest official to the meanest subordinate. In the first place the capacity of the road was taxed to the utmost; it was vital, almost, that every wheel should be kept in motion. Yet, under that very exigency, the wheels stopped almost as a matter of necessity. How could it be otherwise? Here was a crowded line, more than half of which was equipped with but a single track, and placing no reliance upon the telegraph. With trains running out of their schedule time and out of their schedule place, engineers and conductors were left to grope their way along as best they could in the light of rules the essence of which was that when in doubt they were to stand stock still. Then, in the absence of the tele-

graph, a block occurred almost at the mouth of the central station; and there the trains stood for hours in stupid obedience to a stupid rule, because the one man who, with a simple regard to the dictates of common sense, was habitually accustomed to violate it happened to be sick. Trains commonly left a station out of time and out of place; and the engineer of an express train was sent out to run a gauntlet the whole length of the road with a simple verbal injunction to look out for some one before him. Then, at last, when this express train through all this chaos got to chasing an accommodation train much as a hound might course a hare, there was not a pretense of a signal to indicate the time which had elapsed between the passage of the two, and employes, lanterns in hand, gaped on in bewilderment at the awful race, concluding that they could not at any rate do anything to help matters, but on the whole they were inclined to think that those most immediately concerned must know what they were about. Finally, even when the disaster was imminent, when deficiency in organization and discipline had done its worst, its consequences might yet have been averted through the use of better appliances; had the one train been equipped with the Westinghouse brake, already largely in use in other sections of the country, it might and would have been stopped; or had the other train been provided with reflecting tail-lights in place of the dim hand-lanterns which glimmered on its rear platform, it could hardly have failed to make its proximity known. Any one of a dozen things, every one of which should have been but was not, ought to have averted the disaster. Obviously its immediate cause was not far to seek. It lay in the carelessness of a conductor who failed to consult his watch, and never knew until the crash came that he was leisurely moving along on the time of another. Nevertheless, what can be said in extenuation of a system under which at this late day a railroad is operated on the principle that each employé under all circumstances can and will take care of himself and of those

whose lives and limbs are entrusted to his care?

There is, however, another and far more attractive side to the picture. The lives sacrificed at Revere were not lost in vain. Four complete railroad years have now passed by since that catastrophe occurred, and during that time not less than one hundred and thirty millions of persons have been carried by rail within the limits of Massachusetts. Of this vast number the life of not a single one has been lost through causes for which any railroad company was responsible. This certainly is a record of which any community might well be proud; and it is due more than anything else to the great disaster of August 26, 1871. More than once, and on more than one road, have accidents occurred which, but for the improved appliances introduced in consequence of the experience at Revere, could hardly have failed of fatal results. Not that these appliances were in all cases very cheerfully or very eagerly accepted. Neither the Miller platform nor the Westinghouse brake won its way into general use unchallenged. Indeed, the earnestness and even the indignation with which presidents and superintendents then protested that their car construction was better and stronger than Miller's; that their antiquated hand-brakes were the most improved brakes, better, much better, than the Westinghouse; that their crude old semaphores and targets afforded a protection to trains which no block-system would ever equal, — all this certainly was comical enough, even in the very shadow of the great tragedy. Men of a certain type always have protested and will always continue to protest that they have nothing to learn; yet, under the heavy burden of responsibility, learn they still do. They dare not but learn. On this point the figures of the annual returns speak volumes. At the time of the Revere disaster, with one single honorable exception, — that of the Boston & Providence road, — both the atmospheric train-brake and the Miller platform, the two greatest modern improvements in car construction, were practically

unrecognized on the railroads of Massachusetts. That was four years ago, in September, 1871. Even a year later, but ninety-three locomotives and four hundred and fifteen cars had been equipped even with the train-brake. In September, 1873, the number had, however, risen to one hundred and ninety-four locomotives and seven hundred and nine cars; and another twelve months carried these numbers up to three hundred and thirteen locomotives and nine hundred

and ninety-seven cars. The adoption of the Miller platform and of systems of signals to secure intervals between trains was not less rapid. So the world advances through the lessons of bitter experience; but to-day not a human being is carried on a Massachusetts railroad who does not enjoy an appreciably greater immunity from danger for which he is wholly indebted to those who died or suffered in the terrible experience at Revere in August, 1871.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

A FAMILIAR LETTER.

(TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.)

YES, write, if you want to, there 's nothing like trying;
Who knows what a treasure your casket may hold?
I 'll show you that rhyming 's as easy as lying
If you 'll listen to me while the art I unfold.

Here 's a book full of words; one can choose as he fancies,
As a painter his tint, as a workman his tool;
Just think! all the poems and plays and romances
Were drawn out of this, like the fish from a pool!

You can wander at will through its syllabled mazes,
And take all you want,—not a copper they cost,—
What is there to hinder your picking out phrases
For an epic as clever as *Paradise Lost*?

Don't mind if the index of sense is at zero,
Use words that run smoothly, whatever they mean;
Leander and Lilian and Lillibullero
Are much the same thing in the rhyming machine.

There are words so delicious their sweetness will smother
That boarding-school flavor of which we 're afraid,—
There is "lush" is a good one, and "swirl" is another,—
Put both in one stanza, its fortune is made.

With musical murmurs and rhythmical closes
You can cheat us of smiles when you 've nothing to tell;
You hand us a nosegay of milliner's roses
And we cry with delight, "Oh, how sweet they *do* smell!"

Perhaps you will answer all needful conditions
For winning the laurel to which you aspire

By docking the tails of the two prepositions
I' the style o' the bards you so greatly admire.

As for subjects of verse, they are only too plenty
For ringing the changes on metrical chimes,
A maiden, a moonbeam, a lover of twenty
Have filled that great basket with bushels of rhymes.

Let me show you a picture — 't is far from irrelevant —
By a famous old hand in the arts of design;
'T is only a photographed sketch of an elephant, —
The name of the draughtsman was Rembrandt of Rhine.

How easy! no troublesome colors to lay on,
It can't have fatigued him, — no, not in the least, —
A dash here and there with a hap-hazard crayon,
And there stands the wrinkled-skinned, baggy-limbed beast.

Just so with your verse — 't is as easy as sketching, —
You can reel off a song without knitting your brow,
As lightly as Rembrandt a drawing or etching;
It is nothing at all, if you only know how.

Well; imagine you've printed your volume of verses;
Your forehead is wreathed with the garland of fame,
Your poems the eloquent school-boy rehearses,
Her album the school-girl presents for your name;

Each morning the post brings you autograph letters;
You'll answer them promptly — an hour is n't much;
For the honor of sharing a page with your betters,
With magistrates, members of Congress, and such.

Of course you're delighted to serve the committees
That come with requests from the country all round
You would grace the occasion with poems and ditties
When they've got a new school-house, or poor-house, or pound.

With a hymn for the saints and a song for the sinners,
You go and are welcome wherever you please;
You're a privileged guest at all manner of dinners,
You've a seat on the platform among the grantees.

At length your mere presence becomes a sensation,
Your cup of enjoyment is filled to its brim
With the pleasure Horatian of digit-monstration,
As the whisper runs round of "That's he!" or "That's him!"

But remember, O dealer in phrases sonorous,
So daintily chosen, so tunefully matched,
Though you soar with the wings of the cherubim o'er us,
The *ovum* was human from which you were hatched.

No will of your own with its puny compulsion
 Can summon the spirit that quickens the lyre;
 It comes, if at all, like the Sibyl's convulsion,
 And touches the brain with a finger of fire.

So, perhaps, after all, it's as well to be quiet,
 If you've nothing you think is worth saying in prose,
 As to furnish a meal of their cannibal diet
 To the critics, by publishing, as you propose.

But it's all of no use, and I'm sorry I've written, —
 I shall see your thin volume some day on my shelf;
 For the rhyming tarantula surely has bitten,
 And music must cure you, so pipe it yourself.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FOUR NEW BOOKS OF POETRY.

THE business of a first book of verse is to prove the author's right to be considered as a poet, the presumption that a new author is not a poet being so strong that, unless there are some very striking qualities in his work, the question is not even mooted, infinitely far less settled in his favor by it. The proof is usually to come afterwards, often very long afterwards. In the mean time, it is the critic's care not to be indulgent, but to be patient, and if possible — it is a good deal — to be modest. The more fully Mr. Gilder's critic realizes this obligation, the less decidedly will he write about him;¹ but it is amusing to think what short work the average Anglo-Saxon critic would once have made of his book; how, with his mouth half-full of thistle, he would have stamped upon all this pretty garden ground of sentiment, and beaten its leaf and blossom into the earth; how he would have brayed out his disdain of this suffusive sweetness, which one hardly knows whether to call a flavor or a perfume, this delicacy which is so bold, this incoherence which waits

as confidingly upon the hearer's close attention and intimate sympathy as childhood in its lisplings. In decent places, the author has no longer this dull and cruel brute — so long the shame and terror of literature — to dread; but he has much to lose by critical hurry, indifference, and impatience.

To tell the truth, Mr. Gilder does ask a great deal. He asks no less, apparently, than that we shall put ourselves into the mood, the mental frame, of a contemporary reader of the *Vita Nuova* and the mystical early Italian canzonaries and sonneteers. He believes that there is perpetually in the human heart a response to such allegoried expression of passion as his songs and sonnets; that there is something to be enjoyed in poetry which is as independent of intellectual definition as color is of form in a painting. So there is, we think, but not in the degree that he believes. After bringing to his book the willingest mind in the world, and listening to it all with a sense not strange or alien to the faintest, least articulate whisperings of poetic reverie, we must still blame him for obscurity, for leaving his reader aching for meanings that he only seems to have

¹ *The New Day: A Poem in Songs and Sonnets.*
 By RICHARD WATSON GILDER. New York: Scribner
 Armstrong, & Co. 1875.

caught, for even triviality or a culpable insensibility to the difference between the important and the unimportant. Something more serious still might be urged against him, namely, that once or twice he gives to his feeling an over-athletic, almost carnal imagery, as in the sonnets called *The Riddle of Lovers*, and *The Dark Room*. This is the more regrettable because one is always sure of the absolute purity of the poet's thought and intent.

Some things make us think that Mr. Gilder may have learnt to like the Italian poets, whose influence he shows, through a certain modern English school; but he has avoided the excesses of that school. Here and there is a charming gesture or attitude pictured in his verse, and now and then a bit of landscape; but it is a great comfort to find that he writes from an inkstand with a pen, and not from a palette with a brush. Here, for instance, is a very beautiful little poem, which is also a fortunate illustration of our meaning:—

THE RIVER.

I know thou art not that brown mountain-side,
Nor the pale mist that lies along the hills
And with white joy the deepening valley fills;
Nor yet the solemn river moving wide
Into that valley, where the hills abide,
But whence too soon the joy, on noiseless wheels,
Shall lingering lift, and, as the moonlight steals
From out the heavens, so into the heavens shall
glide.
I know thou art not that gray rock that looms
Above the water, fringed with scarlet vine;
Nor flame of burning meadow; nor the sedge
That sways and trembles at the river's edge.
But through all these, dear heart, to me there
comes
Some melancholy absent look of thine.

This is, on the whole, the most pleasing and perfect of the love-poems; it is very lovely, tender, true, and enriched with that sort of surprise which is now the costliest and rarest thing in the literature of sentiment.

When we said it was the most satisfactory of the love-poems, we were thinking of two other poems in the book that seemed to us vastly better than all, except this; we mean *The Sower*, and *There is Nothing New under the Sun*, which are remarkably impressive for their clearness, strength, and fervency.

Especially is it comfortable, after groping from allegory to allegory, and guessing this hard saying and that, to come on the last-named poem, which is cried into you, as it were, with a mighty directness and distinctness, in words that could not have been more forcibly ordered. All the more is it a pity that the poet had to say —

“My cheek, shame-litten, burned,”
the *litten* being a literary affectation whose limphness is intolerable just where it is.

The last line of the sonnet, *I count my Times by Times that I meet thee*, is one of those uncommonly good verses you come upon in poems of Mr. Gilder's that you do not otherwise care much for. He says to his love, —

“Thou art my heaven and thou art my hell;
Thou art my ever-living judgment day,”

which gives, better than any other line we know, the lover's sense of being arraigned by the divine purity of his own passion. The whole book is indeed for lovers; they will read it by the purple light which its interpretation demands, and never, we dare say, find its passionate repetitions of love, love, love, at all cloying or monotonous, as those not similarly preoccupied may. They will also see the elusive relations of the parts to each other, and will trace out in the book that form of poetic unity which we fear must remain for most people the statue in the marble block.

Mr. Lathrop's¹ poetic world is much nearer our planet than that in which Mr. Gilder has his being, but there need be no further comparison between two books of verse which may alike refresh us with their promise. The former is certainly best where he is most objective. His more introspective studies, however finely wrought, and expressed with whatever delicate clearness, do not escape an effect of being set about, delib-
erated, intended; though perhaps this effect is inseparable from that whole order of poetry. A man is often interesting to himself in proportion as he is unlike other men; he is always inter-

¹ *Rose and Roof-Tree*. Poems by GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875

esting to other men in proportion as he is like them; and the poet moves us most when we find ourselves in him; then he consoles and charms. But when he isolates himself in some obscure experience, or indivisible fancy, or inalienable emotion, as the subjective poet is apt to do, he aggrieves his race, and it hardens its heart against him justly. It is a tendency that the young poet especially must guard; the older singer, who becomes in his life-time historically interesting, may less dangerously indulge it. Mr. Lathrop has felt something like this truth in the close of what we think on the whole his most beautiful poem, *Fairhaven Bay*. He stands by the ruin of an old farm-house, where "the ignorant, elastic sod" has forgotten the vanished dwellers, where even the fallen hearthstone has forgotten them, and thinks, —

" Wide heaven, with such an ease
Dost thou, too, lose the thought of these ?

" Yet I, although I know not who
Lived here, in years that voiceless grew
Ere I was born, — and never can, —
Am moved, because I am a man.

" Oh glorious gift of brotherhood !
Oh sweet elixir in the blood,
That makes us live with those long dead,
Or hope for those that shall be bred

" Hereafter! No regret can rob
My heart of this delicious throbbing;
No thought of fortunes haply wrecked,
Nor pang for nature's wild neglect.

" And, though the hearth be cracked and cold,
Though ruin all the place enfold,
These ashes that have lost their name
Shall warm my life with lasting flame ! "

The sympathy confessed here with so fine and sweet an accent is what gives its peculiarly tender charm to the longest poem in the book. Mr. Tennyson has made it difficult and even perilous to write any rustic story in blank verse, nowadays, so ready are our senses to catch his cadences in every minor strain. But we think Mr. Lathrop has faced his danger with due sense, and has made a poem which, though it cannot well escape the censure of being written since *Dora* and *Enoch Arden*, is very safely and fully his own. Indeed, a notable thing about all his poetic attitudes is how very

little they are studied from those of other poets. In *The Silent Tide* he has imagined a touching story with American circumstance and character sufficiently discriminated, and he tells it with delicacy, courage, and simplicity. So far as we know, it is the first successful attempt to treat the common facts of our rural life in the higher poetic manner, and it is in a field from which a rich harvest may be won. We could wish at times, we own, a firmer clutch upon the manners studied and a little more sharpness in the outlines of the situations, but we are not sure, after all, that it would not lose an indefinite charm by this rigor. Where some finer instinct than mere allegiance to the facts of every-day life is requisite the poet is passionately firm and strong, as in this good passage describing the sailor's meeting after many years with the woman whose marriage to his brother had driven him away: —

" Thus he came

Before the kitchen window, where he saw
A gray-haired woman bent o'er needle-work
In gathering twilight. And without a voice,
Rooted, he stood. He stirred not, but his glance
Burned through the pane; uneasily she turned,
And seeing that shaggy stranger standing there
Expectant, shook her head, as though to warn
Some chance, wayfaring beggar. He, though, stood
And looked at her immovably. Then, quick
The sash upthrowing, she made as if to speak
Harshly; but still he held his quiet eyes
Upon her. Now she paused; her throat throbbled
full;

Her lips paled suddenly, her wan face flamed,
A fertile stir of memory strove to work
Renewal in those features wintry cold.
And so she hung, while Jerry by a step
Drawn nearer, coming just beneath her, said,
' Grace ! ' And she murmured, ' Jerry ! ' Then
she bent

Over him, clasping his great matted head
With those worn arms, all joyless; and the tears
Fell hot upon his forehead from her eyes."

There are several matters in the poem extremely well managed, as the encounter of Grace's son with Jerry when the boy is running away from home in his turn; and the miserable strife of the home from which he fled was a thing taking courage to do at all, and unusual skill to do well.

We like all parts of the poem *Helen at the Loom*. It is done with a solid and simple grace which is proper to the theme, and throughout is that sense of classic beauty which in the opening lines

appeals to the reader like a glimpse of an antique frieze:—

“Helen, in her silent room,
Weaves upon the upright loom,
Weaves a mantle rich and dark,
Purpled over-deep. But mark
How she scatters o'er the wool
Woven shapes, till it is full
Of men that struggle close, complex;
Short-clipped steeds with wrinkled necks
Arching high; spear, shield, and all
The panoply that doth recall
Mighty war.”

Here, as elsewhere in Mr. Lathrop's poems (and perhaps even more in Mr. Gilder's), the reader has satisfaction in the beauty of the just-right words which the verse is built with,—not encrusted, as sometimes happens with poetry which at first gives an impression of greater richness.

We purposely pass by the pieces of Mr. Lathrop's that seem to wear a perfunctory air, because we may be mistaken about them, and because we do not know what to say of them more than that we wish them away. They probably make their last appearance here, and they do not affect his real quality, which appears in such a subtly lovely poem as *The Singing Wire*, and in such proofs of a penetrating sympathy with the moods of Nature as *An April Aria*, and *A Rune of the Rain*. The last seems to us so close a study of the subject as to be almost uniquely good; at least, no poet's nerves ever thrilled with a keener sense or more vivid intelligence than his who here reports the passion, the career, the quick pauses, the renewal, the slow passing and final vanishing of a spring tempest.

It is curious to note in Mr. Taylor's new book¹ the different sort of spirit in which an elder poet, who perhaps loves Nature as well, observes and listens to her: it is with a sort of sad impatience; he is as fond of those familiar aspects as ever; he paints them with an affectionate touch, but in themselves they no longer suffice as they once did; they cannot console, though they can still vaguely torment with their beauty. They set him thinking, longing, almost repining,

and through the poet's strain runs the experienced discontent of the traveler who has seen the ancient homes of art and the haunts of the fair old superstitions, the records of a moral freedom that permitted more joy to life, and who comes back to his native fields to find them echoless and irresponsible. There is probably, indeed, no well-ordered Pennsylvanian neighborhood in which Pan and his leaf-fringed followers of either sex would not be taken up for the worst sort of tramps; and we suspect that the friend of the beautiful will never find in our Sabbath-keeping civilization any toleration for beauty that has not been formally baptized, taught in the Sunday-schools, and bound in wedlock by the minister or the justice of the peace to whatever art will be content to love her in a high-necked dress. Let us also bless Heaven that it is so; for after all it is not picturesqueness that is next to godliness. To tell the truth, we do not value the speculations in the poems *May*, *August*, and *November*, so much as the real poetic soul in them: the recognition of the loveliness and quaintness of Nature, and the capricious association or contrast of recollected scenes with the familiar landscape. Yet these speculations have their value, and once in a way it is well to have indulged them. Something of the kind all “cultivated Americans” are now thinking or feeling, or thinking they feel; they are the prey of self-inspection, self-distrust, self-despite, and are all more or less sorry that they were not born noble, or antique, or at least foreign. Mr. Taylor gives the poetico-moral cast of a discontent that is oftener political, not only in these pastorals but in several other pieces of his new volume; it might almost be said to characterize the collection, if the collection were not more deeply characterized by the poet's essential glad-heartedness, good sense, and singularly likable single-mindedness—his sort of German sincerity of soul. There are three Pennsylvania ballads in this book—*The Holly Tree*, *John Reed*, and *The Old Pennsylvania Farmer*—which are marvelously good in their way, the

¹ *Home Pastorals, Ballads and Lyrics*. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

first showing an unerring observation of the poetic side of country manners and a charming sympathy, and the others a strong dramatic realization of special rustic character. Then how sweet and true is such a poem as *The Two Homes*, and how tender and kind is such a one as *The Sleeper*! Why does he not always write so, one wonders; and wonders again whether the secret of this poet's failure to make, with all his skill, his industry, his good performance, his high conception of his office, any sufficiently distinct poetic impression may not be due to an ambition more various than his real impulses. We have no man of letters whose purposes and whose achievements are more honorable. In one of several ways he could be very eminent; but he seems too often betrayed by experiment, and dispersed by a manifold fair success.

In Mr. Taylor's work there is a technical perfection which is wanting in the two younger poets we have mentioned, and is wanting in nearly all our younger poets. Their performance seems infected by that of the Morris-Rossetti school, in this respect; and they are either ignorant of the mechanical structure of verse or indifferent to rules that govern the best. It is not enough to make musical verses; that alone is like playing by ear; the verses must be correct: correctness may be stiff, but there is no true elegance without it; and the poet who ekes out the measure of his line by making two syllables of such words as *heaven*, *even*, *given*, and the like, and three of such as *difference*, *mystery* (except at the end of a verse), may find precedents enough, but not excuse amongst the masters of his art in times since the best usage became law. He will not find it in Tennyson, nor in any but the minor English poets; he will not find it in Lowell, or Holmes, or Longfellow, in all of whom is the support of a solid and flawless workmanship. It is a small virtue; Shakespeare could be Shakespeare without it; but if one cannot be Shakespeare (and the task becomes more difficult every day), it is well to have it.

In the volume which Mr. Longfellow¹ has given us, the artistry becomes a positive delight. You rest upon it, and know in behalf of even your most morbid sensibility that it cannot betray your confidence by the smallest dereliction. Secrets of melody, surprises of harmony, float from the perfect instrument which responds to a touch that now cannot err; you are enriched by the results of care which has become a joy. Men of genius we do not lack and have not lacked, but as yet we have had but one other with patience to be such a perfect artist, — Hawthorne. One may say that this patience is the gift of temperament; but that is only giving greatness another name, not changing the fact.

Hawthorne is Hawthorne almost to the paper and print; and if you take Longfellow even in the attempts which are least responsive to his genius, you cannot read a single passage without knowing his hand and heart. Throughout is that simplicity which is the most satisfying thing in poetry; for when we read poetry, we wish to be spoken with face to face, to be amused, touched, uplifted by something elemental, by a power like that which charms children — the same power matured and, as it were, grown up. Art must be there; but conscious culture, the pride of intellect, can only offer impertinences.

Pleasure unmixed with the alloy of any base gratification, this is what our poet's verse has always given, but in his latest book it is a more pensive pleasure than he has given before. *The Masque of Pandora* is the only poem of the collection not more or less tinged with the vague regrets of accumulating years, which in some of the sonnets take the deeper color of a personal grief. Here is *The Hanging of the Crane*, a poem over which broods the sadness of life, increasing and decreasing; the beautiful *Moriturus Salutamus*, which the poet last year addressed to his old college classmates; several reminiscences of places which his youth knew, and which are now con-

¹ *The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

secreated by the loss of his youth; and then a book of sonnets, which we fancy will be read oftenest. Three of the sonnets are on friends of his who have joined the greater number, and in these he takes the world at its word, and speaks his sorrow to its sympathetic regard; nothing could be franker or more moving.

"In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their hands;
I cannot find them,"

he laments; and he asks of Felton, —

"Oh what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,
Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,
That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown
old?"

of Agassiz,

"When thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? why shouldst thou be
dead?"

And in that supreme sonnet he addresses Sumner, —

"Good night! good night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn."

How beautiful they all are, those sonnets; how wise, how good, how simple! Look at the wording of them: it is of the plain, small pebbles of our Saxon speech that those exquisite mosaics are formed; but the effect, in this sonnet on Chaucer, is of a rich translucence, like that of precious stones.

CHAUCER.

An old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depicted all around
With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the
dark
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnæ, and from every page
Rise odors of plowed field or flowery mead.

But there is something better still than this delightful art, namely, the fraternal heart to which the sacrifices of humanity have always been so dear and sacred.

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

"A soldier of the Union mustered out,"
Is the inscription on an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the salt-sea wave,
Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout
Of battle, when the loud artillery drave
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave
And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea
In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember thou hast given for me
All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name,
And I can give thee nothing in return.

We have all felt this so often that it has seemed a part of our daily talk; it is so mere an utterance of the best in us that any one might believe himself to have said just these words; the poet has only divined what was in our hearts and on our tongues. But to surprise us with ourselves, this is the great miracle of which only the highest genius holds the secret.

The Masque of Pandora is the old story of our race's disaster, which myth and Scripture are agreed in attributing to the first woman; only here the old story is as fresh as if newly invented. Mr. Longfellow has never done anything more graceful, and if we always find choruses of voices the bearers of mystical messages not important in due proportion to their length, we have in this case the compensation of delicately felt character in the persons of the drama. The austere, inflexible grandeur of Prometheus, the poet-soul of his brother, the fascination of Pandora, even after her calamity-working, are lightly projected upon the fancy, which, in our own case, we find most pleased with the faintly cynical humorousness of Hermes in his relation to the affair.

The *Merituri Salutamus* must be thought one of the most beautiful things Mr. Longfellow has written, and the key in which it is pitched is that of nearly all the other pieces. A regret which will not lose heart, and forbids itself the vulgar luxury of despair, is the prevailing note, and it wins the reader to perfect accord with its mood. After fifty years the poet confronts those with whom he parted at the threshold of manhood; to those wrinkled brows and

white heads he can only say, "We are old, but let us not be sad; our best is done, but let us still do our best." And what could be mournfuller than this? This is the burden of the *Morituri Salutamus*, which also is a poem perfumed with a delightful spirit of literature distilled from a long and loving acquaintance with books, and filling the soul like the breath of Nature herself. It is all very literary: the gladiators before Cæsar, Dante, Priam, Hector, the learned clerk of the mediæval legend, Cato, Sophocles, Goethe, Chaucer, these are the shapes that come and go upon the imagination, moving, warning, consoling, inciting; for there is this difference between Longfellow's learning and that of others, that it makes you feel constantly the intimate relation of literature and life; it is not a tribunal before which you tremble for your ignorance, not an order with which he decorates himself and humbles you, not the badge of his separation but of his union with you. In those poems of places which he calls *Birds of Passage* it is the same gracious companionship which charms. "You remember Cadenabbia," he seems to say; "you slept at Monte Cassino;

you noticed that old monk at Amalfi?" and he makes us believe him. "Yes, yes," we are well ready to answer, "it was I, I was there; I am there now, for all I never was in Italy save in this verse of yours." Graciousness — that is the word for this book, in all its phases; perhaps it is the best word that one could find for the poet's spirit in all his work.

It is not his contemporaneity that makes one feel this; but how will it be hereafter about that keen pleasure we take in some turn of phrase, some image, some touch, some movement of his, simply because it is like him? Is this a thing that can last? Will his readers of another generation rejoice for our reasons in the pensive optimism of the sonnet called *A Shadow*, or the solemn march of the poem on Charles Sumner, or the figure —

"The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream"?

If not, then a joy dies with us, and we are in that degree sorry for the fine fellows to come after us.

W. D. H.

RECENT LITERATURE.

IN *Victorian Poets*¹ Mr. Stedman has essayed to define the reach of English poetry during the period within men's recollection, with the conviction that a distinct phase of literature has been exhibited, and that the latest of England's poets stands at the dividing of the ways between a completed and a beginning era. His method is to examine in succession the work of the poets who are eminent in the period, Landor as subtending almost the whole arc, Hood, Arnold, Procter, the Brownings, Tennyson, Rossetti, Buchanan, Morris, and Swinburne, with more or less extended notice of the crowd of lesser poets who may as distinctly mark the peculiarities of the period, but do not, by the scope of their individual work, serve as representative poets. In each case, where it is possible, he considers the exclusive influences of temperament, education, or circumstance which have helped to determine the poet's work, while he keeps before his mind the larger problems of how far the age has determined the character of the poetry produced in it, and how far the poets' own wills have molded the literature of the period. His references to American poetry are only casual, introduced rather as illustrations of his principal theme than for the sake of carrying over the results of his study from one country to the other.

One hundred and fifty names are entered on his roll of Victorian poets, and by the addition of lists, a copious index, and careful marginal notes which conveniently supply data that would otherwise cumber his pages, he has rendered his volume a serviceable book of reference, especially as regards the minor poets, details concerning whom he has evidently sought with diligence and presented with scholarly exactness. In the multitude of names, dates, and facts, we note only one slight error, and even that may be resolved into a question of terms. He speaks of Browning's *Paracelsus* as his first drama, while the term may perhaps be as properly applied to his anonymous venture *Pauline*, two years earlier. Every one knows how difficult it is to obtain accurate information concerning men and events within one's own time, not for lack of publication, but because publication is so abundant

that it is unavailable except some one take pains to supply indexes. Such a directory to the present English campers-out on Parnassus Mr. Stedman has generously furnished.

But even as regards the lesser poets the book is far from being a mere *catalogue raisonné*. The author undertakes to characterize in turn each poet passed in review, and the impression upon the reader who lays down the book at its close is of a general fairness of dealing and a fluency of diction which enables the author to sketch the separate writers with an almost fatal facility and dexterity. Let any one attempt to dismiss in succession one hundred and fifty writers of the same period, with a few words that shall describe each in a recognizable portrait, and he will quickly find that certain words will recur to his use with alarming frequency. We are filled with a certain kind of admiration for a man who can write so many book-notices, as it were, of so many poets, with a zeal that seems untiring. He reaches the goal quite as fresh as when he started, and his readers pay him the honest compliment of not being very jaded, themselves. We suspect that the author's undisguised interest in his own work has much to do with his hold upon his readers' attention.

The main purpose of the book, however, is not to give a mere disjointed survey of the Victorian poets, but to reach some conclusion as to the note which they have struck and the tone which we may expect the poetry of the succeeding period to take. The results of the author's study are disclosed both incidentally and formally, and may be stated briefly in the propositions that the period has been marked by technical refinement, scholarship, and a tendency to realism; that while the school of poetry under consideration may be characterized as composite, the idyl is its finest achievement and its most noticeable departure from the forms prevalent at the beginning of the period, but that the probabilities are strong for a return or advance to more distinctly dramatic forms; that the immense energy of science has paled the fire of poetry, but that the result will be in a new adaptation of poetic expression in agreement with accepted truths of science. This summary

¹ *Victorian Poets*. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

does not profess to embrace all the points made by Mr. Stedman, for his subject permits him to range over considerable mental territory, since any free discussion of the poetry of a generation involves the discussion of principles that have a wide bearing.

Criticism of criticism is obviously a somewhat unprofitable task, and it would be idle to follow Mr. Stedman down the several paths which he has chosen to tread; indeed, one who did it would have a lurking sense of justice requiring for his satisfaction that his own steps should be dogged. "What! follow a man who is following a man!" It is fair to ask, however, taking the book as a whole, whether criticism of the broadest kind has been applied, or whether the judgments are simply the average opinions of a well-read and thoughtful student; for the avowed purpose of the book to render a historical view of the period as regards poetry, with special reference to the poetic art, justifies us in inquiring if it has accomplished its purpose. As a book of literary criticism we think it has, and that largely because the material under judgment presents no very formidable question for solution, and because Mr. Stedman brings to the task a lively, practical interest in poetry, wide reading, and sufficient familiarity with standards of comparison. We wish he could have stated his conclusions more compactly, and complimented his readers by supposing them a little more familiar with elementary principles; there is, besides, a disposition, not to be commended, to institute comparisons between the poets, so that the row of a hundred and fifty whom he is hearing recite are frequently paired off, back to back, to see which stands the highest. But his judgments and his general conclusions are in the main sound and inexpugnable. He does not startle us with heterodox views or whimsies. He has catholic taste and good insight. We have to thank him, moreover, for a very interesting comparison of Tennyson and Theocritus, which may be set down as the freshest chapter in the book.

But there is a criticism which includes literary criticism as the greater includes the less. Literature in its twofold relation to art and life demands criticism which is historic and ethic as well as æsthetic, and especially is this true where the literature of an entire period, as here, is under consideration. In this view Victorian Poets is an unsatisfactory book. Not that Mr. Stedman has totally ignored these aspects, but he has

regarded them just enough to show that he takes them into account, while they play so small a part as to proclaim their own insignificance in his plan. In what he does not say, as well as in what he says, is there a betrayal of omission. For instance, his impatient mention of Maud, and assumption that Tennyson sounded insincere notes in it, going "outside his own nature" and surrendering "the joy of art in an effort to produce something that should at once catch the favor of the multitude," indicate how feebly he has comprehended the overmastering passion for his country and truth which for a time consumed the laureate and still is the groundswell of his nature. Without a perception of this, one must fail to apprehend not only the more positive elements in Tennyson's poetry, that point to a sturdy loyalty, but the subtle breath of English life which moves upon the surface of lyric and idyl. The conception of poetry as too exclusively a metrical art is not Tennyson's, at least, if it be Mr. Stedman's.

Again, his covert comparison of Browning and Swinburne, and equally his insistence upon the lack of melody in the former and the wealth of it in the latter, serves to emphasize his failure to apprehend that ethic strength in Browning which makes his verse, more than that of any other Victorian poet, the embodiment not of the questions which have agitated the minds of Englishmen but of the solution of the questions. There never has been a time when great poets have not reflected the spiritual countenance of the age above which they were lifted, and we do not hesitate to say that with all his ruggedness and willful disdain of melody, Browning stands forth mightily as that bass voice in the choir of modern singers, which moves us as laid in the foundation of human nature. Mr. Stedman thinks "a main lesson of Browning's emotional poetry is that the unpardonable sin is 'to dare something against nature.'" Curiously enough, Browning has undertaken in his preface to the suppressed spurious Letters of Shelley to interpret the unpardonable sin, which he does by the terms "a general deliberate preference of perceived evil to perceived good." The formal expression of a man's belief counts nothing when contradicted by his action, or, if an artist, by his evident preference for the false and evil over the true and good, but it is incredible to us that one should read Browning intelligently and not find himself braced by a northeast wind of wholesome,

manly faith and rough loyalty to spiritual verities.

We single Mr. Stedman's treatment of these two poets as indicative of the serious defect in his survey of the Victorian poets, in that he neglects or is not prepared to grasp the wider and larger relations of poetry to life and history. His criticisms upon the side of art are interesting and suggestive, but our criticism of literature will never rise to the height demanded of it until it concerns itself with the forces that lie back of literature, and these, as we have said, are historic and ethic as well as æsthetic; the proportion which we discover in these will spring from our own habits of perception, but only that can be called rounded and noble criticism which assigns to each force the place which it holds in a noble life.

—The class of sterling holiday books for the present season is vastly enriched by the superb edition of Rousselet's *India*¹ with which Messrs. Scribner & Co. have followed their Doré's *Spain*. The splendid taste in which the mechanical work of the book is executed is unapproached by anything of the sort; and there is a value in it otherwise which if not exactly commensurate is in some respects unique. Probably it contains more information concerning the India of the present time than is elsewhere accessible, and this information is relieved upon a ground of thorough acquaintance with Indian history, tradition, and literature, and interwoven with many stories of personal adventure. M. Rousselet traveled in the grand style which hardly princes now assume in Europe, and passed from court to court throughout the vast empire with letters that opened all doors to him. His opportunities for observation were extraordinary, of course, and he is a good observer. Moreover, he seems to have been an amateur of photography, and to his fondness for this art we are indebted for a multitude of pictures illustrative chiefly of the fascinating architecture, Hindoo and Moslem, but largely, also, of the life of India. To tell the truth, the charm of the work is rather in these exquisite illustrations than in the literature; the author, though a Frenchman, is not apparently anxious to be amusing, and he some-

times does not forget to be a little dull. Yet an absence of lightness may in his case, if ever, be forgiven, for he is full of solid good qualities, and at least he never fatigues, as the modern traveler is apt to do, with a humorous purpose in the account of what he sees. Neither is M. Rousselet metaphysical, nor a headlong generalizer of his facts; he has a keen eye and an honest mind, and is simple, direct, and clear, as well as extremely well-informed. The book is to be heartily commended.

—General Boynton's reply to Sherman's *Memoirs*² (to which it is designed as a companion volume) is the most considerable of the many criticisms which that fascinating narrative has brought forth; it does not aim to be an impartial review, but is in the form of an indictment, and is supported by all the special pleading of the self-appointed advocate of Thomas, M'Pherson, and others, to whom it is claimed that great injustice has been done. The only word of praise for Sherman appears in the preface, where it is said, "While by this method of review his mistakes only are presented, there has been no intention to underrate the great and brilliant services which he performed."

It is well that the books are companion volumes, for on the one hand, if it be admitted that the *Memoirs* ought not to be read without seeing the corrections contained in the volume before us, on the other hand, the uninformed reader, perusing Boynton's criticisms without the *Memoirs*, would wonder how such a one as Sherman is described dared look his countrymen in the face, much less publish an account of his deeds.

It should be borne steadily in mind that the book is of a partisan character, and that, whatever else it contains, it omits no fault or mistake that Sherman made; this animus accounts for the exceedingly bad taste shown in selecting for a title the phrase, "*Sherman's Historical Raid*." Such an attempt to belittle Sherman's achievements, military or literary, at once prejudices the reader against the critic, and deprives his criticisms of much of their force.

None the less has General Boynton made a very valuable contribution to the litera-

¹ *India and its Native Princes. Travels in Central India, and in the Presidencies of Bombay and Bengal.* By LOUIS ROUSSELET. Carefully revised and edited by LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BUCKLE. Containing three hundred and seventeen illustrations and six Maps. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1876.

² *Sherman's Historical Raid. The Memoirs in the Light of the Record. A Review based upon Compilations from the Files of the War Office.* By H. V. BOYNTON, Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette. Cincinnati: Weistach, Baldwin, & Co. 1876.

ture of the war, a contribution which not only the much-talked-of and long-expected "future historian" will do well to consult, but also the average intelligent American; for the opinions here given are not those of the author as colonel of the 35th Ohio, and subsequently war correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, but the opinions of the chief actors of the great contest, as expressed in their own dispatches and statements of facts made at the time.

It is well known that the War Department is preparing the records and dispatches of the war for publication, in several ponderous volumes, whose very ponderousness will prevent any but specialists from ever investigating their contents. Now, with the aid of the Memoirs and the companion volume, we have all the official dispatches of any consequence bearing on the campaigns in which Sherman took part — and they form a large part of the war.

Boynton's charge, in his own words, is this: "He [Sherman] detracts from what rightfully belongs to Grant; misrepresents and belittles Thomas; withholds justice from Buell; repeatedly loads failures for which he was responsible, now upon Thomas, now upon Schofield, now upon McPherson, and again upon the three jointly; is unjust in the extreme to Rosecrans; sneers at Logan and Blair; insults Hooker, and slanders Stanton."

Nor is this all, for "the reader turns naturally for explanations of the surprise and attending disgrace at Shiloh; the ill-judged and fatal assault at Chickasaw Bayou; the protest against the move by which Vicksburg was captured; his failure to carry the point assigned to him at the battle of Chattanooga; the escape of Johnston from Dalton and Resaca; the terrible mistake of the assault on Kenesaw; the plunging of his army, marching by the flank, into Hood's line of battle, under the supposition that Atlanta was evacuated; the escape of the rebel army from Savannah; the careless and inexcusable periling and narrow escape of his own army at Bentonville; and lastly, the political surrender to Johnston at Raleigh: these are points upon which every reader desires light. But instead of gaining it, he finds that for most, the chief aim of the author seems to be to make the darkness more impenetrable."

And straightway the critic proceeds to bring forth enough of the archives of the War Department to shed light upon this darkness, and to rescue Grant, Thomas,

and others from their misfortunes. It is a formidable indictment, surely, and is argued through two hundred and ninety-six octavo pages; to discuss it in detail would require a still larger space, and hence while the impartial judge — the future historian — reserves his decision, a contemporary critic can only touch upon a few of the more important counts and give a general opinion of the whole. It will be noticed that the faults claimed are of two kinds; first, great personal injustice against several officers of high rank, and secondly, various military mistakes.

The principal personal grievance is the manner in which General George H. Thomas is spoken of in the Memoirs; and certainly that manner was very unfortunate. No one ought to doubt that Sherman has the highest opinion of Thomas; he has openly expressed it on many occasions before and since the Memoirs were published; but he writes in such a business-like, rapid manner — just as he might converse before the camp-fire — that he has not time to bestow great praise on any one; now and then there is a jocose anecdote and occasionally a few short words of censure, but nothing to indicate harsh feeling or deep distrust of General Thomas. But it is well known that just before the battle of Nashville both Grant and Sherman were very anxious about the apparent delay in Thomas's movements. Grant made a most manly acknowledgment of it in his report of July, 1865, concluding with the sentence, "But his final defeat of Hood was so complete that it will be accepted as a vindication of that distinguished officer's judgment." Sherman, however, apparently forgets the immense audience he is addressing and seems to write as he thought in those December days about Savannah, when he wondered if Hood might possibly beat Thomas, his march "be adjudged the wild adventure of a crazy fool," and himself go down to history in the great band of failures headed by McClellan and Pope. All this would probably have happened had Thomas failed, and one can easily imagine the feverish anxiety with which Sherman thought over it, and waited for Thomas to move out. But on the other hand, Thomas's victory was so decisive — he beat Hood so completely that out of that army which Sherman could not bring to battle but had turned over to Thomas's care, only five thousand men ever again came into action — that Sherman might have made some

fuller acknowledgment of the overwhelming debt he owed Thomas, on whom the only fighting resulting from the march had fallen. But he says merely that "Thomas nobly fulfilled his promise to beat Hood." The minds of the two men were so differently constituted — the one quick, nervous, and brilliant, the other slow, methodical, and sure — that possibly they could not fully appreciate each other's merits, and Sherman perhaps fails to give Thomas the full measure of thanks and credit for his great services, and lays too much stress on his caution. Of this the dispatches and *Memoirs* may convict him, but of nothing more, and certainly not of harsh injustice. He has freely and openly given his opinion; had he spoken otherwise the *Memoirs* would have lost that frankness which is their great charm.

The injustice claimed to have been done to Grant is a small matter, and, in view of the hearty and loyal manner in which Sherman always speaks of him, is almost ridiculous. As for the origin of the march to the sea, Grant undoubtedly thought of it, as did many others, according to Boynton's statement, notably Pope and McDowell in 1862. Grant also spoke of it in 1864, and the dispatches clearly prove that his hesitation at the final moment was due only to a desire that Hood should first be provided for. But Sherman thought of it too, probably as soon as any of the others, and it was he that thought out all its details and actually *made it*; and the credit of it belongs to him.

It had a much greater popular fame than its merits warrant, as Sherman himself has shown; it was merely the dividing of his army into two parts, leaving the smaller part to fight the immediate enemy, and transferring the rest without opposition to another base for other operations. Possibly that portion which was left to do the fighting has not yet received its due share of popular credit, and these dispatches will aid in giving it to them. But as for who first conceived the idea of the march to the sea, it is an idle dispute; every one familiar with the facts knows that from the time Grant was made lieutenant-general he laid out the general plan of operations for all the forces of the United States, and left the details to the immediate commanders; the march to the sea was one of many movements so planned and executed; Sherman is entitled to the credit of it as much as to the credit of his Atlanta campaign.

Of a similar nature is the dispute as to who conceived the plan of the campaign resulting in the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson; Halleck thought of it, but Grant worked up the details and executed it, and the credit is his.

As for McPherson, the unprejudiced reader, after studying both sides of the question, must acknowledge that he lost a fine opportunity at Resaca; his orders covered the falling back to Snake Creek Gap, but they also contemplated that he should make a lodgment on the railroad; he failed to do this and failed to make a bold effort for it, and in so doing he lost, as Sherman says, "an opportunity which does not occur twice in a life."

The allusions to Logan, Blair, and Stanton are, at this late day, most unfortunate in their expression; but a great many persons think that, under the circumstances, Sherman's action was perfectly justifiable. Here again he writes as if in the heat of the war and not ten years after it.

Many of the charges of failure in action seem to be sustained by the dispatches, which prove that Sherman won no great battle throughout the war; he was surprised at Shiloh, he failed at Chickasaw Bayou and in the assaults at Vicksburg, he gained little or nothing at Chattanooga and in the actions about Atlanta, and he was defeated in the unjustifiable assault on Kennesaw; and it is noticeable that in the *Memoirs* no mention is made of the reason so frequently given during the war for this latter assault, namely, to prove that his army could assault as well as make flanking movements.

Besides the indecisive nature of his battles, Sherman failed to bring Johnston or Hood to action and crush him with his immense preponderance of force; he allowed Hardee to escape from him at Jonesboro, and again at Savannah; at the latter place he acknowledges himself to have been disappointed and chagrined.

These dispatches will aid to fix Sherman's place in history as a general, but they are valuable simply for themselves, for the decided animus which is noticeable on every page of the context renders that almost worthless.

The Atlanta campaign will ever remain in military text-books as the most complete example of dislodging an army by operating against its rear; the popular enthusiasm for the march to the sea will be proof against all arguments as to its exact mili-

tary value and as to who first conceived it; it will always be remembered that Sherman compelled and received the surrender of one of the two remaining armies of the Confederacy. On these things Sherman's great fame rests, and they firmly establish his position as the second in the list of successful generals of the United States in the war of the Rebellion.

— We have always been troubled, in reading Miss Ingelow's poetry, — even the best of it, — by a fear that Pegasus was about to fold his wings and let us down too swiftly to the ground. There is an exquisite murmuring in her verses, a pure, sweet melody that works on the mind like a charm and lets us forget to look for solid substance; but the moment we seek intellectual gratification, we discover how slight is the substructure of this melody. Her poetry is as light as air; hence the dizzying apprehension already mentioned, that we are about to be dropped from the ether to which her song at first lifts us. Her most recent offerings¹ with one exception, fully exemplify these observations. The sonnet *Failure* is an admirable piece of thought embodied in a concise and firm-textured form. Several of the songs in the book appear to be addressed only to children. Of the shorter pieces, we prefer *Feathers* and *Moss*; but the concluding poem, *At One Again*, is a pretty little conventional romance. The soft breeze of Miss Ingelow's imagination blows as sweetly here as ever. The poems are accompanied by some rather miscellaneous illustrations from Arthur Hughes, Mary Hallock, G. Perkins, Mitchell, Darley, Sheppard, and Eytinge. None of them strike us as in the best style of the artists, though one of Mr. Hughes's is very beautiful, and Mr. Mitchell shows a dainty, German-silvered and only semi-original fancy. Mr. Eytinge's pieces are cheap, ill-drawn, and feeble.

— There can be two sorts of meritorious stories: those which give one an impetus beyond what has been written by the author, and those which, though to a certain extent satisfying, are stationary. The first are products of the finest culture, and impart something of that culture. The second kind is exemplified in Dr. Holland's *Sevenoaks*,² a novel of much excellence in some ways, but falling very far short as a

work of art. The book is a satire on the life of a coarse man who becomes wealthy and enters into successive deliberate frauds for the increasing of his riches, until he overreaches himself and falls utterly from his boastful prominence in New York. Yet it is not so much a satire as a rebuke; for Dr. Holland has hardly the patience with wrong-doing which is requisite to satire, and would perhaps feel himself to be taking the part of accomplice if he stooped to invest his subject with ridicule. But the rebuke is strong in itself, the only drawback being that it is addressed rather to minds which are already prepared for giving similar rebukes, and that no reader will ever see in the brutish Mr. Belcher, who is painted so black, anything resembling himself. It is the prerogative of more delicate art than Dr. Holland's to unveil to a wide variety of persons their unsuspected possibilities both for good and for ill. The story of *Sevenoaks* is put together with ingenuity; the folly of a career like Mr. Belcher's is plainly demonstrated, and it is shown how such a man inevitably alienates even those whom he wishes to have serve him, and so contributes to his own ruin. There is fairly good sketching in the characters of the lawyer Cavendish and the adventurous Mrs. Dillingham; the subservient condition of society in *Sevenoaks* to the magnate Belcher is indicated; and as a foil to the machinations of this villain we have the movements of Jim Fenton, who acts as a sort of providence and dispenses a great deal of laughable talk. All this is to a certain extent interesting and entertaining, yet we feel persuaded that the subject is not used according to its capabilities. Dr. Holland is entirely willing to insert a blank, when something better does not offer; the characters of Balfour, the gooc lawyer, and Mrs. Belcher, the rogue's wife, have hardly more individuality than a pair of whist-players. This, doubtless, proceeds from the author's inability to discriminate, to make selections, which is illustrated by his permitting a simile like the following to stand: "Was she aware that as she moved side by side with Mrs. Belcher, through the grand rooms, she was displaying herself to the best advantage to her admirer, and that, yoked with the wifehood and motherhood of the house, she was dragging, while he

¹ *The Shepherd Lady, and other Poems*. By JEAN INGELOW, author of *Songs of Seven*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

² *Sevenoaks. A Story of To-Day*. By J. G.

HOLLAND, author of *Arthur Bonnicastle*. With twelve full-page illustrations after Original Designs by Sol Eytinge. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1876.

held the plow that was tilling the deep carpets for tares that might be reaped in harvests of unhappiness?" Such errors do not merely show defective taste, but they also affect the quality of the book throughout. It is easy to see where, in the recent annals of New York, Dr. Holland found the model for his Colonel Belcher; and he has told us very little about him that we have not already heard. We very much doubt, however, whether the real Colonel Belcher would have gone into forgery while there remained a chance to run his rifle-mills at even half their former profit; and it is quite certain that in the trial he would have bought a judge and mined the ground under the feet of Justice, until his escape had been assured. Jim Fenton and Miss Butterworth are also drawn, we suppose, from life; but they are much better wrought out, and are well worth having. The novel is readable, has the advantage of being based on sound morality, and contains considerable humor. But it is very far from being a true work of the imagination.

—Dr. Blasius begins the third chapter of his treatise on Storms¹ with the inquiry, "What is a storm?" and he defines it to be a "*movement of the air caused by its tendency to reestablish an equilibrium which has in some manner been disturbed.*" We see then at the outset that this term is to be used in an unusual way, as this definition covers all atmospheric motions, be they gentle or violent, accompanied by cloud and rain or not. It is also explained from the outset that the usual terminology of meteorology is not adopted, as the common terms seem to Dr. Blasius to imply an admission of certain theories which he believes to be erroneous. It will, perhaps, be convenient to give a brief abstract of the contents of the book before proceeding to note the differences of opinion and theory which distinguish it from others of like scope.

Chapter I. is introductory, and gives a brief account of the West Cambridge tornado of August 22, 1851, the observation of the effects of which determined the author to the study of meteorology in general, and gave to him the clew by which he was led to his own theory of storms, and by which he was led further to disbelieve in the rival theories of Redfield and Espy. He states that the excellent detailed study of this tornado which he made (which is

given in full in an appendix), when considered as a whole, is conclusive as to his own views: *i. e.*, that if certain limited parts of it be alone studied, the conclusions of either Redfield or Espy may be verified according to the portion selected.

Five weeks were spent by Dr. Blasius in a complete survey and examination of the track, and it is safe to say that very few more complete accounts of phenomena of this class have been published. His results were presented to the American Academy in 1851, and were condensed into a letter to the New York Times, dated November 18, 1852, which is printed as Appendix I. to this volume; and since that time he has made no public exposition of his views until the appearance of the present book. In the course of this chapter, Dr. Blasius claims for himself and for ex-President Hill, of Harvard College, the credit of originating the present Signal Service storm-warnings, which we notice simply to say that these gentlemen were anticipated by Redfield, Henry, and others.

Chapter II. deals with the present situation of the science of meteorology, and is a very readable *résumé* of the opinions of the best authorities on the subject. Chapter III. refers to aerial currents, their causal connection with the various cloud-formations, and the classification of storms. It is here that a storm is first defined and made to cover all atmospheric disturbances, even slight ones, unaccompanied by rain or cloud. The opinion (for it is no more than an opinion) is here advanced that there is an atmospheric lunar tide; this is not shown in the discussion of masses of meteorological data, and it is negatived by the theoretical researches of Laplace, Ferrel, and others. A bit of remarkable translation from the French occurs here, which we transcribe as a warning to all authors to do their own translation. The original French is, "*J'ai vu beaucoup de malades qui éprouvent de fortes migraines précisément à la nouvelle lune; et d'autres qui deviennent toujours malades par le vent d'est;*" the equally original English is, "*I have seen many sick persons who improved of acute megrims at the time of the new moon, and others who always grew sick with a west wind!*"

In this chapter we meet with the first germs of the author's theory; as we under-

¹ *Storms; Their Nature, Classification, and Laws: with the Means of Predicting them by their Embodiments the Clouds.* By WILLIAM BLASIUS,

formerly Professor of the Natural Sciences in the Lyceum of Hanover. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates. 1875.

stand it, it is based on the fact that between two places of different temperatures an exchange of air goes on; warm air flows toward the cold place and the cold air flows underneath in an opposite direction.

"When a cool current moves into warmer air which is saturated with moisture, clouds are formed. But when a cool current moves to a warmer region where the air has just discharged its moisture in rain or snow, that part of its condensed moisture which still floats as clouds in the air will dissolve as the cool current advances, and the clouds will disappear. . . . Thus the clouds will tell us by their appearance or disappearance whether the air is moving, and in what condition the air is as to moisture."

The author recognizes two kinds of clouds: cumulus, "characteristic of a vertically upward warm current," and stratus (the cirro-stratus of Howard; for some reason this name has been changed throughout the book), "characteristic of a horizontally moving warm current." Probably meteorologists would not agree with the author as to the state of things which the stratus characterizes. On page 53, storms are divided into three classes and their characteristic cloud-forms stated. They are: "1. Local or vertical storms — cumulus. 2. Progressive or lateral storms of two classes: (a) *equatorial*, which are winter storms, produced by a warm current displacing a cool one to supply a deficiency towards the poles — stratus; (b) *polar*, summer storms produced by a cool current displacing a warm one to supply a deficiency towards the equator; *cumulo-stratus*. 3. Tornadoes, hail-storms, etc."

In these definitions, which we have slightly abridged, the author's theory of storms is embodied. Nearly all storms are according to him either polar or equatorial, and most of the remaining portion of the book is devoted to applications of these definitions and principles to various cases.

Chapters IV.—VIII. deal with these storms in detail, Chapter IX. is devoted to a review of evidence supposed to be corroborative of the new theory, while Chapters X., XI. give suggestions as to weather prognostics and as to the proper conduct of meteorological observations.

We have been thus full in describing the contents of the book because it is by no means an ordinary one and because it deals with a difficult and perplexed subject. The question as to whether the theories ad-

vanced are or are not true, it is not at all necessary to discuss: if they are true, they will be adopted in future; if untrue they will be utterly forgotten in a dozen years. The test of their truth is their power to account for present facts and to predict future conditions. It is not for a moment to be doubted that the author fully believes in them, and it may be that this thorough faith has in a way injured the efficiency of the book as an exponent of the new theories, for the author is in the habit of citing results which, according to all meteorologists, confirm their own views, and of adding the remark that any one who has comprehended *his* theory will at once see how these particular facts confirm it. It is possible to understand his theory and yet to doubt.

There are several points in this volume which it will be well to notice, as the impression conveyed is often erroneous. This is always unintentional on the part of the author, who is carefully fair and moderate in his statements. For example, it is tacitly assumed throughout the volume that the Signal Service pays no attention to the clouds. The fact is that tri-daily maps of the clouds are, and for four years have been, regularly made, consulted, and employed in the weather predictions.

The author seems to complain of the Signal Service tri-daily observations that they give only a "system of averages," and that continuous observations are needed to test his theories. These are easily accessible in the quarterly reports of the meteorological office of England, in which the continuous records for seven stations in England are printed.

The West Cambridge tornado, which first decided the direction of our author's meteorological studies, seems to have had a too powerful influence upon his judgment of the "cyclonists," the upholders of Redfield's theory. Where a cyclonist sees a large storm five hundred miles in diameter, on the borders of which the winds are blowing in every direction, Dr. Blasius sees many small storms, each modeled in a greater or less degree like the West Cambridge tornado. A very striking proof that a storm *may* be constituted as the cyclones are supposed to be is afforded by the singular case of the ship *Charles Heddle*, which was caught in the borders of one of these cyclones and *sailed five times completely around its border, meeting winds blowing exactly in the directions demanded by the cyclone theory*. The experience of Dr. Blasius has

been limited to local storms, and he has apparently never been able to realize the existence of a storm of any magnitude.

This is particularly evident in his discussion of Professor Abbe's report on the Nova Scotia storm of August 23, 1873. Professor Abbe is speaking of a storm at least five hundred miles in diameter, but Dr. Blasius discusses it as if it were an assemblage of tornadoes each twelve hundred feet wide. Some of the results of Professor Loomis's discussion of the Signal Service maps are examined, and the statement is made (p. 176) that as the Signal Service notes only northeast storms (by which the author means storms tending toward the northeast) Professor Loomis's results are partial. As a matter of fact, the Signal Service notes all storms within the limits of the Atlantic coast and the Rocky Mountains, and as its object is to obtain the laws of these as they exist, and not as they would be if they were something other than what they are, Professor Loomis is satisfied to discuss them in this way, irrespective of the fact that his conclusions do not agree with the theories of this book.

To the meteorologist, Dr. Blasius's studies of the characteristics of storms are excellent as local studies, and some of his descriptions of the typical signs of various kinds of storms are most admirable; but it is not too much to say that if Dr. Blasius's book were not dated from the Atlantic coast, the meteorologist could yet determine quite accurately his latitude and longitude from the types of storms which he gives. In a general way, we may say that this book is a valuable one; its study of local tornadoes and storms would alone make it so, and its collection of the results of the work of such men as Buys-Ballot, Mohn, and others renders it of much interest. We cannot, however, think that it is likely to produce that change in the face of science which its author contemplates. If it leads to the general study of cloud-forms and to any principles of interpreting these other than those now known, it will have amply justified itself.

— The aim of Mr. Leland's book *Fusang*¹ is to show the likelihood of the discovery of America by a Buddhist priest in his missionary travels in the fifth century of the Christian era. For this purpose he has translated into English a pamphlet on the subject by

the late Professor Neumann, of Munich, with notes and comments of his own, and such quotations from other writers as bear on this hypothesis. The result is a volume slender in size and even slenderer in solid basis for so important a theory. The argument for believing that America was so discovered rests mainly on two points: first, the possibility of a Chinese ship's crossing the Pacific, which may readily be granted, and secondly, a few words of the Buddhist priest in question who makes incidental notice of a country lying far east of China, where there grows a plant similar to the Agave Americana, or the Mexican maguey. A good part of the remainder of his description can in no way apply to Mexico. He describes a country where there were no wars, whereas that country was constantly at war, as the reader of Bancroft's *Native Races of the Pacific Coast* well knows, and as to the other customs he describes they carry no weight.

With all respect for Mr. Leland and for the learned men whose views he supports, it is impossible to feel as if any great contribution had been made to human knowledge by this interpretation of the priest's report. Our objections to the inaccuracy of a good part of it are met by the mention of the mistakes of Herodotus, but if Herodotus had mentioned only one thing right in his history his name would not carry the weight it does. What is to be considered is the unlikelihood of this man's finding an unknown country, already far advanced in civilization, of which he can mention nothing accurate except the description of a plant. That its architecture, military pomp, social laws, and customs should be forgotten, and this one plant be remembered, is improbable. Then, too, his false statement that the people were converted to Buddhism shows his absolute untrustworthiness. There is no more proof that the early inhabitants of Mexico were Buddhists than that they were Seventh Day Baptists. Mr. Leland acknowledges this, and urges that the Mound-Builders were converted, but of this there is no shred of proof. The whole hypothesis rests on the flimsiest basis. Since Hiouen-thsang and others "brought the religion of Buddha to distant places in Siberia, . . . nothing is more probable than that such zealous propagandists should have gone a step beyond, and have arrived in a part of the North American continent, when reports of Aztec or other civilizations must have lured them still farther on." If this is so certain as Mr. Leland declares, why is the maguey plant lugged

¹ *Fusang*; or, *The Discovery of America by Chinese Priests in the Fifth Century*. By CHARLES G. LE-
LAND. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1875.

in? The case is proved already. And this he calls "perhaps the strongest link in the chain of circumstantial evidence which can be adduced to prove that Hoci-Shin and others penetrated to California and Mexico."

A more convincing part of the volume is that which undertakes to show the probable connection between the native inhabitants of America and the Asiatics. This hypothesis is still far from being established, but all the evidence that can be accumulated — and there is yet but little to show — is of interest and importance. It has this result, however, of transferring the credit of all the points of resemblance between Asiatics and Americans to their common origin, and taking it from the influence of Buddhist priests.

As to Buddhism among the Mound-Builders, why not among the Lilliputians? Mr. Leland says if "the mild and highly-refined religion of Buddha ever took root among the early Americans, it must have been with such people as the Mound-Builders who practiced some vast and dreamy nature-worship, which would render them peculiarly susceptible to the teachings of the monks." One cannot help asking what sort of proof this is? He says, by the way, a few lines lower, Buddhism "even blended with the vigorous Greek element in Northern India." What was this vigorous Greek element?

On the whole we find it impossible to give praise to this little volume. It seems to us to contain false reasoning on very uncertain data. Mr. Leland may be right in his theories, but certainly he has failed to establish them. We had hoped that a stronger case than this might be made out; as it stands, it is hardly worthy of consideration. There is no lack of untrustworthy theories of ethnology, and no need of bringing more into public notice.

—From some present appearances it would seem as if civilization would owe other debts to certain newspapers than those which can be canceled by one's yearly subscription. The New York Herald's sending of Stanley to discover Livingstone seems to have inspired its contemporary, the London Daily Telegraph, with the plan of sending Mr. George Smith, a student of

Assyrian antiquities, to Nineveh to carry on some researches which might possibly enable him "to write up the flood." Under these auspices Mr. Smith made his first journey to the East; by some misunderstanding he was obliged to return without completing his designs as thoroughly as he desired. The next year, however, he was commissioned to return thither to bring his work nearer completion. The results of his investigations make the greater part of this book;¹ the remainder is taken up with an account of his journeys, and of his frequent annoyance at the hands of Turkish officials, etc. Mr. Smith's discoveries were very interesting. He found some valuable fragments of the tablets containing the Chaldean account of the deluge. On these tablets are recorded the adventures of a hero named Izdubar, whom Mr. Smith identifies with the Nimrod of the Old Testament. The legends have for the most part no similarity to biblical history; the record of the flood, however, bears remarkable likeness to that with which we are familiar.

Among other things found was an inscription dating as far back as B. C. 1320, and some pottery which is assigned to the nineteenth century B. C. Many of the texts go to show that the Assyrian monarchy was more powerful in even very remote times than had been supposed. One of the inscriptions fixes the date of the rise of the Parthian empire, namely, B. C. 248.

On the whole, Mr. Smith's book is a valuable contribution to Oriental study. Its merit is much augmented by the literal translations given of the inscriptions, and by the photographs of the tablets. Exactness like this is much to be preferred to smooth-sounding, vague statements of results.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.²

The letters which M. de Morey has lately edited and published³ are of importance, coming as they do to interest the student of political as well as of social history; but to neither will they give unalloyed satisfaction. Sainte-Beuve has given us an admi-

had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston.

¹ *Assyrian Discoveries; An Account of Explorations and Discoveries on the Site of Nineveh during 1873 and 1874.* By GEORGE SMITH, of the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum, Author of *History of Assurbanipal*, etc., etc. With Illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1875.

² All books mentioned under this head are to be

³ *Correspondance inédite du Roi Stanislas-Auguste Poniatowski et de Madame Geoffrin.* (1764-1777.) Précédée d'une Étude sur Stanislas-Auguste et Madame Geoffrin, et accompagnée de nombreuses notes. Par M. CHARLES DE MOREY. Paris: E. Plon & Cie. 1875.

erable portrait of Madame Geoffrin in his *Causeries du Lundi*, in which we see her a tactful, kindly, wise lady, the mistress of a very delightful *salon*, which she manages with great cleverness, making it really the headquarters of the literary and artistic men of her time. Tradition had handed down some amusing anecdotes of her husband's foolishness and of her intelligence, which Sainte-Beuve records, and after a charming description of her social life he closes his essay by calling her the Madame Récamier of her day. The publication of these letters, while it does but little towards adding to her reputation for brilliancy, by no means destroys the soundness of this comparison; for what after all are Madame Récamier's letters, for which her lovers used to languish until they received them, and then to express what a cold posterity considers disproportionate gratitude? For a long time her letters were kept from the public, and it was the custom to mourn their absence as one does the loss of the Sibylline books; meanwhile the testimony was rapidly accumulating about their value, as the correspondence of different literary critics, one after another, came to light, and it was found that they all agreed in admiring her letters and in ascribing to them a wonderful charm. When, however, they were given to the public, it became evident that the charm lay in great measure between the lines, and was comparatively imperceptible to our duller eyes. In the same way these letters of Madame Geoffrin will not be found wildly exciting, although they are full of kindness and, indeed, affection.

Their origin is this. In the year 1753 the Count Poniatowski brought one of his sons, a young man hardly twenty, to Paris and introduced him to Madame Geoffrin, whose salon brought together all the leading literary men and artists, as well as men of society, of the day. She introduced him to them all, and took such a fancy to him that she called him her son and allowed him to call her mother; she, be it said by the way, was then over fifty. Her care, however, could not save him from committing various youthful follies, which were the cause of his removal from that dangerous city after a stay of only five months. But during that brief visit, in spite of his youth and inexperience, possibly in some measure on account of them, he seems to have made upon almost every one who saw him a favorable impression. He was hardly more than twenty-five when he was sent to St.

Petersburg as ambassador from Poland, and while there he fell in love with the grand duchess who afterward became famous under the name of Catharine II.; she seems to have fancied him for a time, but not even then was she constant in love, and he was but one of her many adorers. For years, however, he retained a warm and painful impression of that remarkable woman; it was only her heartless treatment of Poland when he became king of that unhappy country, which finally cured him of his feeling for her by showing her wholly relentless, ambitious nature. It was in 1764 that he was chosen king of Poland, and at this point the correspondence begins. He was the candidate of the Russian court, and in a great measure a popular man among the Poles, and his reign opened with every prospect of success. The first letter of the series contains an account of the ceremonies connected with his election. He addresses his old friend still as *Ma chère maman*, and writes his whole letter in the same affectionate strain. She was by no means insensible to his flattering attentions; she was now between sixty and seventy years old, and for her to have this young king of half her age writing to her, asking her advice, detailing his difficulties, admitting her into all his plans, was indeed a great delight. Her first letters show how elated she was at this honor.

Their letters were very frequent, and the greater number of them have been preserved, and while they are too full of the politics of the time to suit the mere literary idler, there is much to repay the slight exertion of energy the book demands. If the condition of Poland had not been so desperate we may be sure that this volume would have been much more entertaining. Even as it is, the main incident in the book is not so much the fall of Poland as the journey to Warsaw which Madame Geoffrin made in the year 1766. The only similar event in the world's history is the journey of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, and she made that very comparison in her first letter proposing the expedition. Various difficulties occurred occasionally and interfered with the good understanding between the king and his attached but rather jealous friend. She made but slight pretensions to any political influence, but at times she expressed with much rancor her dislike for those persons who came to Paris and plumed themselves over their intimacy with the king. Indeed, nothing

but the king's tact and great good humor prevented the proposed journey from falling through. The tone of her letters became for a time amusingly haughty, but she found it impossible to withstand his sincere lamentations and complete explanations. Peace having been made, she started, towards the end of June, 1766, on the eventful journey. It was considered at the time to be a very important matter, and it created a great deal of excitement. She stayed in Warsaw until the 13th of September, having rooms at the palace and being treated with the utmost consideration. Still, in spite of everything, she felt less gratified by it all than she had hoped; she had looked forward to the visit too long and too ardently to escape some disillusion,

and in her letters after her return there occur vague references to her disappointment. But while with the king she received several gratifying proofs of the estimation in which her influence over him was held. Voltaire wrote to her to interest her and thereby the king in the fate of the Sirvens, and Marmontel sent her a most flattering letter with the news of the day. With one of Voltaire's letters she was but little pleased; she calls it stupid and commonplace, and says, "When he has once got a notion in his head, he is beside himself." The letters after her return are very full of the troubles of Poland, which were increasing daily. She died in October, 1777, and with a brief note dictated by her the volume closes.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger, Philadelphia: The Golden Tress. Translated from the French of Fortune Du Boisgobey, author of *Les Collets Noirs*, etc.—Opium Eating. An Autobiographical Sketch. By an Habituate.—Two Thousand Years After; or, A Talk in a Cemetery. By John Darby, author of *Thinkers and Thinking*, etc.

T. H. Davis & Co., Philadelphia: The Battle of Gettysburg. By Samuel P. Bates.

Dodd and Mead, New York: Christopher Columbus. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated.—Daily Thoughts. By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D. Edited by Rev. J. V. D. Shurtz.—Elsie's Womanhood. By Martha Farquharson.—Evensore, and other Poems. By P. Hamilton Myers.

William F. Gill & Co., Boston: The Handy Home Book of Medical Recipes and Family Receipts. By William M. Cornell, M. D.—The Treasure Trove Series. Travesty. (The Choicest Humor by the Great Writers.)—The Wages of Sin. By Edmund Yates.

Harper and Bros., New York: The Theistic Conception of the World. An Essay in Opposition to Certain Tendencies of Modern Thought. By B. F. Cocker, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Michigan.—St. Simon's Niece. A Novel. By Frank Lee Benedict.—The Calderwood Secret. A Novel. By Virginia W. Johnson.—Speeches of Pope Pius IX. By the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P.—The Might and Mirth of Literature. A Treatise on Figurative Language. By John Walker Vilant Macbeth.—Select Dialogues of Plato. A New and Literal Version, chiefly from the Text of Stallbaum. By Henry Cary, M. A., Worcester College, Oxford.

Jansen, McClurg, & Co. The Primer of Political Economy; in Sixteen Definitions and Forty Propositions. By Alfred B. Mason and John J. Lalor.—A Summer in Norway; with Notes on the Industries, Habits, Customs, and Peculiarities of the People, the History and Institutions of the Country, its Climate, Topography, and Productions. By John Dean Caton, LL. D., ex-Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: Memoirs of John Quincy Adams. Comprising Portions of his

Diary from 1795 to 1843. Edited by Chas. Francis Adams. Vol. VII.—Dramas and Miscellaneous Poems. By Dr. J. R. Monroe.—A Statement of Affairs at Red Cloud Agency. Made to the President of the United States. By Professor O. C. Marsh.—Prose Quotations from Socrates to Macaulay. By S. Austin Allibone. With Indexes.

Lockwood, Brooks, & Co., Boston: Toward the Strait Gate; or, Parish Christianity for the Unconverted. By Rev. E. F. Burr, D. D.—Correspondences of the Bible. The Animals. By John Worcester.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Little Classics. Fifteenth volume. Minor Poems. Edited by Rossiter Johnson.—Buffets. By Charles H. Doe.—Annals of a Fortress. By E. Viollet-le-Duc. Translated by Benjamin Bucknall.—The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.—Tales of the Argonauts, and other Sketches. By Bret Harte.—Discourses on Architecture. By Eugène Emmanuel Viollet-le-Duc, Architect, author of *The Dictionary of Architecture*, etc. Translated, with an Introductory Essay, by Henry Van Brunt, Fellow American Institute of Architects. Illustrated with Plates and Wood-Cuts.

F. B. Patterson, New York: Views and Interviews on Journalism. Edited by Charles F. Wingate.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: The Borderlands of Insanity, and other Allied Papers. By Andrew Wynter, M. D.—The Abode of Snow. Observations on a Tour from Chinese Thibet to the Indian Caucasus. By Andrew Wilson.—A Manual of Metallurgy. Vol. II. By Wm. Henry Greenwood, F. C. S. Copper, Lead, etc. Illustrated by sixty-seven Engravings.

Roberts Bros., Boston: Madame Récamier and her Friends. By the translator of Madame Récamier's Memoirs.—Eight Cousins; or, The Aunt-Hill. By Louisa M. Alcott. With Illustrations.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: The Holy Bible. With an Explanatory and Critical Commentary. Vol. V. Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Lamentations. By F. A. Cook, M. A., Canon of Exeter.—Bric-a-Brac Series. Personal Recollections of Lamb, Hazlitt, and others. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard.

ART.

READERS of *The Atlantic* who followed the letters of *An Academician* last February and before, in reply to our statements about the finances of the National Academy of Design,¹ will take an interest in hearing that a secession from the Academy drawing-schools has been made by a number of students who, with Professor Wilmarth (the head of the Academy schools) for their president, have formed an Art Students' League for securing satisfactory and sustained instruction, and for "the attainment of a higher development in art studies." This league has taken rooms on Fifth Avenue, and now holds three sessions daily, hiring models, and opening the classes to ladies at special hours set apart for them, at a cost of five dollars per month to each student; Professor Wilmarth having generously offered his personal supervision as a gratuity until the league can afford to pay him a salary. President Whittredge, of the National Academy, wrote a letter to *The Evening Post*, attempting to refute statements made by the league in a circular explaining their action; but his logic does not seem to have been convincing. In the course of this letter, however, he made an admission which is pertinent to our discussion with *An Academician*, saying, namely, that at the very time when that champion was so courageously making light of the pecuniary troubles of the Academy, the institution was using strenuous efforts to raise money to pay Professor Wilmarth's salary with, and keep the schools going. We ask for no better proof than this circumstance affords, that we were not speaking without good ground when making our original assertion that the Academy was on the verge of bankruptcy.

Mr. Suydam some years ago left to the Academy fifty thousand dollars on condition that it should keep open a free school of art. It will be remembered that *An Academician* said, "Such financial embarrassments as the Academy has had have been brought about simply because of the establishment and maintenance of the free schools." Now, according to his own account in a preceding letter, the total debt of the Academy is thirty-five thousand dol-

lars, of which fifteen thousand dollars only was incurred for schools. He also admitted that all the property of the Academy, aside from its non-productive real estate and the Suydam legacy, is in "pictures which yield no income." The Academy, therefore, has no very clear moral right to grumble that its financial embarrassments have been caused by the schools; for the schools secure to it the only profitable investments it has, and some, at least, of the income from those investments there is good reason to suppose has been applied to other needful ends in the economy of the Academy. The reason the Academy grumbles is this. To keep up a free drawing-school and to keep up a *good* free drawing-school, *with a professor*, are two very different things. The government of the Academy was perfectly willing to keep a school open, in order to retain the yearly income of Mr. Suydam's money; but some inconsiderate younger members suddenly got into power, one year, and made the schools good. This took money, and the money could not be used for other things. Two parties, accordingly, came into being, one of "the old artists," opposed to having the schools useful and consequently expensive, the other composed of more ardent men, who were resolved to keep the schools good if they were to be kept at all. Under the rule of these men the schools were very useful, as *An Academician's* list of the number of students has shown; and the "old artists' " party, which has now returned to power, takes a great deal of credit to the Academy, in defending its indebtedness, for the good which the rival party thus accomplished. But so well known has it been that the "old artists" were "down on" the schools, and so distinctly have they shown their animosity, that the students, hearing that they were to be left without a professor this winter, were not to be cajoled into quiet and docility even by Mr. Whittredge's mild and plausible letter, with its ingenious allusion to "rebellious spirits." The truth is, the affairs of the National Academy have been very badly managed. An expensive building was erected, which involved the corporation to the extent of twenty thousand dollars, instead of a modest one which could have been made partially to pay for itself

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1874, p. 753; October, 1874, p. 606; and February, 1875, p. 248.

by subletting of portions; and then, when Mr. Suydam's property came like a god-send, the institution, not having provided any other source of income, naturally felt averse to spending its only interest-money on good schools instead of on its debt. It is a deplorable condition of things, but it cannot be improved by the sort of defense which has been offered to our casual remark upon it last year; and we trust that the present account of the matter, together with the very significant proceeding of the Art Students' League, may bring to the Academy schools the needed relief which its managers, under a mistaken notion of dignity, so resolutely ward off, even while admitting their crippled condition.

— The Essex Institute, of Salem, held an art exhibition last spring, which was so successful that the experiment has lately been repeated; and it is now hoped that an annual display can be made. The collection shown last month contained nearly three hundred paintings and drawings, and nearly two hundred other objects in pottery, porcelain, bronze, silver, or cabinet-work, together with some exquisite miniatures. Among the pictures a number of portraits by Frothingham, Copley, Trumbull, and Stuart stood first in merit. A deliciously vital and spirited piece of portraiture was Trumbull's Alexander Hamilton, with its fine color, its alert and gay aristocratic refinement of feature. The number of Salem artists and amateurs represented was large enough to surprise those unacquainted with the active interest in the arts which exists in that city; and many of their productions were promising, sincere, and skillful, though frequently wanting in the grace that comes of long practice and of a more rounded æsthetic culture than our communities as yet possess. This, however, the Essex Institute is taking the right measures to supply; and it is intended to follow the exhibition by a course of lectures on fine art this winter. An excellent example has thus been given, which every town and village that has any resources should emulate. Exhibitions alone, it is true, will not suffice; there is need of the best lecturing, to cultivate a simple, healthy, unconventional taste in matters of art. This, too, the officers of the institute have foreseen. Of course few towns have the resources of Salem; but we discover no decisive obstacle to a system of movable exhibitions, in time, which may be accompanied by competent lecturers.

— Mr. White has shown an ability hard-

ly less than genius in the preparation of his Art Studies.¹ The elementary series consists of four portfolios, containing twelve cards each. These portfolios are: A, Lines and their Combinations; B, Cubic Diagrams; C, Light and Shade; D, Practical Studies. In the first, beginning with straight lines and their combinations, the author proceeds to curved lines, their measurement by straight ones, and a few of their combinations. But what is particularly noteworthy is that in this initial portfolio the pupil has a clear and accurate notion given him of the perspective of rectangles and that of circles. Nothing could be wiser than this arrangement. At a certain point, as Mr. White justly says, students feel the need of something to assist them in getting the more delicate variations of straight and curved lines, and the projection or recession of parts of objects. The prime defect of the Walter Smith system seems to us to be the unwisely prolonged course of lifeless "judging of distances" and painful practice of outlines which never let the eye go deeper than the surface of the paper. The intention of this is to secure accuracy, but the system is no doubt answerable for those fatigued-looking, nerveless results which characterize much of the drawing in Massachusetts schools. In Portfolio B, Mr. White introduces the cube, and applies it to the drawing of complex objects. This method, much developed, is taken from Harding's hint; but its use here is extremely ingenious. The third set of cards takes up light and shade; and every lover of sincere drawing owes Mr. White thanks for giving here the true method of sketching, which is neither by dotted lines, nor firm, hard ones, but by bold and at the same time tentative and light ones. The examples of "hidden form disclosed by shadows," and of "form determined by cast shadows," are very excellent; the selection of objects being here, as throughout the series, graceful, picturesque, and refreshing. The fourth portfolio is less successful than the others; it is marred by a too great proportion of conventionality, and a regrettable tendency toward broken lines—the relic of inferior systems. Notwithstanding this, the series presents principles and practices which will lead not to mere mechanical dexterity but to something more like genuine artistic sensitiveness.

¹ *White's Progressive Art Studies. Elementary.* Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co. New York and Chicago.

EDUCATION.

"In all the Western States, except Ohio," says the national commissioner of education in his report for 1873, "there prevails a nearly uniform school system, in which county superintendents, subordinate to a State superintendent of public instruction, oversee schools graded up from elementary to a respectable secondary training, a State university crowning the whole with its scientific and classical departments. Illinois has to a certain extent stood apart from others in this last respect, but the State Industrial University, of great proportions, is putting her substantially in line with them, especially as regards scientific studies."

In perusing the school reports of the West, one is struck with the overshadowing prominence of the reports of the State as compared with those of the county superintendents. We have remarked that even in the Middle States the local officers were less discriminating in their criticisms than those of Southern New England. In the West they may almost be said to disappear, so brief and merely statistical are their communications. The State superintendents, on the other hand, seem to be abler men than those who in general fill the office in the East, or at least they are more alive to the problems before them, and more earnest in trying to solve them. They all quote much from one another and from Horace Mann, and to come upon the same thing in report after report does not say much for the extent and variety of their pedagogical reading. The apology for this, however, is that the office-work of the position in most States is altogether too oppressive, and the compensation too small, to permit those who fill it to devote themselves to the study of the science or to the perfecting of the art of education, as they otherwise could and probably would do.

At present, the Western education is no doubt in a very crude and rudimentary state, but the broad foundations of it are being laid so that time cannot but bring to it a magnificent culmination. While the high-school system does not exist in all its plenitude, *i. e.*, has not penetrated into the smaller towns to the same extent as in Massachusetts, yet high schools are in operation in many Western cities, and very

large sums are often spent upon the buildings appropriated to them. But, better than this, the authorities of the universities of three leading States, Michigan, Wisconsin, and California, have opened their doors without further examination to the graduates of all high schools which will grade their classes to the college standard, and they have appointed committees from their faculties to visit these schools annually. Michigan was the first to initiate this union between her high schools and her university, and the State superintendent thus sums up its benefits: "Such a policy cannot fail to prove a stimulus to our high schools, and lead to the adoption of better devised courses of study. That exclusiveness, too, which bred indifference in days gone by, has given way to a freedom of intercourse between the instructors in the university and the public schools which predicts a happier condition for each. The president of the university becomes the presiding officer of the State teachers' association. He strikes hands with the superintendents and principals of our Union schools at the educational meetings. A free interchange of views is had, which results in a better understanding of the wishes and wants of the university, and in a practical unanimity of feeling and action." In Wisconsin, "the effect of the new measure," says the State superintendent, Rev. Samuel Fellows, "has thus far been most beneficial. All over the State, students are preparing in the graded schools near their homes for the university. As might have been anticipated and desired, the number of students in the preparatory department has diminished, while that in the college classes has increased. Other States are making efforts to connect their graded schools with their universities in like manner, and in some places denominational colleges are opening their classes to students similarly prepared." Mr. Fellows took office in 1870 for the express purpose of trying to bring, by this measure, free education throughout the State into a consistent whole. "The vital bond," he said, "between the university and the common school is the high school," and he disapproved of the preparatory school of the university as tending to make citizens slow to develop high schools

in their own neighborhoods, and as taking away the pupils too early from their homes. How important this movement is to the Western colleges will appear from the fact that they themselves are obliged to prepare eighty-three out of every hundred students who enter their classes, while the New England colleges are burdened with the preparation of only one in a hundred, so that the Hon. Newton Bateman, of Illinois, as well as the superintendents of Michigan and Missouri, concurs with Mr. Fellows in the desirableness of "bringing the higher instruction to the very doors of the people, in order to save the expense and the moral and social risks incidental to boarding-schools and other institutions remote from the salutary restraints of home." This is the reverse of much thinking that we find in high educational quarters in the East. Our national commissioner, for example, General John Eaton, finds it "desirable that in addition to the public high schools there should be a class of endowed and chartered schools, . . . for the sake of variety of means and modes of education, and of the mutual influence of schools differently organized in competition for excellence. . . . The high school is usually the home school. It is often a great advantage to the young student to be thrown during some portion of his secondary schooling into new scenes and associations; . . . narrow, home-bred fancies are dispelled, and he perhaps receives his first impressive discipline in manliness and self-control." This sounds well, but the moral evils of boarding-schools, so forcibly indicated by the philosopher Locke, remain just as true to-day as when he wrote them apropos of Eton and Harrow in England two hundred years ago. Of two evils a good boarding-school is better than an unhappy or ill-regulated home, but that a good day-school, whether public or private, is the best of all schools is the true dictum of American belief and experience.

The earnest support given by the Western superintendents to their collegiate system is in such marked contrast to the silence of the Eastern superintendents upon the same subject, that we cannot refrain from one or two extracts as specimens of their spirit. The superintendent of Indiana says, "The university is not independent of the common schools, nor are they independent of the university. They are natural aids. The latter supplies the common schools with teachers, and in turn they supply it with students. No jealousy should exist

between them. All are integral parts of the same great educational system. . . . It is the very highest interest of a State to provide facilities for an extended education. While her prosperity is in great measure dependent upon the general intelligence of her people, there is at the same time a most imperious demand for men of a high order of culture and scientific attainments. Who can calculate to a country the real value of a Columbus or a Fulton, of a Newton or a Franklin? The university that gives to the world only *one* such man repays the public a thousand fold for all expenditures. Without the universities, the sciences are practiced; within, they are created. Books are read without, but written within. These are the fountains whence issue the streams of thought, and they sustain a relation to our common schools like that of the ocean to the lakes, pools, rivers, rivulets, and springs." The Hon. Newton Bateman, of Illinois, the most experienced as well as the ablest State superintendent of the West, thus answers the question how far a State should undertake to provide for the education of its children at public cost. "I would see every American State add to the elementary school, the grammar school; to the grammar school, the high school; to the high school, the State university; and to the State university I would see the American Congress add a national university, as a fitting top-stone to the whole magnificent edifice. And I would have the whole *free*—every door flung wide open, and the invitation repeated along the whole line from one end of it to the other, 'Who-soever will, let him come.' . . . A portion of the public domain surrendered during the last ten years to the rapacity of monster monopolies . . . would have reared in every State of the Union a free university. . . . Meanwhile, the little that was saved in better days and consecrated to the education of the people is often grudgingly allowed; the free universities and colleges are crippled for means, and a determined effort is made to force the States to call in their advanced free-school out-posts, close their high schools and colleges, and retire within the elementary lines of fifty years ago.

Besides the affiliation of the high schools with the Western State universities, Western superintendents and teachers are now urging the inauguration of a normal department in the latter, wherein those who intend to engage in teaching can go through a course and receive a special degree in

pedagogy and psychology. In their opinion, this would do much to secure for teaching a public recognition as a profession, since all other liberal professions have their appropriate college degrees. When this is accomplished, so that the principals of schools shall be college-bred men and women in at least the same proportion that doctors and lawyers and clergymen are so; when, too, the high-school system thoroughly permeates the whole community, so that all the assistants shall be high-school graduates, the necessity, as we cannot but think, for those make-shifts, the "normal school" and the "teachers' institute," will disappear. The very conception of a school where the teacher is to learn precisely what he is to teach is stultifying, and if from the first the progress of education had been sought by connecting pedagogy with the universities as law and medicine and divinity are connected, instead of organizing mills called normal schools where teachers are ground out by the dozen, the whole question of public-school instruction would have been in a very different state from its present one. Such a degree now inaugurated by the Western colleges would act as a needed stimulus and encouragement to that sex which seems in our country to have found in teaching its special vocation. Apropos of the presence of women in colleges, the testimony from the West seems to be universal that there is none of that falling behind the classes, of that breaking health, or of those improprieties and immoralities that are so much dreaded in the East should like educational privileges be opened to them here. We regret extremely, however, that in the report upon the University of Michigan the recommendation is made that, from reasons of economy, there be no longer any separate medical classes for the men and women students. We most emphatically believe that to instruct the sexes in each other's presence upon subjects over which nature or training—or both—has drawn a veil of reserve would be a most disastrous mistake, and would in the long run lead to both intellectual and moral degradation.

— We took occasion, a few months ago, when noticing a volume of the Clarendon Press series of English authors, to speak of the need there was of good and inexpensive editions of English and American classics

for the use of schools, and of the help that such books would afford in the study of English literature, now beginning to assume its proper place in courses of education. The little volume of Oliver Goldsmith's *Select Poems*¹ just put forth by Mr. Rolfe, who has already edited certain of Shakespeare's plays, comes very near to our ideal of what such a book should be. He has taken *The Traveler*, *The Deserted Village*, and *Retaliation*, prefixed an introduction, and appended notes. The introduction contains Macaulay's *Life of Goldsmith* with omissions, and selections from other memoirs by Thackeray, Forster, Irving, George Colman the younger, and Campbell. By this means he has not only given different views of the poet, but also used the reflective interest which proceeds from the comments of one eminent author upon another. The notes take a wide range of explanation and suggestion, and can hardly fail to be helpful to both teacher and scholar. We have been interested in comparing them with those by Mr. Hales, who has prepared a similar edition in England. Mr. Rolfe has acknowledged his indebtedness to the English author, but his use of Hales's work has been both honest and discriminating. The American edition is much better adapted to use in our schools than the English, since it draws its historical and literary illustration from a wider range, and confines its philological notes more distinctly to those authors, ancient and modern, whom the American reader has been likely to read, or to whose works he has access. Perhaps it was expedient to introduce the illustrations; we are glad to see the portrait and Foley's statue, but could well spare the imaginative pictures, if we could have, in place, room for a portion, say, of the thirteenth chapter of Boswell's *Johnson*, getting thus not only glimpses of Goldsmith's personality as it was seen by Boswell, but a taste of a remarkable book which ought to be introduced to the young reader by such means. The volume is still too expensive, even at its moderate price, to serve the best purposes of a school edition, but probably we shall have to work toward cheap and scholarly editions by degrees, and our complaint in this case is rather based on the supposition that this is one of a projected series of classics.

¹ *Select Poems of Oliver Goldsmith*. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A. M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass.

With Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.